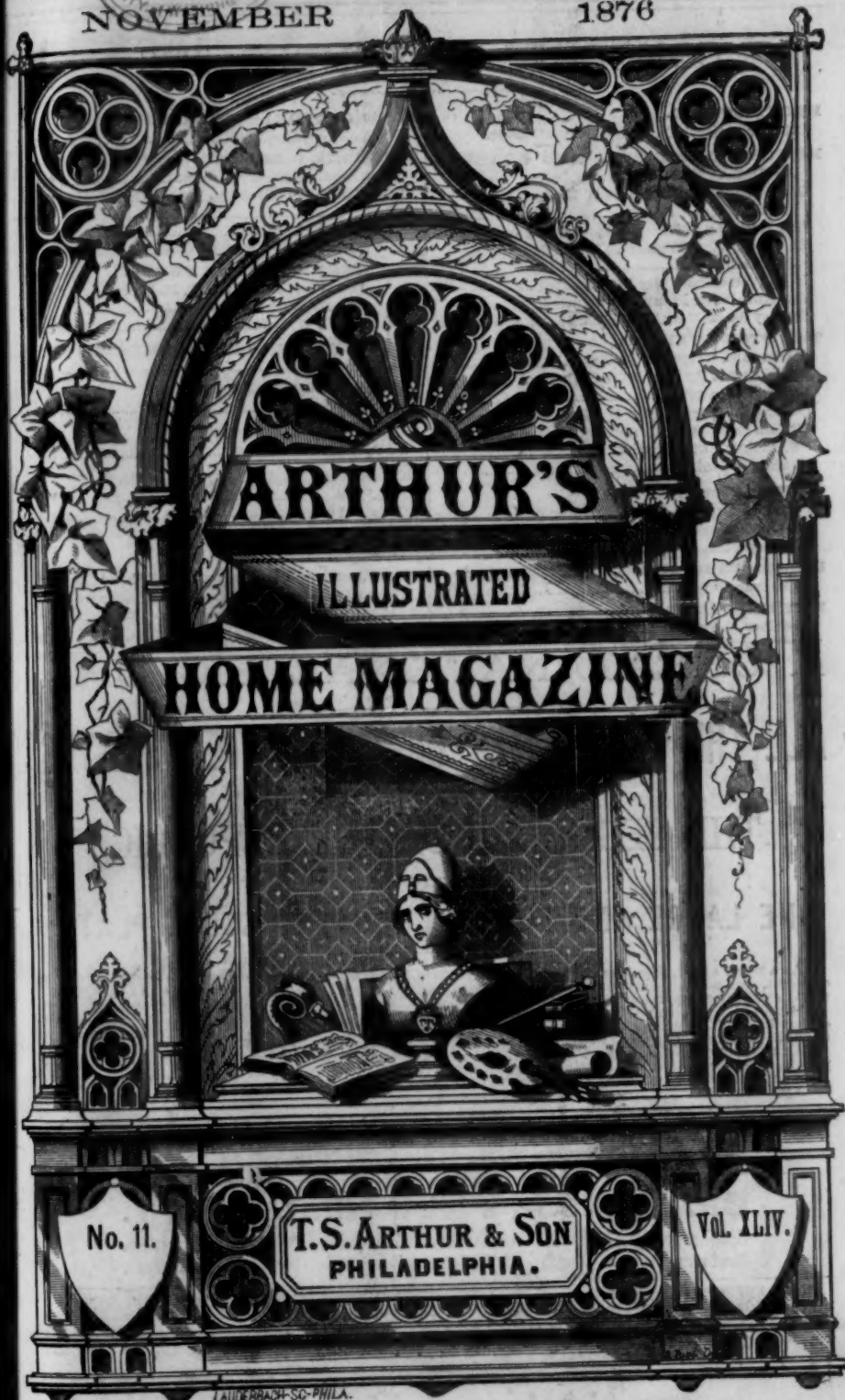


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
No. 27591
1876
CITY OF WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER

1876



No. 11.

**T.S. ARTHUR & SON
PHILADELPHIA.**

Vol. XLIV.

Terms: \$2.50 a Year, in Advance.

CONTENTS—NOVEMBER, 1876

FRONTISPIECE.

Interior of Greek Church—Constantinople.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Constantinople. By Marion Knight. (Illustrated.).....	569
God Keep my Child. By Rose Gerantum.....	574
The Unsought Treasure. By Helen Barron Bostwick.....	575
In the Old Garret. By Rosella Rice.....	575
The Rice-Paper Plant. (Illustrated.).....	578
Sydney Smith. By Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell.....	580

THE STORY-TELLER.

Sowing and Reaping. By Susan B. Long.....	523
Eaglescliffe. By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dora. Chapters xxvi., xxvii.....	520
Centennial Flirtations. By G. de B.....	527
Miriam: and the Life She Laid Down. By T. S. Arthur. Chaps. xxviii., xxix.....	520
The Silver Lining.....	536

LIFE AND CHARACTER.

Pottsville Papers. By Pipsisaway Potts.....	609
Women's Work in the World. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey.....	613

RELIGIOUS READING.

Answer to Prayer.....	615
-----------------------	-----

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Needless Alarms.....	610
----------------------	-----

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

The Golden Geese.....	617
-----------------------	-----

THE HOME CIRCLE.

From My Corner. By Lichen.....	619
"She Looketh Well to the Ways of her Household.".....	620
The Sewing-Basket.....	621
The Girls at Millwood. By Chatty Brooks.....	622

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

Angel Charlie. By Mrs. E. C. Judson.....	623
Respite. By Alice Cary.....	623
Fall. By B. W. Ball.....	623

THE GREAT CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Here and There.....	624
---------------------	-----

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Common-Sense.....	625
-------------------	-----

FASHION DEPARTMENT.

Fashions for November.....	627
----------------------------	-----

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

Pickles.....	627
Cocoanut Cake.....	627
Recipes.....	627

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

The Wrongs and Sufferings of Childhood.....	628
The Home Magazine, and its Acceptance with the People.....	629

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE.

ALL THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES

FROM

THE BEGINNING OF THE REPUBLIC,

IN

ONE LARGE AND FINELY ENGRAVED STEEL PLATE.

As a work of art, this important National Picture, in which accurate portraits are given of all the eminent men who, during the first hundred years of the Republic, have held the office of Chief Magistrate, will bear comparison with the best productions of the graver in this Country or Europe.

Mr. J. R. Rice, the artist who was commissioned to execute the plate, has been for a long time engaged upon it, almost exclusively, and now presents a finished picture, worthy of its great subject, and one that will strongly appeal to the pride and patriotism of every American Citizen.

As a memorial of our great Centennial, nothing could be more appropriate or acceptable to the people, grouping, as it does, in a single elegant picture, our First Century of Presidents.

Sold by Agents, to whom the most liberal terms are offered.

Applications for territory should be made at once.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 1129 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

DR. JOHNSON'S \$30 HEALTH-LIFT.

Commended by LL.D.'s—D.D.'s—M.D.'s—Prof.'s—Sch. Principals—Att'ys—Bankers, etc.

Send stamp for full Circular. J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., 14 Bond St., New York.

STRANGERS' POCKET-GUIDE TO THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION AND PHILADELPHIA.

This carefully prepared Centennial Guide contains all the essential features of the more expensive guide-books, and gives the reader particular information not only in regard to the Exhibition itself, but about the city and its many features of interest.

66¢ Price only 10 cents. Sent by mail.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, Philadelphia.

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



LADIES' STREET COSTUME.— For Description see next Page.

DESCRIPTION OF LADIES STREET COSTUME.

(For Illustration see preceding Page.)

The cloak worn with the costume illustrated by this engraving, is made of shaggy beaver and is one of the most popular shapes for street wear. As will be observed, it is long and round, reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress, and while the fronts are in loose sack-shape, the back is in French style, having only a seam at the center, discontinued a short distance from the bottom. All the edges are bordered with a row of wide Titan braid, the same being used to simulate a square pocket on the side of each front. A round collar covered with braid encircles the neck, and from under it two strips of braid pass down the back and meet in a sharp point at the top of the opening in the seam. The

wide sleeves are finished at the wrists with braid, while the garment closes its entire length with button-holes and buttons. The pattern used in cutting the cloak is No. 4578, price 35 cents.

The dress worn beneath is in the Princess shape. The front is smoothly fitted by darts and under-arm gores, while the back is adjusted by a seam in the center and consists of a plain waist-portion extending below the waist, and joined to a puff which in its turn is attached to a full skirt. The pattern is No. 4504, price 50 cents, and is exceedingly popular and very easily followed.

The hat is of felt and is trimmed with velvet and an ostrich plume.



4604

Front View.

4604

Back View.

LADIES' POLONAISE, WITH BASQUE FRONT, AND TABLIER.

No. 4604.—The garment illustrated is made of alternate sections of silk and cashmere, and is composed of two distinct portions—the *tablier* being separate. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from

28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 50 cents. To make the polonaise for a lady of medium size, 5½ yards of goods 27 inches wide, together with 2½ yards of silk 20 inches wide, will be required.



4596

Front View.

4596

Back View.

LADIES' HALF-FITTING JACKET, BUTTONED AT THE BACK.

No. 4596.—A jacket of this description will be found very comfortable for house wear, and may be made of any material desired or trimmed as elaborately as the taste may dictate. The name describes the shape, and the pattern is in 13 sizes for Ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the jacket for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed.



4562

Front View.

4562

Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT, WITH NARROW DRAPERY AT THE BACK.

No. 4562.—The over-skirt illustrated is made of cashmere, and its lower edges are cut in wedge-shaped points that are faced underneath with silk and turned up half their length on the outside. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern, which is suitable for any material, and especially for those possessing easily draping qualities, is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 30 cents.



4572

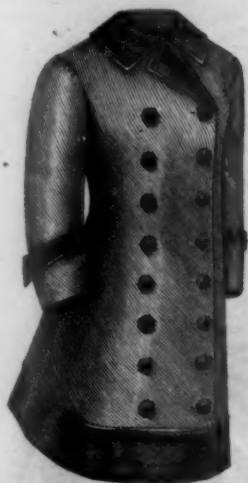
Front View.

**LADIES' PLAIN OVER-SKIRT,
BUTTONED AND DRAPED
AT THE BACK.**

No. 4572.—To make the over-skirt illustrated, for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The material represented is camel's-hair, and the trimming consists of a band of a darker shade of the goods. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and its price is 30 cents.



4572

Back View.

4584

Front View.

4584

Back View.

LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED SACK, WITH NARROW FRENCH BACK.
(DESIRABLE FOR ELDERLY LADIES.)

No. 4584.—The garment illustrated by these engravings is made of beaver-cloth, and prettily trimmed with velvet and silk pipings, in a manner especially suited to a wrap of unassuming appearance. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the sack for a lady of medium size, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed.



4558

Front View.

4558

Back View

LADIES' POMPADOUR BASQUE, BUTTONED AT THE BACK.

No. 4558.—The basque illustrated is very stylish for dressy suits, and is made of cashmere and silk. It has the fashionably deep skirt, and the Pompadour is cut separately, and placed beneath the front, which is slashed and wrinkled into the pretty festoons pictured in the engraving. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.



4595

Front View.

4595

Back View

LADIES' CUTAWAY JACKET, WITH FITTED ADJUSTABLE VEST.

No. 4595.—The jacket represented is made of light cloth and prettily trimmed with braid and buttons. The points fall slightly apart to disclose a short, square vest, and are closed at the neck with a single button. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and its price is 35 cents. To make the jacket for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed.



4590
Front View.

LADIES' GORED BASQUE.

No. 4590.—To make the basque illustrated, for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed. The pattern is suitable for any material, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and its price is 30 cents. Any variety of trimming now in use may be adopted, that illustrated being a favorite method.



4590
Back View.



4591
Front View.



4591
Back View.

LADIES' PEPLUM, WITH FITTED BELT.

No. 4591.—The article illustrated by these engravings will be found very useful in modernizing dresses having plain waists and skirts. It has all the seams of an ordinary basque skirt, and is worn with a belt rounded to the shape of the figure. Beside being stylish, the peplum is a means of economizing the

dress over which it is worn, by preserving it from soil and wear otherwise inevitable. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods, 27 inches wide, to make a peplum like it for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



4603
Front View.

MISSES' OVER-SKIRT. DRAPED HIGH ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

No. 4603.—The garment illustrated is made of camel's-hair, and is draped so fully that no decoration except a couple of bows is necessary. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the garment for a miss of 13 years, 3 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed. If preferred, trimming may be added.



4603
Back View.



4568

*Front View.*LITTLE GIRLS' COAT, WITH VERY NARROW
HALF-FITTING BACK.

No. 4568.—The garment illustrated is made of camel's-hair, with trimmings of silk, and is very stylish for a little girl's street wrap. To make the coat for a little girl of three years, 2 yards of material 27 inches wide, together with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of silk 20 inches wide, will be necessary. The pattern is in 7 sizes for little girls from 2 to 8 years of age. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4568

Back View.

4593

Front View.

4593

Back View.

CHILD'S LONG SACK, WITH DEEP CAPE.

No. 4593.—This cunning little sack is pretty made for a child 1 to 8 years of age, and its price is 25 cents. To make the garment for a little one 5 years of age, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 8 sizes for children from 1 to 8 years of age.



4588

*Front View.*MISSES' POLONAISE, WITH
BASQUE BACK.

No. 4588.—To make the polonaise illustrated, for a miss of 12 years, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is appropriate for any suit material, and is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, while its price is 30 cents. Any style of trimming preferred to that illustrated may be adopted if desired.



4588

Back View.



4576
Front View.

GIRLS' DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET,
WITH PLAITED POSTILION.

No. 4576.—In making this stylish little garment from material 27 inches wide, 2½ yards will be required for a girl 4 years of age. The pattern may be used for any style of cloak or suit material, and is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4576
Back View.



4580
Front View.



4580
Back View.

MISSSES' PLAITED, GORED BASQUE, WITH A BELT.

No. 4580.—The basque illustrated by these engravings is very stylish to wear with skirts of a different material, or as a completion to a whole suit of any material. The pattern is in 8 sizes for

misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and its price is 25 cents. To make this easily-constructed basque for a miss of 12 years, 3½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.



4581
Front View.

MISSSES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 4581.—This over-skirt presents a double burnous drapery at the back and a graceful cluster of wrinkles at the front. It is made of cashmere and trimmed with a fold of silk, and the pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the over-skirt for a miss of 13 years, 2½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4581
Back View.

NOTICE.—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 1129 Chestnut St., Phila.





INTERIOR OF GREEK CHURCH—CONSTANTINOPLE.

Or
do
the
v

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

No. 11.

History, Biography and General Literature.



GOLDEN HORN.

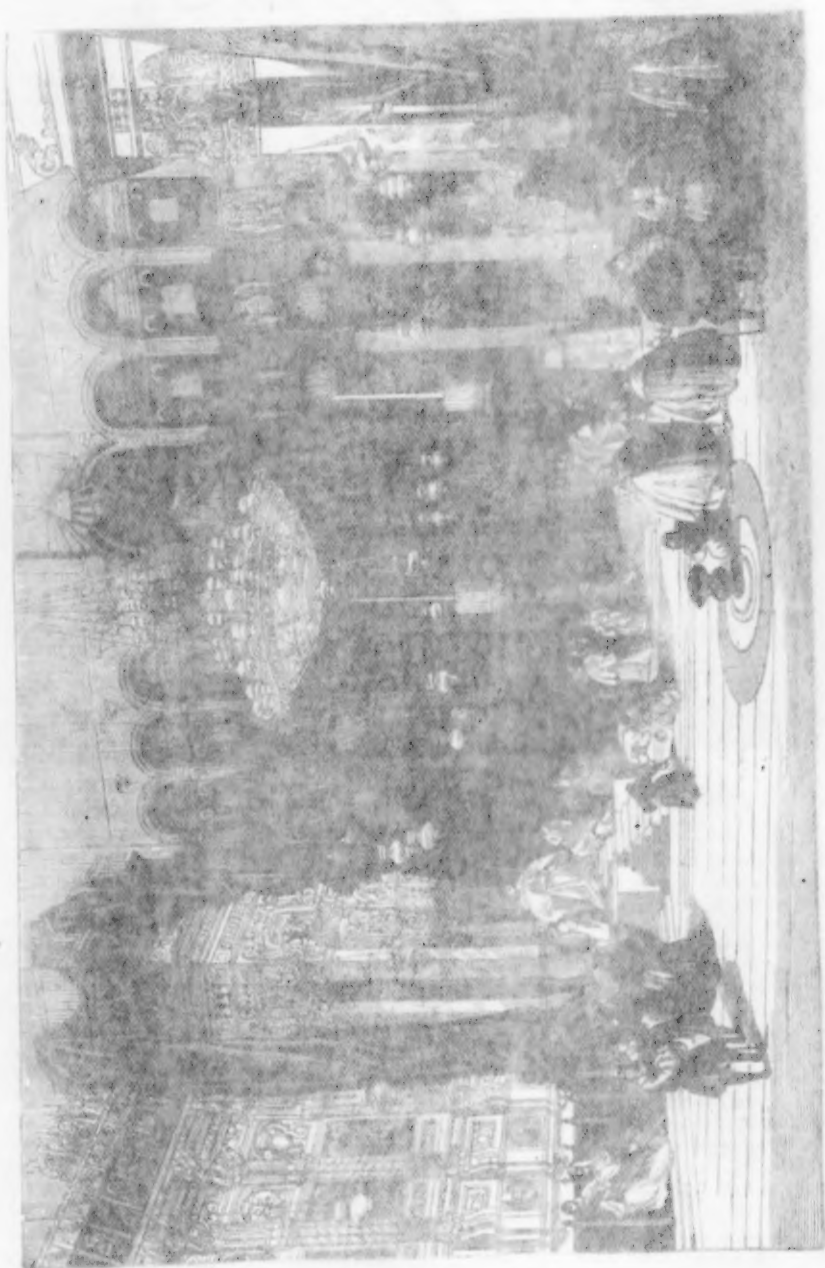
CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

On a visit to the Centennial Exhibition, if you have entered Gallery C of Memorial Hall, you have hardly failed to have had his attention drawn to a striking picture by S. R. Gifford, of New York, the title of which is given in the margin as "The Golden Horn." The Golden Horn is itself an arm of the Sea of Marmora, and they irregularly into the land, and forming the harbor upon which Constantinople is built. In the foreground of the picture are the waters of the harbor filled with water-craft of every size, and of every nationality. Beyond these are the walls of the city, which support the circular terraces of the immense palace of the Seraglio, their base perpetually washed by the blue waves of the Bosphorus; and beyond them the verdant green of the groves of plane and cypress trees, interspersed by palaces, pavilions, kiosks, gilded and domed and slender minarets, and above all, gleaming through the gossamer haze of an Oriental atmosphere.

The author of "Eothen" says: "Nowhere else does the sea come so close home to a city as to the Mohammedan capital. There are no pebbly

shores, no sand-bars, no slimy river-beds, no black canals, no locks nor docks to divide the very heart of the place from the deep waters. If, being in the noisiest mart of Stamboul, you would stroll to the quiet side of the way, amid those cypresses opposite, you will cross the fathomless Bosphorus; if you would go from your hotel to the bazaars, you must pass by the bright blue pathway of the Golden Horn, that can carry a thousand sail of the line. You are accustomed to the gondolas that glide among the palaces of St. Mark; but here at Stamboul it is a hundred-and-twenty-gun ship that meets you in the streets. Venice strains out from the steadfast land, and in old times would send forth the chief of the state to woo and wed the reluctant sea; but the stormy bride of the doge is the bowing slave of the sultan. She comes to his feet with the treasures of the world; she bears him from palace to palace; by some unfailing witchcraft she entices the breeze to follow her, and fan the pale cheek of her lord; she lifts his armed navies to the very gates of his garden; she watches the walls of his serai; she stifles the intrigues of his ministers; she quiets the scandals of his court; she extinguishes his rivals, and hushes his naughty wives all one by one: so vast are the wonders of the deep!"



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN 1835

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLIV.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

No. 11.

History, Biography and General Literature.



GOLDEN HORN.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

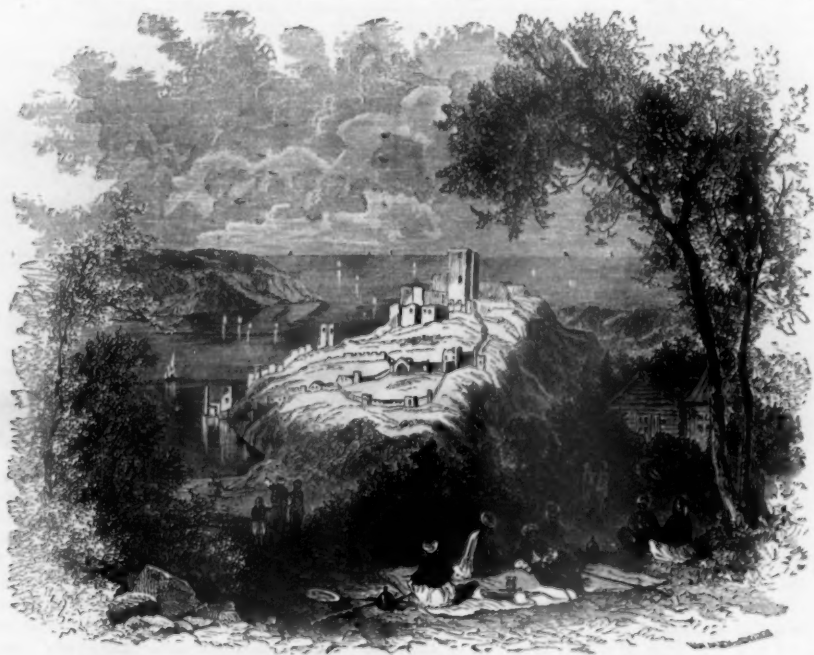
THE visitor to the Centennial Exhibition, if he has entered Gallery C of Memorial Hall, can hardly have failed to have had his attention drawn to a striking picture by S. R. Gifford, of New York, the title of which is given in the catalogue as "The Golden Horn." The Golden Horn is itself an arm of the Sea of Marmora, stretching irregularly into the land, and forming a triangle upon which Constantinople is built. In the foreground of the picture are the waters of the Golden Horn filled with water-craft of every size, form and nationality. Beyond these are the walls which support the circular terraces of the immense gardens of the Seraglio, their base perpetually washed by the blue waves of the Bosphorus; and above and beyond them the sombre green of the stately groves of plane and cypress trees, interrupted by palaces, pavilions, kiosks, gilded and sculptured domes and slender minarets, one above another, gleaming through the golden haze of an Oriental atmosphere.

The author of "Eothen" says: "Nowhere else does the sea come so close home to a city as to the Mohammedan capital. There are no pebbly

shores, no sand-bars, no slimy river-beds, no black canals, no locks nor docks to divide the very heart of the place from the deep waters. If, being in the noisiest mart of Stamboul, you would stroll to the quiet side of the way, amid those cypresses opposite, you will cross the fathomless Bosphorus; if you would go from your hotel to the bazaars, you must pass by the bright blue pathway of the Golden Horn, that can carry a thousand sail of the line. You are accustomed to the gondolas that glide among the palaces of St. Mark; but here at Stamboul it is a hundred-and-twenty-gun ship that meets you in the streets. Venice strains out from the steadfast land, and in old times would send forth the chief of the state to woo and wed the reluctant sea; but the stormy bride of the doge is the bowing slave of the sultan. She comes to his feet with the treasures of the world; she bears him from palace to palace; by some unfailing witchcraft she entices the breeze to follow her, and fan the pale cheek of her lord; she lifts his armed navies to the very gates of his garden; she watches the walls of his serai; she stifles the intrigues of his ministers; she quiets the scandals of his court; she extinguishes his rivals, and hushes his naughty wives all one by one: so vast are the wonders of the deep!"

The harbor of Constantinople is unquestionably the most beautiful in the world. There God and man, nature and art, have united to form the most marvellous spectacle which the human eye ever beheld. The Bay of Naples with its enchantments is forever forgotten amid the attractions of the Golden Horn. Entering the Bosphorus from the Sea of Marmora, the city, glowing with color, is on the left, and the shores of Asia stretch out on the right, surmounted by lofty hills, sharp at the tip, and clothed to the summit with dark forests, their sides varied by hedge-rows, villas, orchards and gardens. Deep, precipitous ravines occasionally descend into the sea, overshadowed by huge, overgrown oaks, the branches of which dip into the water. Farther on still, an advanced headland projects into the waves, covered with white houses

foam; forests which darken it by their shade, or dip their boughs in the waves; a variety of forms, of tints and of foliage, which the pencil of the painter is unable to represent or the pen of the poet to describe. A few cottages perched upon the summit of projecting rocks, or sheltered in the bosom of a deeply indented bay, alone tell you of the presence of man. The evergreen oaks hang in such masses over the waves, that the boatmen glide under their branches, and often sleep cradled in their arms. Such is the character of the coast on the Asiatic side as far as the Castle of Mahomet II., which seems to shut it in as closely as any Swiss lake. Beyond that, the character changes; the hills are less rugged, and descend in gentle slopes to the water's edge; charming little plains, checkered with fruit-trees, and shaded by huge



FORTRESS OF RIVA AND THE BLACK SEA.

—Scutari, with its vast barracks, its resplendent mosques, animated quays, forming an immense city of itself. Still higher up, the Bosphorus, like a deeply-imbedded river, opens between opposing mountains, the advancing promontories and receding bays of which, clothed to the water's edge with forests, exhibit a confused assemblage of masts of vessels, shady groves, noble palaces, hanging gardens and tranquil havens.

"Beautiful," says Lamartine, "as the European side of the Bosphorus is, the Asiatic is infinitely more striking. It owes nothing to man, but everything to nature. There is neither an Armenian nor a Frank city—nothing but mountains with glens that separate them—little valleys enamelled with green, which lie at the foot of overhanging rocks; torrents which enliven the scene with their

sycamores, frequently open; and the delicious Sweet Waters of Asia exhibit a scene of enchantment equal to any described in the Arabian Nights. Women, children and black slaves, in every variety of costume and color, veiled ladies from Constantinople, cattle and buffaloes ruminating in the pastures, Arab horses clothed in the most sumptuous trappings of velvet and gold, caïques filled with Armenian and Circassian young women, seated under the shade or playing with their children, some of the most ravishing beauty—form a scene of variety and interest probably unique in the world."

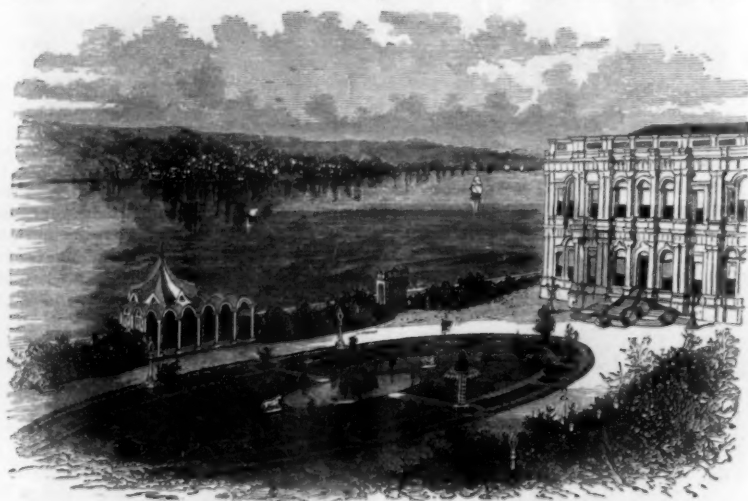
On the northern side of the Golden Horn are the suburbs of Pera, Galeta and Tophana, the former of which are the principal seats of trade, and the residence of nearly all classes of foreigners.

Nearly all the foreign legations except our own have summer residences with beautiful grounds on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus.

From Giant Mountain, which is about two and a half miles from Beykos, a little village on the Bosphorus, not far distant from Constantinople, may be obtained a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The immediate vicinity of Constantinople is almost destitute of trees, but the fields are masses of brilliant color from the flowers with which they are filled. On the top of the mountain are the ruins of a church built by Justinian; also a mosque, and the tomb of Joshua. There is a magnificent view of the Black Sea to the north. The beautiful Bosphorus winds for sixteen miles in full sight, until it enters the Sea of Marmora, which you perceive in the distance glittering in the sunlight. On the Black Sea, commanding the entrance to the Bosphorus, is the old Fortress of Riva, an exceedingly picturesque stronghold.

donkeys step over them, and pedestrians wisely let them alone. After dark they prowls about, and are the only scavengers of the city, all garbage being thrown into the streets. The dogs of Pera have experienced, I suppose, the civilizing effects of constant contact with Europeans, as they are not all as fierce as those of Stamboul. They soon learn to know the residents of their own streets and vicinity, and bark only at strangers."

After the late sultan's visit to Western Europe, a few years ago, he was seized by a desire to improve his city in certain ways. Among other improvements undertaken was the widening of various streets; so that Constantinople now boasts of one fine street, and several others wide enough for carriages. The widening of a street in that country is a much more simple affair than in this, where it is necessary to have recourse to so much red tape. In Constantinople, when it was considered desirable at headquarters that a new street should be opened, or an old one widened, by a



THE SULTAN'S NEW PALACE ON THE BOSPHORUS.

Alas! when the traveller has set his foot upon the shore at Constantinople, he finds that its fairy-like beauty is only illusory—a thing of outward seeming. The interior of the city is a perfect labyrinth of winding, steep and dirty streets, without names or plan of any kind, and with houses which are, for the most part, built of wood, and present dead walls to the road—light and air being, as in all Oriental buildings, derived from the interior court-yard. These nameless streets are foul, ill-smelling and filled with troops of ownerless dogs. A recent traveller says of these dogs:

"From every dark alley, as we walked along several dogs would rush out, bark violently, and after following us a little way, slink back to their own quarter again. Each alley and street of the city has its pack of dogs, and none dare venture on the domain of their neighbors. During the day they sleep, lying about the streets so stupid that they will hardly move; in fact, horses and

curious coincidence a number of fires would break out simultaneously along the proposed route. Most of the structures being of wood, they were quickly burned. The late sultan had a superstitious fear of rebuilding; so the government seized the burnt districts without any pretence of indemnifying its former owners, and the street was laid out and opened with slight expense and little trouble.

The same superstition in regard to rebuilding a district devastated by fire led the late sultan to leave the Seraglio in a state of ruin, after the great fire of 1865 had burned the palace and many of the minor buildings within the Seraglio walls. The new palace, where the sultan and his court reside, is on the Bosphorus.

The entrance to the Seraglio is by the Sublime Porte, from which the Ottoman Empire takes its name.

Although the pleasure grounds of the Seraglio are left in a condition of neglect, and those near

the water entirely destroyed, the barracks are still occupied by soldiers, and in one of the buildings are the crown-jewels and other valuable articles.

The Mosque of St. Sophia stands within the inclosure of the Seraglio. It is a magnificent

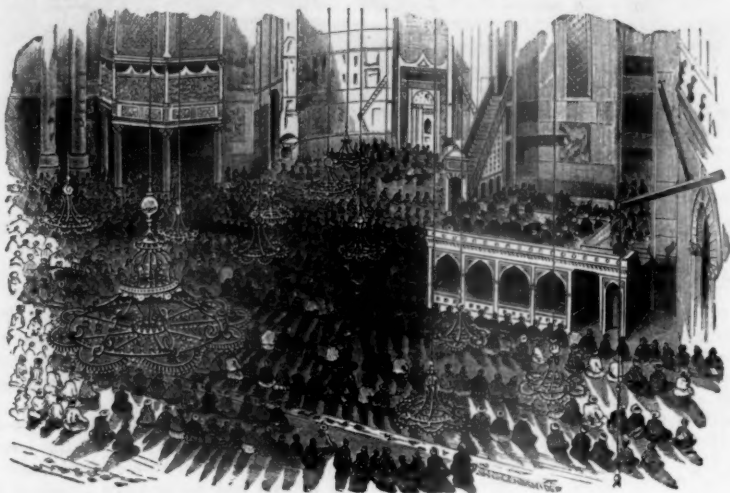
having been brought from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, the Temples of the Sun and Moon at Heliopolis, and from those of Diana at Ephesus, Athens and Cyclades. The gilded cupola can be seen one hundred and fifty miles out at sea. It



MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

structure, in the form of a Greek cross, two hundred and seventy feet long by two hundred and forty-three wide, and is surmounted in the centre by a dome, the middle of which is one hundred and eighty feet above the floor. This mosque was originally a Christian church, and was built in the

gilding cost fifty thousand dollars. There are several smaller domes and half-domes, and four minarets, added by the Mohammedans, who obtained possession of it in the fifteenth century, and changed it from a church into a mosque. Four Christian seraphim, executed in mosaic, still re-



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

sixth century by the Emperor Justinian, and cost a fabulous amount of money. Ten thousand workmen are said to have been employed upon it during the seven years of its construction. It contains one hundred and seventy columns of marble, granite and porphyry, some of them

main in the dome, though the names of the four archangels of the Moslem faith are inscribed underneath them; and behind, where the high altar once stood, may still be faintly discerned the figure of our Saviour. The beauty of the interior is marred by the thousands of cords depending

from the roof to within five feet of the pavement, and having at the end of them lamps of colored glass, large ostrich eggs, artificial horse-tails, globes of crystal and other ornaments.

The Church or Mosque of St. Sophia is not dedicated, as is commonly supposed, to a saint by the name of Sophia, but to the *Hagia Sophia* (Holy Wisdom), that is, to the eternal wisdom of God, or the Logos, the second person of the Trinity.

The mosque is paved with waved marble to imitate the rolling sea, and is covered with the richest Turkey and Persian carpets; and along the walls are recesses with white curtain screens, where the devout Turk can retire for prayer. Scattered here and there are small raised pulpits, where learned doctors expound the Koran. This mosque is sacred to Mohammedan worshippers, and a Christian can only obtain entrance by a firman, or special permit, from the sultan. This, however, is not difficult to secure.

Next in interest, and excelling the Mosque of St. Sophia in beauty, is the Mosque of Suleiman. It was erected in the middle of the sixteenth century, and is far superior to St. Sophia in the grandeur of its design. There are other mosques possessing Oriental magnificence, and a number of Greek churches under a patriarch with twelve synodical bishops. The patriarch is not only the spiritual, but in part also the temporal head of the Greek subjects of the Porte. There is also an Armenian patriarch in Constantinople, and several Roman Catholic and Protestant places of worship.

The visitor to the Centennial Exposition, who has studied the Turkish department as faithfully as it deserves, will have formed a tolerably accurate idea of the fabrics for sale in the bazaars of Constantinople. These bazaars are similar to those of Damascus and Cairo, only much more extensive, resembling very much the booths at a fair. There are hundreds of shops under a single roof. Each street is devoted to a peculiar kind of merchandise. One shop contains cashmere shawls; another delicate gauzes; still another silks, and still another richly-embroidered table-covers, etc. In another street will be found jewelry and precious stones; and in another magnificently-embroidered saddles, and boots and slippers in all colors of morocco.

The Turkish lady's mode of shopping is peculiar. She goes to the bazaar where is found the article she wishes to obtain, and having selected it, she asks the price. This price is always about ten times as much as the merchant expects to receive for it. The lady mentions as the amount she is willing to give a sum as much too small as the other is too large; and seating herself, prepares comfortably for her bargaining. They drink coffee, they talk, they maintain a profound silence, by turns; they drink more coffee; they name other prices, the merchant's gradually diminishing, and the lady's gradually increasing, until at last they can both agree upon one sum, and the bargain is concluded, the best part of a day perhaps having been spent.

The home-life of a Turkish woman is a very monotonous one. The only society allowed her is

that of her own sex. When the women visit each other's houses, they are elaborately entertained, conducted to various apartments, they examine each other's garments and jewelry, and talk about the treatment they receive from their husbands. The following is a description of the visiting dress of three Turkish ladies, the mother and wives of a rich merchant, given by a recent traveller in Constantinople:

"The mother was exceedingly ugly, as are most Turkish women over forty. A pair of high red morocco boots encased her feet, which were guiltless of stockings. White, full trousers were gathered close at the knee, and fell over nearly to her ankles. Her dress was a short purple velvet skirt embroidered round the bottom and up the front with gilt braid in a showy vine pattern; the same embroidery on her black silk jacket, which was open in front, but without any lace; and around her neck was a magnificent string of pearls. Her



TURKISH LADY.

hair (what there was of it) was drawn back from her face, braided, and the end of the little 'pig-tail' fastened to her head with a diamond pin composed of four fine diamonds in a clumsy gold setting. Long, pale amber ear-drops completed her adornments, and she flourished—yes, she really did—a large red and yellow bandanna! The younger of the two wives was quite pretty. She had brilliant black eyes, good features and was very attractive in her gay dress. She wore pink slippers, a heavy sky-blue silk skirt with trousers to match, and a yellow velvet sacque, open in front, displaying a lace chemisette and a handsome turquoise necklace. Large gold hoops pulled her pretty ears quite out of shape, and her long black hair was braided in long plaits and tied with a gilt ribbon, which was also wound about her head several times. Altogether, she was quite gorgeous, and rather threw the other wife into the shade. Wife No. 2 was arrayed in a dark green velvet skirt and a pink silk jacket trimmed with

silver braid. She had a garnet necklace, and pretty ear-rings of small pearls and diamonds. Not to be outdone by her mother-in-law on the *mouchoir* question, she displayed a white muslin handkerchief thickly embroidered with gold thread—more ornamental than useful."

In the street, the house-dress of the Turkish lady is always concealed by a long, large cloak, which comes down to the ground, and has loose sleeves and a cape. The cloaks worn by ladies of the upper classes, especially when they go on pleasure excursions, are generally made of silk, and are often of delicate tints. The middle and lower classes wear cloaks of black, brown, gray, and even blue, green, yellow and scarlet. The head is covered by a small silk cap, on which are fastened, if the wearer's means will allow, the most brilliant jewels. The complexion is improved by a most judicious use of cosmetics, and over the face is drawn the *yashmak*, or thin white veil, which only partly conceals, while it enhances,

In 330 A. D., Constantine made it the capital of the Roman Empire, and gave it the name of Constantinople. In A. D. 413, it was destroyed by an earthquake, and was rebuilt by Theodosius II. In the fifteenth century it was stormed and taken by the Turks, the last Byzantine emperor, Constantine XI., losing his life in its defense. Since that time it has been the seat of government of the Turkish Empire, and the residence of the Greek and Armenian patriarchs. The city is still watered by aqueducts built by the Emperors Hadrian and Constantine; and the reservoir constructed by Justinian is still in use.

Constantinople is the great centre of Levantine commerce, its harbor being constantly filled with vessels from every quarter of the world. There are large khans, or lodging-houses, kept up by the government, where merchants are afforded rooms free of all expense. These khans are provided in order to attract commerce to the city.

Constantinople was in former times one of the



SCENE IN A BURIAL-GROUND.

the wearer's beauty. The higher the rank, the thinner the *yashmak*, so that the thick, concealing veil of the Turkish lady has become almost a thing of the past, and probably it will not be long before the veil will not be considered imperative, any more than it is among western Europeans.

A peculiar feature of Constantinople is its cemeteries. They are considered among its greatest beauties, and crowd its suburbs. In these cemeteries are planted the dark Turkish cypress, which forms a sombre but effective background for the gleaming domes, minarets and spires of the city. These trees are supposed to neutralize all pestilential exhalations; and with the Mohammedans it has always been a rule to plant one at the birth and death of every member of the family. The headstones in the cemeteries are shaped like a coffin standing on end, and the graves are very close together.

Constantinople, called by the Turks Stamboul, or Estamboul, was originally called Byzantium.

most important centres of the Christian church; and a number of church councils were held there. A disagreement between the church here, and the church at Rome, resulted in the separated establishment of the Greek and Roman churches.

GOD KEEP MY CHILD.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

GOD keep my child to-night!
And through life's later gloom
Oh, let no sorrow's blight
O'ercast her bloom.

God keep my child to-night!
The long to-night of life;
Oh, keep her pure and bright
Through every strife.

God keep my child to-night!
Keep her a vision fair,
And lead her in Thy light—
Father! my prayer.

THE UNSOUGHT TREASURE.

BY HELEN BARRON BOSTWICK.

I BUILT a little boat,
And sailed on the summer sea.
"O boat," I said, "make haste and float
To the spot where my treasures be.
Sail east, sail north, sail south and west,
But never, O boat, take thought of rest,
Till you come to the spot where your charmed
keel

A sudden shiver of life shall feel,
And the secret buried a year from me,
Shall be won at last from the treacherous sea—
The treacherous, fatal sea.

I shall know the place, O boat, I shall know
By tokens above and tokens below,
By the white sail ceasing to flap and flow,
By the lonesome timing of waves that dip
In and out of the sunken ship;
By the lonesome lapping of weeds that creep
In at the green-walled chamber deep
Where my little ones sank to their unloved sleep."

One morning my boat was stayed
At the bridge by the red dawn made,
And there in the midst of the bloomy waves
Hung motionless over their hidden graves.
All day I toiled with the grappling-bar,
All night I toiled by moon and by star;
Dawn walked again from her rosy lands,
When a weight uprose to my weary hands.
Ah, God! Ah, Merciful!—Nay—behold!
A lidless casket, broken and old,
Green, and slimy, and heavy with gold.

No more than this—no more!
We sailed, and lo, on the farther shore,
A haggard woman came out to see,
Hungry and haggard, with children three.
She clutched the casket. "'Tis mine," she said;
"Lost from the hand of the drowning dead!
This was my husband's—the factor wrote—
Only three saved in the smaller boat!
Great God, by this stamp I'll prove my claim,
The condor's beak and the factor's name.
Coming was he—and rich—from Brazil,
You can read the letter if you will."

I said to my boat: "Was it well
This thing that was done to me?
To load my arms with a stranger's gold,
And my treasure still under the sea—
The unappeasable sea?"
And a voice said: "Yea, it is well!
Yea, God is wiser than we,
For the starving babes have bread to eat,
And nightly their innocent lips repeat
A prayer at their mother's knee,
A little prayer in their untaught way;
And these are the words they say:
"God bless the babies sweet,
Who sent us the bread and meat
From under the rich old sea—
The faithful, generous sea.
God bless the babies sweet,
Wherever their angels be."

IN THE OLD GARRET.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

A TALL, three-story log-house, with a spacious garret, and no way of getting up only to stick the toes and fingers in the crevices between the logs and climb up beside the big brick chimney. I used to climb it like a squirrel in my childhood, and in my robust and rosy girlhood, and—I do want to go up now in my womanhood. Away up high in the pointed gable end is a knot-hole, which was my observatory, my one precious look-out for twenty starving years of my life. From that hole I gazed up and down the creek valley, away to the hill-tops and the horizon's verge, and my soul is richer to-day for the picturesque views that greeted my eager gaze in those early years. I loved the beautiful in nature beyond all expression. How grandly swept down the valley, and over the wooded hills the summer storms, and how terrible the peals of thunder and the terrific lightnings; but how magnificent was the view of it all from that little hole in the gray gable end of the old log-house! My footing was precarious, but the ends of my fingers clutched closely through a seam in the old siding above my head, and I stood there alone in the twilight, peeping out, and always finding something new and wonderful and very satisfactory on which to appease the hunger of my heart.

Always in fierce storms Zelle was missing, and a ready little Cushi was dispatched to run round the corner and see if her brown fingers were sticking through the crack in the siding; then came the stentor voice that was like a peremptory forthwith, followed by a sullen scratching down from the delectable heights where alone were found the sweetest delights and the rarest entertainment.

In riper years, the mountains, and Harper's Ferry, and Niagara, brought a savor of the old joy that filled my soul too full for utterance; but, alas! nothing this side of the Land Immortal can create and satisfy so completely as did the views from my humble look-out.

I was so rich! My picture gallery changed with the seasons, and none were alike. The woods were green, then gold, then gray, then cold and cruel white. In all I found the supremest delight.

I rejoiced in the spring when the brooks burst their icy chains, and the free waters rushed, and tinkled, and rippled, and when the early crocuses budded, and the phlox peeped out shyly on the hill-sides, and the pussy willows put forth their furry catkins to greet the jolly little harbingers, the blue birds, first heralds of the spring-time.

And summer, with roses and lilies, and the umbrageous shades of the leafy woodland, with the beautiful aisles embowered that reached away into the green depths of the grand forests, bedecked with plummy fern, and emerald mosses, and quivering leaves, and the dainty mist of tender greenness that seemed to live and thrive upon the humid airs and the cool breath of the summer woods.

Autumn, gorgeous and tinted, and radiant in the colors of the moody old Frost-king, flaunting here a flame of fire-red, there a blaze of crimson, and yonder a bar of dun-yellow. Fields of gray

stubble, fence corners aglow with golden-rod, hill-sides dotted with the scarlet of the sumach, and in the distance the river glinting in the sunshine like molten silver, its banks outlined by dense alders and drooping willows.

Winter, cold and stern, shutting away under its shroud of white all the glory of the summer, and the gold of the autumn; its leaden-gray sky lowering over all, its merciless winds howling at the corners and crying sharply at the eaves, and souging about the tombstones and sobbing among the pines which bent over and swayed like veritable mourners in the utter abandonment of hopeless sorrow.

All these pictures, in slow, panoramic procession, passed from the out-look in the old garret. But I wander; I babble in soliloquy; I close my eyes, and seem to see again with the eyes of childhood. I smile; it deepens into laughter when I think of other and less grave pictures seen from my rude observatory.

Our father, though stern and very practical, used to be our escort to singing and spelling-schools; he was careful of his motherless girl, and when Fred Stanley, all a-tremble, would venture up, elbow angularly inclined, and in a quivering voice chatter out the words of deathly ordeal to him, "May I see you safe home to-night, miss?" we'd cuddle down to father's woollen wamus like a scared chicken in the grass, and he'd protect us most valiantly. He was a good protector as well as a "good provider."

But what a twinge of heartache we'd experience when, soon after, out a-walking in the cool of the evening would go Fred Stanley and that flirting, flaxen-haired Alma Henderson. Then we would clamber up the wall like a nimble cat and peep out from the observatory and watch 'em. How she'd lean toward him; how she'd tip her head Fred-wise, and look attractive and smile, and say, "Ah, Fred!" And how he'd carry her turkey-tail fan and her calico parasol; and if they came to a low place or a high place, how he'd touch her waist, conductor-fashion, and assist her that way. And there I was; and there I might have been out walking with Fred all myself, and he might have been carrying my fan—if I'd had one—and I had no doubt but he would have enjoyed my society far more than that tow-headed Alma Henderson's.

Poor little girl! I didn't know that this was a trick of the sex, and that Fred gloried in tormenting me by walking past my home with a girl who would have scorned to seek protection in the comfortable shadow of a father's woollen wamus had he asked her such a momentous question, with such an angle of the elbow.

It is a score of years since I climbed up this wall. How perilous now to life and limb! My toes do not cling in a bird-y way any more, and the strength has gone from my curved fingers, and the buoyant springiness from the limbs that once rejoiced in climbing the burr oaks and beeches and plum-trees; in gathering the fruits from the topmost limbs, and disengaging from cooey places the last year's empty nests.

I rest a moment on the topmost timber in the old house when I climb up to the look out. Once

I did not need to rest, but now I pant for breath, and my heart-beats are loud and throbbing.

What a ponderous chimney! it contains three flues from three fire-places directly above each other, in separate rooms. Once it seemed a wonderful piece of mechanism, great to me as the Colossus of Rhodes in the pictorial geography; now it is simply a mud-stained, weather-beaten, deserted chimney full of swallows' nests—little gluey homes sticking here and there—safe places to rear birds. One look from the observatory, and, how changed! I used to catch my breath and open my eyes wide with delight as they swept over the beautiful and unobstructed landscape.

That fair sweep of meadows, and clover fields, and woodlands is gone now. A thriving village stands where the low haw-trees stood—a dense thicket in which the orioles, and black-birds, and meadow-larks held all their important conventions, concerts, indignation meetings, jubilees, ratifications and elections. We little ones met with them, at a respectful and courteous distance, and surely no moderator among them, or speaker, or bishop, even, ever felt a keener interest in their deliberations. The tall oaks that reached out their strong arms are gone now, and in their stead grow the silver maple, the ailanthus and the althea and almond flower in familiar door-yards. The railroad curves around among the meadows, and, lo! the dusty highway of other years is picked up and put down in a more convenient place; its road-side trees are roof trees now, and the cages of canaries and mocking-birds hang from their lordly branches, and little children with purling laughter swing to and fro from the ruggedest boughs.

The rustic bridge with mossy sills, that crossed the creek, is gone, and a modern net-work of iron, neat yet massive, with many piers of stone, spans the stream, now large, and wide, and sluggish, its waters choked into dull silence by a mill-dam. On its shadiest bank once grew a shapely hawthorn, low, and leafy, and dense in foliage, and under it the villagers' wives used to do their weekly washings while the iron kettle hung by the mouth on a stout pole near by. I looked in vain for the hawthorn, I could not locate the spot where it once stood, a firm friend all through the summer's fervid heat.

Ah! the old sexton, tottering, on his staff, home from the grave-yard, pauses and, leaning on his cane, gurgles a mellow laugh over my inquiry.

"Yon 'tis; e'en a'most in the middle o' the crick, child," and his peaked chin quivers, and as he laughs at what he deems our ignorance his old-time asthma wakes up and he goes off wheezing painfully.

That dead snag, barkless and gray, over which the annual freshets foam, and swash, and swirl, the last of the friendly old hawthorn of my childhood! Ah, me!

But again I babble.

The view from my look-out is no longer unobstructed. These tall trees have grown lovingly and clung to the old house as it grew homely and its style and fashion fell into disrepute. The dear, faithful, true trees! they grew high and wide and

full of leaves, and they spread their branches as though they were human and actuated by tender affection, and sought to hide the unseemly old dwelling that was builded by strong arms half a hundred years ago. Blessed trees! every one has its history and its story. Despite their honest endeavors, the giggling youth of these latter days peers between their gray trunks and catches glimpses of the singular edifice, and as he straightens up, and the glittering wheels of his gig spin adown the tree-embowered highway, he smiles and says: "How funny! built in the days of the 'postles, I recer on!"

And this is the old garret! ha! the old childhood's fear comes over me now. You all remember it; you will understand me when I tell you that my thought is, "Can I ever get down again?" Surely not with that free swing of other days when I knew no fear.

I am glad to sit down on the dusty attic floor of loose and creaking boards and clasp my hands over my knees and catch a restful breath. Oh, the old cobwebby rafters overhead! how gray, and dim, and dusty! They are dotted over with cunning little pee-wee's nests, some a half century old, filled with the grime and the dust that has been accumulating since my mother was a bride in the long ago. Deserted nests—but not more lonely and pitiful than the long-since-deserted cradle in yon quiet corner down close to the eaves.

How well I remember when she, the baby, died! It was the first death in the household, that fair little babe of a few months old, Rosaline, a rare name that I found in Shakespeare. It was a cold, bleak, November day; the woods were bare and the sharp winds sobbed among the gray branches of the trees, and swept over the dead pastures, dry and weedy. It was our first sorrow. Our mother never ate, nor drank, nor slept; the babe lay on her lap; she was oblivious to all around; the fire burned low, and the ashes crept over the embers, and the faint glow died out into desolate deadness, but she saw nothing, only the feeble flicker of life stirring the limp, little, suffering, cold, white bosom.

We children leaned on her chair, and touched her dress, and put back the soft slip of brown hair that stole unfelt adown her cheek. It seemed so good to "touch mamma" and keep a-near her, for in those hours of agony she seemed so far off, and as though she were not really and truly our mamma the same that she had always been.

While the baby was dying, I sat out on the bare ground alone, and looked up at the sky, bleak and dark, and full of clouds portending snow. I looked upon the dead fields, and the girdled trees, and the charred stumps that the fire had left unburned, and the mulleins in the old fence rows, and the flocks of pigeons seeking to find a pleasanter clime. As I sat there, two beautiful girls passed by on horseback, and I, sullen and stricken in my great sorrow, sat still on the stony ground. What were they to me, or I to them?

Girl-fashion, young, and thoughtless, and happy, they laughed and whispered together. And I? bowing under this most poignant grief, instead of

beckoning them to come anigh and look upon the utter desolation that lay like a blight within our household, so bewildered and dumb was I under the sudden blow that I could have smitten them into solid stone. Even now, the remembrance of that benumbing woe comes back to me.

When I came up to womanhood, I met one of those girls, then the widow of a merchant who died bankrupt. She was poor, and taught school to support herself and her little children. I told her of this old-time, sad memory, and, though a stranger, she came right to me, took my hands in hers and, with all the impulsiveness of a kindly nature, with tears in her eyes, she kissed me again and again, regretting much that I had not bid her enter our stricken household on that thrice drear November day. And this is the memory brought vividly to mind at the sight of the old cradle in the garret.

Not that the cradle was never used again, for it was. In the death of baby Rosaline, the iron entered the soul of the sorrowing mother; she could not look upon a babe afterward without weeping, and she pined and her thin, white hands lay idle in her lap, while her sad eyes seemed looking afar off, even to the uttermost star. Her face grew thin and pale, and a new look came to it, a beautiful expression. It had always been a handsome face, but the wear and worry of everyday life, with its ills, and its cares, and its stings, and pains, and annoyances, made her face to pale sometimes, and sometimes to flush, and again show weariness, but all this was brushed away and no trace was left to show that the flesh had ever been weary or the soul sorrowing. Peace, the sweetest peace, such as had never entered into our heart to conceive of, settled down within the spirit that had been purified through sorest discipline, and its reflection shone with a blessed illumining light in her countenance.

And in the stillness of the summer eve, the death angel came and went, with never the rustle of a stirring wing to warn us of his presence, and in the twinkling of an eye she was gone and we knew it not. There was no word spoken, no farewell breathed, no clasp of the hand, no whisper, no token.

In a few years there was another mother; a few years more, and the cobwebs were brushed from the cradle in the garret; the faulty rocker was mended, a new coat of paint put on—not the sober tint as before, but a brighter one—and a blue-eyed baby with silken hair, and restless little fists, and a mouth sweet as a cleft rosebud, lay with its beloved head upon the tiny pillow, and the wee, wee counterpane folded lightly upon its waxen white limbs.

Again I wander.

Here by the chimney is a pile of old boots and shoes. I touch them reverently. I know every peculiarity of every precious foot. What a queer fancy, this saving of one's old foot-gear! Ah, it is like a poem to me; none can read it but myself. The tears come. Where are all those feet now? This little flat shoe was my sister's, her foot was always a little, tender, shapeless thing. She married in her teens—mismatched—wedded before her

intellect developed, she grew in one direction and he in another; but she had good sense, and she finds life full of enjoyment, seeing only the good that is in her husband.

Oh, I could tell that boot anywhere! he would slide on everything—the frozen ground, the ice, the barn floor, the carpet, the cellar door—and our father, out of patience with “precept upon precept,” had a pair made and the soles completely covered with smooth-headed tacks. He never wore them out, and there they lie, great, weighty arguments, that have kicked balls, and blocks, and stones, and frozen clumps to and from school more than one winter.

This little, dry, brown boot was my little sister's twenty years ago; the little boot that trod the meadow path to school when the snow was knee-deep, rather than bring a blemish to her grade.

And this was the baby's, this stubby one with the tipped-up copper toes. Her dumpy little legs could hardly waddle across the meadow, but the noon fun of playing keep store, and grocery, and hotel, was inducement enough to tempt her out in all weathers. I can see the little roly-poly with her fat red cheeks and heavy golden curls slipping out from her blue hood and tossing about her shoulders, as she essayed a nimble hop-skip-and-jump along the meadow path. Alas! no little winding thread of a path now crosses the meadow among the nodding clover blooms and the luxuriant bristling grasses. No tripping step pauses on the rustic bridge that crosses the tinkling brook, and no blue eyes peer down among the reeds, and rushes, and sickle grass to spy out the hiding-place of the old frog in the slimy green jacket nestling under the filmy maiden-hair and winking so slowly that he seems a-dreaming a froggy dream.

Yet it is well; the little ones are women now, and walk beside me, my sole associates, my most intimate friends, critics, counselors and companions. Their feet are as precious to me now as they were when I used to gather them in my palms—the little pinky puffs—and kiss them for their very prettiness and the dimples that made them perfect. May they ever walk in paths of pleasantness and of peace.

This soft little morocco was my step-mother's; its very shape shows that she was delicate, that there was no running for her little feet, no missteps or twisting on the heel; she was fair, and tender, and frail, and the grave opened for her ere she had reached life's meridian or known of the sorrow that crowns so many lives.

This trim boot was my brother's—for years away in the wilds of the volcanic regions of Nevada. His feet wander into new and strange places, and he is jubilant over the freedom that he enjoys amid the grandeur of the rugged mountain scenery and the deliciousness of the pure mountain air. As I look upon the boot I cannot grieve for the free, wild, glad boy, for his letters bring us the glad message: “I still hold fast my honesty and my integrity.”

A man who has not lost this crowning principle is a God-like man; a nobleman wherever he is, if

it be on a plank alone in mid-ocean, and—God will care for him.

And these are father's, he was sturdy then and his step was firm and springy, and his keen eye like an eagle's, and his muscles were of steel. Now he takes two naps a day, and sits on the veranda and looks at the passers-by, and by the aid of a field-glass he looks abroad upon the acres brown with sweet-smelling furrows, newly turned, or golden with waving grain and ready for the harvest. He reads the papers and his Bible, and, in a cracked voice, sings the old hymns of long ago, and he enjoys the blessed evening time. His sunset hours are calm and pleasant.

And these were mine—real shoes of good leather. Now I wear soft-lined galsters, and I slip them off at the eventide for easier slippers. I know what that means, and I meet the tender hint with a serene smile, and think how good God is in giving us such gentle reminders and in such a loving way.

If in thy later noon-day hours,
Thou still canst look above,
And trust thyself and all thy cares
With Him whose name is Love,
Then let thy heart be glad.

THE RICE-PAPER PLANT.

AN almost endless variety of materials has at various times been employed in the preparation of paper. In an old German book, published at Regensburg in 1772, there are no less than eighty-one samples of different kinds of paper, bound up and forming part of the volume.

The Chinese and Japanese are the most skilful paper-makers in the world, and some of the East Indian papers surpass the European considerably. The ordinary papers of the Chinese, and other Oriental peoples, are made principally from the bark of the paper mulberry (*broussonetia papyrifera*).

A peculiar paper, remarkable for its beautifully smooth and uniform texture, is very largely used in China, especially for drawings. Under the name of rice-paper, it is quite largely imported from that country. It received its common name of rice-paper, from an erroneous impression that it was prepared from rice. Within a very few years, however, the discovery has been made that it is formed from the pith of a plant not very distantly related to the common English ivy, though having an entirely different appearance. This plant, the *aratia papyrifera*, is called by the Chinese tung-tsau, or hollow plant. It grows abundantly on the hills in the northern parts of the Island of Formosa, where the natives gather it, and barter it to the Chinese. It attains a height of twenty or thirty feet. But, as the pith, from which the paper is made, deteriorates in those parts of the tree which have grown old, it is usually cut down when it reaches a height of twelve feet or thereabouts. The slender stem is surmounted by large, sycamore-like leaves, above which, in the flowering season, appear several wand-like branches, each covered with small, pale yellowish flowers. Though each flower by itself

is insignificant, the great number of them borne on the thin, whitish stalks, has a striking and beautiful effect, when contrasted against the crown of large, dark green leaves. The stem of the tree is strongly marked by the transverse scars, left by the fallen leaves. The wood is hard, heavy and durable.

In preparing the trunk for the paper-maker, it is cut into lengths of nine or twelve inches. The

upon the other, pressed out flat and smooth, and then cut into squares of the required size, generally about three and a quarter inches on each side. They are put up in packages of one hundred each, and sold for about two cents a package. Sometimes a number of the sheets are joined together, to increase their size. It will be seen that this more nearly resembles the ancient papyrus than modern paper; but it is more beautiful than the



RICE-PAPER PLANT.

pith, which is from one to two inches in diameter, is forced out by driving into it a strong, straight stick, just as an American boy forces the pith out of the section of elder bough which he designs for his pop-gun. The pith thus obtained, is then cut by workmen, who apply the blade of a long, keen knife to the cylinders, and, turning them round dextrously, pare them from the circumference to the centre, making a rolled layer of equal thickness throughout, and about four feet long. This is unrolled, and, when a sufficient number of these sheets have been cut, they are placed one

former, being a very pure pearly white, and admirably adapted to the peculiar style of painting of the Chinese.

Do not forget that if you accomplish a little every day it will amount to a good deal in a year. If you pursue some study, or read one hour every day in the year, you will have acquired an amount of knowledge in three hundred and sixty-five days that will surprise you. Bear this in mind now, early in the year, and let nothing prevent you from taking advantage of it.

SYDNEY SMITH.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

HOW differently one approaches the Rev. Jonathan Swift, the Rev. Lawrence Sterne and the Rev. Sydney Smith! Toward the last only do our hearts instinctively open; the others repel—Swift by his merciless sarcasms, Sterne by his weak affectations. All three were priests; all three were great humorists; but there the resemblance ceases, for Sydney Smith's earnest, sunny nature had nothing in common with Swift's moroseness or Sterne's sentimentality. It is the man that attracts us here more than his writings; not so with Swift and Sterne, whom we regard curiously, admire and perhaps pity, yet never feel in their behalf a warm, human interest.

Toward them our attitude unconsciously remains that of a stranger; Sydney Smith we clasp by the hand, as it were, and to every throb of his great manly heart respond sympathetically. Who could resist that mirthful smile, that beaming, honest face? How they seem to look out at us from his writings, and to conciliate by their friendliness even Mr. Styles and Mr. Rose. Mr. Styles and Mr. Rose, it will be remembered, imprudently exposed themselves to the shafts of his wit in the *Edinburgh Review*, and did not escape unscathed. Yet even the ridicule of Sydney Smith possesses a certain flavor of geniality, softened by his love for the human as Swift's was envenomed by his contempt for it.

"Humor," says Tuckerman, speaking of our subject, "was the efflorescence of his intellect, the play that gave him strength for labor, the cordial held by a kindly hand to every brother's lips, the sunshine of home, the flavor of human intercourse, the music to which he marched in duty's rugged path. By virtue of this magic quality, he redeemed the daily meal from heaviness, the needful journey from fatigue, narrow circumstances from depression, and prosperity from materialism."

Here is a receipt that he carefully preserved. "When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving; trifles in themselves light as air will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and, if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you quietly and happily down the stream of human life to eternity."

Dear, lovable Sydney Smith! To the last he kept his unspoiled heart. Born in 1771, he died in 1845. His father was an eccentric but clever Englishman; his mother the daughter of a French refugee. From her he inherited the finer qualities of his mind, and that constitutional gayety which so vivified and "glorified" his existence. He was educated at Oxford, and, having entered the church, became curate of Netherhaven, in the midst of Salisbury Plain. The situation was desolate enough. Without books or society, too poor to command one, and far removed from the

other, his only resource was the 'squire of the parish.

"The 'squire took a fancy to me," says Sydney, telling the story afterward, "and, at the end of two years, engaged me as tutor to accompany his eldest son to Weimar. We set out; but, before reaching our destination, Germany was disturbed by war, and, in stress of politics, we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years."

During this time he married Miss Pybus, who luckily had some little fortune, for Sydney's only contribution to their future *ménage* were six small silver teaspoons, which, from much wear, were only the ghosts of their former selves. These he threw into her lap one day, exclaiming: "There, Kate, you lucky girl, I give you all my fortune!"

He officiated in an Episcopal chapel at Edinburgh, and, toward the end of his residence there, founded the *Edinburgh Review*, in conjunction with Jeffrey and Brougham.

"We happened to meet," says he, "in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh Place, the then elevated residence of Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a *Review*; this was acceded to with acclamation; I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number. The motto I proposed for the *Review* was, '*Tenui musam meditatur avend'*.' We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal; but this was too near the truth to be admitted, so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very able and important journal. When I left Edinburgh, it fell into the stronger hands of Jeffrey and Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success."

This *Review*, by its independent thought and criticism, opened a new era in literary history. Sydney Smith contributed to it largely, "wielding a battle-axe," as Tuckerman says, "in the phalanx of reform." Whatever he wrote was sure to catch the eye of the public, it was at once so clearly and simply stated; he extracted, as it were, the very pith of a subject, and presented that only. The commonest topic was irradiated by his flashes of wit and fancy; everything that passed through his mind, no matter how old and trite, assumed a new form, and came forth fresh and original.

His love of justice and mastery of ridicule are strikingly displayed in Peter Plymley's letters, a series of articles that did as much toward promoting Catholic emancipation as all the speeches in its favor. Shrewd and honest, he goes directly to the point, and, careless of external proprieties, reaches at once the naked truth. From him no quarter is to be expected for fraud, or bigotry, or cant, or humbug.

In 1803 he removed to London. But his old friends were always remembered affectionately. "When shall I see Scotland again?" he exclaims in one of his letters. "Never shall I forget the happy days passed there, amidst odious smells, barbarous sounds, bad suppers, excellent hearts, and most enlightened and cultivated understandings!"

"That garret of the earth," he calls Scotland in

another place, "that kunkle-end of England, that land of Calvin, oat-cakes and sulphur."

The reigning bore of Edinburgh in his time was a North Pole enthusiast. Having button-holed Jeffrey one day in a narrow lane, and introduced this exasperating topic, Jeffrey, in despair, applied an epithet to the North Pole more emphatic than polite. The bore, boiling with indignation, met Sydney Smith shortly afterward.

"Oh, my dear fellow," said Sydney, "never mind; no one minds what Jeffrey says, you know; he respects nothing—absolutely nothing. Why, you will scarcely believe it, but it is not more than a week ago that I heard him speak disrespectfully of the equator."

London quickly recognized the talents of this blunt, witty, straightforward preacher. Money came to him slowly; but not so popularity; crowds assembled to hear him preach and lecture. He soon became renowned also for his conversational powers, and was introduced into the charmed precincts of Holland House—that social centre of art and learning, wit and beauty. Lord Holland and Sydney Smith became the warmest of friends, and their intercourse has been characterized as a sort of *mental dram-drinking*, it was so interspersed with wit, and anecdote, and illustration, and had such an exhilarating effect both on themselves and their hearers.

"Did you ever hear my definition of marriage?" said Sydney once. "It is that it resembles a pair of shears, so joined together that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them."

"Speaking of absence of mind," said he, "I once heard of a clergyman who went jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike. 'What is to pay?' 'Pay, sir? For what?' asked the turnpike man. 'Why, for my horse, to be sure.' 'Your horse, sir? What horse? Here is no horse, sir.' 'No horse? God bless me!' said he suddenly, looking down between his legs, 'I thought I was on horseback!'"

Some one discussing the utility of a measure, and quoting —'s opinion, "Yes," said he, "he is of the Utilitarian school. The man is so hard you might drive a broad-wheeled wagon over him, and it would produce no impression; if you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet, I am convinced sawdust would come out of him."

Again, hearing that a young Scotchman was about to marry an Irish widow double his age and of considerable dimensions: "Going to marry her!" he exclaimed. "Going to marry her! Impossible! You mean a part of her; he could not marry her all himself. It would be a case not of bigamy, but trigamy; the neighborhood or the magistrates should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for a whole parish. One man marry her! It is monstrous! You might people a colony with her; or give an assembly with her; or perhaps take your morning's walk around her, always providing there were frequent resting-places, and you were in robust health. I once was rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half-way, and gave it up

exhausted. Or you might read the Riot Act and disperse her; in short, you might do anything with her but marry her.

"Oh, Mr. Sydney," said a young lady, recovering from the general laugh, "did you make all that yourself?"

"Yes, Lucy," throwing himself back in his chair and shaking with laughter, "all myself, child; all my own thunder. Do you think, when I am about to make a joke, I send for my neighbors, or consult the clerk and church-wardens upon it?"

But it was not in society only that Sydney Smith's humor flashed and sparkled; it sweetened the cares of home, and diffused everywhere sunshine and cheerfulness. It was united with the most exquisite delicacy and tenderness of feeling—a heart that vibrated sympathetically with human misery and human happiness.

What pathos and significance in the following little incident that occurred during the midst of his brilliant London career! One of his little children, then in delicate health, was in the habit of waking suddenly every night, sobbing, anticipating the death of parents and all kinds of imaginary evils. Disturbed at this unnatural union of childhood and sorrow, the father watched for his child's waking night after night, with a toy, a picture-book, a bunch of grapes or a joyous tale, that soothed and diverted the little troubled heart, until finally the habit was broken.

Poverty could not embitter his genial nature. "One must look downward as well as upward in human life," said he; "though many have passed you in the race, there are many you have left behind. Better a dinner of herbs and a pure conscience, than the stalled ox and infamy, is my version."

To the little weekly suppers given at his modest house in London, came authors and artists, wits and statesmen, illustrious men and gifted women; but there was no display, no formality, no restraint except that of good taste. The table was plain, but there was a "feast of reason, and a flow of soul," lacking too often at costlier entertainments.

These social reunions were of brief duration; in 1806, Sydney Smith removed to Yorkshire, having accepted the rectory of Foston-le-Clay. "Fresh from London," says he, "not knowing a turnip from a carrot, I was compelled to farm three hundred acres, and without capital to build a parsonage-house." He sought to exchange his living for some other, but, not succeeding, he and Mrs. Sydney put their heads together, and in nine months the house was built.

"It made me a poor man for many years," said he; "but I never repented it. I turned schoolmaster to educate my son, as I could not afford to send him to school. Mrs. Sydney turned schoolmistress to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned farmer, as I could not let my land. A man-servant was too expensive; so I caught up a little garden-girl, made like a milestone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook

her morals. * * * I had little furniture, so I bought a cart-load of deals; took a carpenter (who came to me for parish relief) called Jack Robinson, with a face like a full-moon, into my service, established him in a barn, and said: 'Jack, furnish my house.' Behold the result. At last it was suggested that a carriage was much wanted in the establishment. After a diligent search, I discovered in the back settlements of a York coach-maker an ancient green chariot, supposed to have been the earliest invention of the kind. I brought it home in triumph to my admiring family. Being somewhat dilapidated, the village tailor lined it, the village blacksmith repaired it. * * * Each year added to its charms; it grew younger and younger; a new wheel, a new spring; I christened it the *Immortal*; it was known all over the neighborhood; the village boys cheered it, and the village dogs barked at it; but we had no false shame. Added to these domestic cares, I was village parson, village doctor, village comforter, village magistrate, and *Edinburgh Reviewer*; so you see I had not much time left on my hands to regret London."

No, one would think not. But here is a friend's description of his establishment. Let us see what impression it made upon others.

"A man's character," says the friend, "is probably more faithfully represented in the arrangements of his home than in any other point; and Foston is a fac-simile of its master's mind from first to last. * * * It is exquisitely filled with irregular irregularities; everything finished in thorough taste, without the slightest reference to smartness or useless finery; and in every corner, not only of his house, but of his farm and garden, his inventive genius appears. 'What in the name of wonder is that skeleton sort of machine in the middle of your field?' 'Oh, that is my universal Scratcher; a frame-work so contrived that every animal, from a lamb to a bullock, can rub and scratch itself with the greatest facility and luxury.'"

And thus the description continues in a like strain, Sydney Smith's wit and originality as manifest here as at London, full of the quaintest devices for enlivening dullness, and presenting under novel aspects the commonplaces of everyday life.

"If it be my lot to crawl," said he, "I will crawl contentedly; if to fly, I will fly with alacrity; but, as long as I can possibly avoid it, I will never be unhappy."

It is said that he sighed for a bishop's mitre; but sighs were incongruous with Sydney Smith's character, and the honest courage with which he wrote about doctors of divinity and the affairs of the church, was not calculated to secure church preferment. "The longer I live," he declared, "the more I am convinced of the justice of the old saying, that an ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of clergy; that discretion, gentle manners, common sense and good nature are, in men of high ecclesiastical station, of far greater importance than the greatest skill in discriminating between *sub-lapsarian* and *supra-lapsarian* doctrines."

Some one telling him that if he agitated certain questions he would be swept away by the democrats. "Be it so," said he; "I am quite ready to be swept away when the time comes. Everybody has his favorite death; some delight in apoplexy, and others prefer marasmus. I would infinitely rather be crushed by democrats, than, under the plea of the public good, be mildly and blandly absorbed by bishops."

Had Sydney Smith become a bishop, he couldn't have been to us just what he is now; the gravity of the situation would have infected his wit in spite of himself. One is rejoiced, though, that ease and competence came to him in his old age through church promotion. In 1828 he was appointed to a prebendary stall in Bristol, and enabled to exchange Foston for Combe Florey, a more desirable rectory in Somersetshire. Five years later he was made a Canon of St. Paul's. That he appreciated this tardy recognition of his services is frankly acknowledged. "Moralists tell you," said he, "of the evils of wealth and station, and of the happiness of poverty. I have been very poor the greatest part of my life. I have borne it as well, I believe, as most people, but I can safely say that I have been happier every guinea I have gained."

He was too wise to hoard up money; the parsonage at Combe Florey was converted into a veritable little paradise; a house bought in London, where he resided part of the time; journeys taken to Holland and France; all sorts of little pleasures and excursions invented. He delighted in heat, light and fragrance. "Let us glorify the room," he would exclaim, and, throwing open all the windows, let in a blaze of sunshine and flowers. In the days of his poverty he used little tin lamps with mutton-fat for illumination; the mutton-fat was exchanged for oil when he became a little richer, and at last for a profusion of wax-lights. He had patent fire-places, invented by himself, and chimneys that wouldn't smoke. Flowers he so loved that he would gather handfuls of roses in the season and put them on the plates before breakfast.

Thus, gay and sunny to the last, he went slowly down the "hill of life," until, in his seventy-fourth year, he passed away, at peace with himself and all the world. The New Year's Day before his death he was walking in the garden, and discovered a crocus that had burst through the frozen earth; stopping suddenly, he gazed at it in silence for a few seconds, then, touching it with his staff, said solemnly: "The resurrection of the world!"

He met death with the same cheerfulness that had characterized his life. "Ah, Charles," said he, to a friend, when kept on low diet by his physician, "I wish I were allowed even the wing of a roasted butterfly!"

Never, perhaps, will the world see another Sydney Smith; if not the greatest of men, he was one of the best, and his qualities were so blended one with another harmoniously, that even "his foibles," as Whipple says, "could not be taken away without introducing discord into his character."

What appeals to us most strongly is the conviction forced upon us by his life and writings that here was one who loved and believed in his

fellow-men. This was the secret of his rare good humor; this the talisman that unlocked all hearts; this the symbol that pointed heavenward.

The Story-Teller.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY SUSAN B. LONG.

THE sea breeze was deliciously cool and invigorating, the pine trees murmured soothingly overhead, the surf beat in measured cadences in the distance. Existence, then and there, after the heat and hurry, the din and dust of the city, was emphatically a luxury. To lie, stretched at length upon the cool, yielding soil, carpeted thickly with the needles of the odorous pine, and gaze down upon the sparkling waters of the river, moving serenely seaward, and think, and dream, and rest, was an experience, the memory of which would go with one always. And who could calculate its effect upon one's character and conduct in all the coming time! Returning to him in some time of temptation or trouble, who knew but it might help him to withstand the one or endure the other. God is everywhere present, there is no doubt of that, but somehow He seems so much nearer in some places than others.

This, or this in substance, was what young Payne was saying to his friend Wellington Fields, who assented mechanically, and went on staring up into the green canopy overhead, and pondering the troublesome problem of how many opera tickets, champagne suppers and boxes of high-priced segars he could afford himself out of his slender salary, during the next half year; thus, unconsciously, refuting Luke Payne's last remark; or, rather, proving that this feeling of nearness to the kind Father above, depends quite as much upon the man himself, as his surroundings; that there are some minds so centered upon self and selfish gratifications, that all places and seasons are alike to them, in a religious point of view.

Young Payne went on with his reflections, quite as much to himself, however, as to his companion.

"Life seems such a different thing here," said he, "to what it is in the city. There it is all comprised in getting and spending, dressing and doing as others do—a grand struggle to appear well and be respectable—while here it seems to mean so much more! I can't express it, but, somehow, one wishes to step out of the treadmill and do something independent and really worthy."

"Speak for yourself, if you please," drawled Wellington Fields. "I'm not troubled with any such, what-d'ye-call-ums? 'aspirations,' or 'longings'—unless it may be for a larger income. But, say, my dear fellow, are you subject to these fits when in the country—these fits of moralizing, and getting out of sorts with life, and such?"

"Well, yes!" was the laughing reply; "I believe I have had such attacks before; but, unhappily,

they are short-lived. Pity the disease wouldn't take a chronic form."

"Well, to change the subject," returned the other, "have you any idea how we came here, and how we are going to get back to the village?"

"On our feet, doubtless," was the half-impatient answer. "Don't bother! We don't want to go yet. 'Sufficient unto the day,' you know. We have two good hours to stay here yet; so let me finish my dream, there's a good fellow."

"All right!" replied young Fields, drawing his hat over his eyes, and composing himself for a comfortable nap. "We'll find our way without trouble, I dare say."

But they did not, when they came to try it, for no sooner had they lost sight of the river, than they were totally bewildered.

"Confound these Jersey woods, anyhow!" said Fields. "They are all cut up with roads, none of which lead anywhere! Every place looks exactly alike, to me. It was the merest accident that we found the river bank at all. We were just as likely to have brought up at some discontinued coal-pit, or something. I'll let you take the lead, now; I don't want all the responsibility of the situation upon my weak shoulders."

"Rather a stupid situation, I should say," replied Luke. "Not at all flattering to our acuteness. Perfect babes in the woods, aren't we. Well, let's study woodcraft a little. There's the sun, and—"

"Hello!" interrupted his friend. "Babes in the woods, did you say? Why, there's one of the original pair! Do you see? We can't play that rôle! It happens to be taken."

Luke looked in the direction indicated, and saw, in the shade of a clump of laurel, a child of apparently two years old, lying sound asleep. Its head and shoulders rested upon an old calico apron, which had been spread upon the ground for the purpose, and a basket, partly filled with whortleberries, and a small tin "dinner-kettle," stood near. This was all they observed at first, but, a moment after, a little dog sprang up from somewhere close by, and broke out into the most frantic demonstrations of rage; taking good care to keep at a safe distance from their walking-sticks all the time, however.

"What shall we do with the 'varmint'?" said Luke, laughing, as they kept turning about to face the angry little brute, which evidently preferred making its attacks from the rear. "He'll awake the youngster, soon, and then *he'll* open fire, too, no doubt. We'd better retreat in as good order as we can while matters are no worse."

Before he had finished speaking, other actors were upon the scene—a girl of some dozen years, and two boys much younger. They each had a

vessel of some kind, containing whortleberries, and the two boys were scarcely behind the dog in the violence of their outcry. The girl apparently took in the whole situation at a glance. She soon silenced both bipeds and quadruped—strange to say, the little sleeper had not been awakened by the din—and then looked up at the young men with an inquiring glance, but modest and respectful withal.

"We ran afoul of your little brother, here," said Wellington, in reply to the look, "and this little midget of a dog took offence, it seems. That is about all there is of it; but I'm rather glad it has happened, you see, for now, perhaps, you can tell us the way to T—. We're strangers here, do you see, sis, and have gone and lost ourselves. How far is it to the village?"

"Three or four mild, I reckon," the girl replied, promptly, while a pleasant sparkle went all over her sunburnt face; "but I don't reckon I could tell you the way, 'cause there's so many roads turns off. If 't wa'n't for leavin' Johnny B., we might go 'n show ye the way ter the turnpike. I'm 'fraid, though, 't I shouldn't git my basket full 'f I did," she added, after a moment's thought.

"Oh, never mind that!" responded young Fields, eagerly. "We'll give you twice as much for the berries you *don't* pick, as you'll get for those you do; and as for this little chap—Johnny B., is it? can't these young shavers stay with him while you go? You won't be gone long—and here's a nickel apiece for them, if they'll stay."

This proposition seeming quite satisfactory to all parties, the girl, after repeated and various charges to the little boys as to their conduct while she was gone, led the way, without hesitation, and in an entirely opposite direction to that which they had been pursuing. She had a bright, intelligent face, and her prompt, decided movements indicated energy and executiveness. Her calico frock was old and faded, and, like the gown of "sweet Maud Muller," was "briar torn." It was short, too, like that widely-sung garment, and, consequently, left exposed a goodly length of "graceful ankles bare and brown."

Wellington Fields mentally pronounced her a "little savage;" but Luke Payne, who, by the way, had a fancy for character reading—in fact, he considered himself something of an adept in the science—said to himself, that, in spite of her humble surroundings and total lack of culture, she possessed a mind much above the average. The eyes, he said, more than any other feature, denote the character of the individual; and eyes of that rare golden tint, such as this girl had, indicated the possession of traits or talents of a correspondingly rare order. This was his fancy. Well, I, too, have a fancy about those "wondrous eyes of golden gray." I think they indicate deceit. They are cat-like and treacherous. But, as I do not pretend to be a physiognomist, what I may fancy or believe in the matter is of no value whatever to any one, myself included. If there is a Hibernianism here, I cannot help it. I have no time to explain, if I expect to overtake my young friends, who, by this time, have got some little distance

over the road, for their young guide is no laggard, and clearly means business, and nothing else. She neither pauses nor turns her head, as she replies to the remarks and questions of young Fields, made half-banteringly, and principally for his own amusement, but her answers are short, prompt and pertinent. Thus far, Luke had not spoken; but now, aiming to take the conversation out of his companion's hands, whose manner toward the girl he hardly liked, he said, merely to say something: "I should think you would be afraid to leave your little brother alone and asleep in the woods. Ar'n't there snakes and lizzards and such things about that might molest him?"

Her manner changed at once. She paused, waiting for him to come up beside her, though she totally ignored the real drift of his question in her reply, saying: "He ain't my little brother. None on 'em ain't my brothers. I hain't got none—nor sister, neither."

"Haven't you any parents—father and mother, I mean?" the young man asked, his voice, unconsciously, taking a softer tone.

She shook her head slowly for answer, looking away the while.

Luke's voice was full of sympathetic kindness now, for he knew abundantly well what it was to be alone in the world—had known ever since he was a wee thing in pin-a-fores, and dependent upon the precarious kindness which pity gives or a slender income commands.

"Poor child!" said he, "who takes care of you, then?"

She looked up at him gratefully at first, then an amused expression shone out of the rare gray eyes, and over the brown and berry-stained features, as she answered: "I reckon there don't nobody do that! I don't 'member's they ever did. 'Pears's if I have to take care 'v other ones."

"I mean who gives you a home, and provides your clothes, and sends you to school?" said Luke.

"Oh! You said, 'takes keer of me,' and that seemed so funny," replied the child. "Why, I live to Sammy Weskit's—them's their child'n back yender—en they give me my clothes; 'n' I did go to school some 'fore I was big 'nough to work; but I reckon they care 't low to send me any more. There's allus so much to do," she added, apologetically.

"You can read, can you?"

"Yes, I can read right smart, when I can git a book 'n' there's a chance. I have to work so much, ye see, there ain't much chance."

They had now come to where the road "forked." She stopped, and pointing to one of the branches, said: "There! that there road 'll take ye to the turnpike, 'n' I don't reckon I'll need to go any furdur with ye."

The young men both drew out their pocket-books, but Luke stepped between his companion and the young girl, saying playfully: "Keep your money, young man, for those who have no friends." And then, as he offered her a fifty-cent stamp, he asked: "Won't you tell me your name before you go?"

Looking keenly at the money, but without offering to take it, she replied: "It's Charrie Wilbur."

"Charrie?" repeated Luke. "That's Charity, I suppose. Well, why don't you take the money, Charrie? Isn't it enough?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered, eagerly. "It's a good deal too much! Fifty cents is a good deal too much! I was thinkin' what I wish't ye'd do, 'f ye on'y could. If ye'd jest give me a little money to give Miss Weskit, so't she won't scold if I don't git my baskit full; 'n' then, if ye could, send me a book that'll tell me somethin' I want to know 'bout. I keep wonderin' where the ships go that I can see over on the ocean sometimes—the real big ones, I mean—'n' I wonder, too, if the world is real big, 'n' if there's many other places in it 'sides this shore, 'n' New York, 'n' Phil'delfy."

"Why," replied Luke, too sympathetic to feel in the least amused—Wellington had sauntered on, and was out of hearing, or he would have shouted aloud at such ignorance—"Why I should think the people you live with might tell you all those things."

"They don't like to be bothered with questions," she replied, looking down and digging her brown toes into the sand. "I've asked some others, but 'pears 's if they don't know much more'n I do. Aunt Massy Loomus she tells me pretty near all anybody does; but she hain't got no larnin'. She says I've got so much larnin' that if I could on'y get books I could know most everything—'n' I should like to know everything!" she added, so wistfully.

"You *shall* have some books, Charrie," Luke answered, earnestly. "I'll send them right away. And now here's some small change—keep part of it yourself, though, remember;" and bidding her good-bye, he hurried after his friend.

He had gone but a few rods, however, when she came running after him, and said: "Oh, I forgot to thank ye! 'N' I do thank ye the most I ever did anybody; 'n' I wanted to tell ye ye'd better send the book to Aunt Massy, 'cause meebby Miss Weskit wouldn't let me have it if she knew; 'n' I wanted—to—know—what's—ye'r name, if ye don't mind."

"Certainly!" Luke replied; and then, moved by some unaccountable impulse, he told her it was Luke Weston, suppressing his last name of Payne. "And, Charrie," he added, "I shall not forget you; and I want you to grow up to be a good, true, useful woman. You'll try to do so, won't you?" looking kindly down into the shining eyes, lifted so eagerly to his.

"Ye-e-s!" was the hesitating reply, and the eyes grew clouded with trouble; "I will, 'f I know how; but I do wish there was somebody to tell me how!"

"Well, do the best you *do* know, and maybe—I almost know, something good will happen to you very soon," said Luke, cheerfully. "And now good-bye again, and you shall have some nice books before many days."

Luke was silent and absorbed for the next half hour; and could his friend have divined the nature of the thoughts which occupied him so exclu-

sively, there would have been no end to the ridicule with which he would have assailed him. He would have asked him if it was necessary for him to leave the great city, where ignorance and wretchedness meet ore at every turn, in order to find a proper object for his Quixotic generosity. He would have asked him also, with a smile of sarcasm, if he found himself so burthensomely rich with his clerk's salary that he could afford to throw away money upon a strange child, who would never do herself or him any credit. And what could Luke answer? Could he have made his friend understand the message that seemed so plain to him—the message that came to him there under the whispering pines, with the great heart of the ocean pulsing in the distance? A message, it seemed to him, that had been waiting there for him, because in the bustle, and turmoil, and worldliness, and selfishness of the city it could not make itself felt. A message charging him to live, not for himself alone—he who was so young and strong, and full of life and hope—but to seek out some forlorn, oppressed, struggling fellow-creature, and share with them the good that more favoring circumstances had placed within his reach. Could he tell Wellington Fields all this? And then dared he tell him what was so palpable to him, that this young girl, with her brave, truthful eyes and her hungry mind, held in bondage like her body by unfeeling taskmasters, had thus opportunely crossed his path to test his willingness to obey the divine message?

Or what if he were to say aloud what was running through his mind at that moment, that his salary, though meagre to one with the expensive tastes and habits of his friend, allowed him many expensive luxuries—luxuries not only useless, but positively injurious to both mind and body—and that it was at the sacrifice of these luxuries that he proposed to furnish the means for the carrying out of his benevolent scheme—if that could be called such which had hardly taken shape yet in his mind. Nothing but a storm of ridicule, or, at best, a profitless discussion, would be the result of this confidence, so Luke wisely kept his thoughts to himself.

"I was just trying to think, Welt," he said, abruptly, as they were nearing the outskirts of the village—

"Hello!" interrupted the other, "you've found your tongue, have you?"

"I was trying to think," Luke went on, without noticing the interruption, "how she'd look—that little girl back yonder, you know—say in six or eight years, if she were taken and placed at school, and, say, were to have the same advantages every way that your sisters will have. I think she'd make a splendid woman. A splendid *looking* one, too. With such eyes, she couldn't well help it. I wonder what will become of her, any way!"

"Pshaw!" said young Fields, with a look of disgust, and then added:

"She'll marry a man unlearned and poor,
And many children will play round her door,
And that's all. These people are just animals,
any way. Humph! My sisters! I'll tell you,
blood is blood, eyes or no eyes!"

Luke felt inwardly indignant, but held his peace. He was not fond of discussions at any time; but that evening, after tea, he sought out the pastor of the most unpretending of the three churches that the village of T— contained, and had a long confidential interview with him. The worthy man, Mr. May, told his wife, after Luke was gone, that the young man had a noble project in view, born of a generous heart, and he felt it his duty to encourage it; as we should every good impulse in the breasts of the young. One generous action, he said, sometimes influences for good the whole after-life of both giver and receiver.

"But," said the practical little Mrs. May, after she had listened to her husband's account of the project, "isn't the young man a little out of his mind? Nobody does business in such a way as that! Nothing binding upon either side! How does he know what you will do with his money, when he sends it to you? That idea of his, that he can read people's characters in their faces—a boy like him! Not that he's mistaken in you; but it's easy enough to learn *your* character, here in the village—he's made inquiries, no doubt. But what's his object in keeping himself in the dark? Why not come to the front himself, and have the credit of the transaction? I'm afraid he must be a little crazy!"

Her husband laughed. "There! that's just the way," said he. "If any one does a thing independently—acting from the promptings of a noble nature, without consulting what is called the proprieties of artificial society—*acting*, I say—for we may *talk* philanthropy, and charity, and self-denial, and uphold it—in *others*, but when it comes to *doing*, the cry is raised at once: 'Why, he's crazy!' No, the youth is all right, only he is young, and I am afraid not very stable, and I shan't be surprised if his enthusiasm in this matter is short-lived; but it really is refreshing, at my time of life, to come in contact with such an impulsive, confiding young soul, and to do business in this boyish fashion, feeling assured, as I do, that no one can be harmed by it. As for the child, I feel quite interested in her myself, and shall inquire into her case at once, and if I find it practicable, and you give your consent, which I am sure you will, we'll take her right into the family, as the young man wishes, send her to school and look after her in all things, and we'll try to make the expenses as light for him, too, as we can."

"And then, if it turns out as you suspect it may," replies the calculating wife, "and he repents of his generosity after a few months (and it's likely he will), then we shall have the girl upon our hands, and, maybe, she'll be no better off, in the end, than she is now."

"Gently, gently, my dear! You jump too far in your conclusions," returned the pastor. "I said 'if I find it *practicable*.' I am not committed to anything yet, and shall make due inquiries, both as to the child herself and how she is situated, and unless I feel it to be for her interest, I shall decline to act further in the matter."

The two young men returned to the city on the day following, and at the end of a week, Luke re-

ceived a letter from his reverend friend, saying that the result of his inquiries in behalf of his protegee were entirely satisfactory, and that there was no obstacle in the way of her being taken from her present home and placed at school, but the one which Luke had proposed to overcome, *i. e.*, the expense. So Luke inclosed his first remittance of twenty-five dollars, with a willing and eager hand, and eschewed segars, wine and needless personal adornments from that day. It astonished him, almost, the effect that this simple transaction, and its accompanying resolve, had upon him. He felt himself of so much more importance in the world. He had a part to act now, as well as older and wealthier men; and the best of it was, that it was one that his conscience thoroughly approved.

"I see now," he said to himself, "one can approach as near to God in one place as another, if he is willing to take hold of His work."

This is the youth of twenty. Shall we recognize him when we meet again, I wonder?

Hardly, I think!

"There's a man, now, who is going to the dogs, just as fast as it is possible for a man to go!"

This remark was made by a gentleman to a friend beside him, standing on the deck of one of the Raritan Bay steamers, and the person indicated was one of a party of young men, himself not over eight-and-twenty at the most, who, with segars between their lips, were talking fast horses and opera dancers in language intermixed with slang and profanity, as they passed up the gang-plank and along toward the after-part of the boat. He was tall, broad-shouldered and well-formed, with dark eyes and hair and a full brown beard, but his eyes were slightly bloodshot, and his face had that puffy, sodden look produced by an excessive use of stimulating drinks.

You do not recognize him? Of course not! but his companions address him as "Luke, my boy," and "Payne, old fel," and the gentleman, in reply to the remark of his friend, said: "Oh! Payne, you mean! Yes, and it is such a pity." And then asked: "How long has this thing been going on?"

"Oh, not over two or three months," was the reply. "He's one of the kind that don't stand still, you know. He must keep moving in some direction. You see, he's got in with that fast set, and, at the rate he's been going on lately, six months or a year at most will see him—in the almshouse, for all I can see to the contrary."

"Ah! such a pity! such a pity!" said the other. "I used to think him such a fine young fellow. Steady and reliable. I only knew in a business way. Business not large, of course, but respectable, and seemed to be increasing slowly. I've noticed a change in him lately. Something's gone wrong with him, I suppose. Wonder what!"

You wonder, too, do you not? Well, I am ashamed to say, nothing. Or, *almost* nothing—next to nothing. Some of his friends, in whom he trusted, disappointed him, and the young lady whom he fancied he loved, jilted him for a richer suitor; but these are occurrences which, from

their commonness are looked upon as comparatively trivial, and not worth making a wry face over. But, on the other hand, let us not blame him too severely until we are sure that we would have done better in his circumstances. A great deal depends upon circumstances, you know. It was true what the gentlemen back there just said of him: he was one who must move in some direction; and though when we knew him, some eight years ago, he seemed to have got a pretty good start upon the up-grade, still, you remember, that we knew but little about him, except that he was warm-hearted, generous, impulsive and susceptible of good influences; but those qualities alone do not constitute strength of character. If he could have had good associates, all would have been well. If he had had a mother or a sister to look after him, and encourage him in well doing, all would have been better. It is very well just in the way of talk to compare man to the oak, and woman to the vine; but there are plenty of men—great, stout, burly fellows—quite enough of them, anyhow, to destroy the above-mentioned pleasant little fiction—who can no more be brave, and manly, and strong, and consistent without some stronger spirit to “back them up,” than a baby of a year old can walk a tight-rope. And in more cases than you would be willing to believe, that stronger spirit is a wife, mother, sister or even a maiden aunt.

But Luke had no one; and his associates were all more or less like Wellington Fields, of the earth, earthy. He might have had different, *perhaps*, if he had tried; perhaps he couldn't—he couldn't, I say—maybe you might; but you are not to measure his force of character by yours any more than you do your cool, calculating worldliness by his warm-heartedness and impulsive generosity. If some one, we will say that same gentleman who seems to have known for some time back that Luke was getting wrong in some way, if he had taken him kindly in hand, shown an interest in him, cultivated his friendship, and endeavored to draw him away from his unwholesome associations into better company, who knows but he might have prevented his “going to the dogs,” as he expressed. There is too much of the “Am-I-my-brother's-keeper?” spirit in the world even at this day.

“But about his little protegee down in Jersey? What about that affair?” you ask.

Well, it turned out just as we all—a little better, perhaps, than some—expected it would. It interested him very much at first. He sent his first quarterly remittance, as we have said, with willing, even eager, hands. The second likewise. The third was sent promptly enough, and without an audible murmur; but the accompanying note was very short, and not quite as cordial in tone as the previous ones. When the time came around for the next, bringing the pastor's kindly reminder, and a report of the wonderful progress and exemplary conduct of the girl, he “*pshawed*” a little over it, and looked regretfully at the bank check as he consigned it to the envelope before sending it to the mail. At the end of the next quarter he sent the allowance, and a letter with it,

saying that, in justice to himself, situated as he was, trying to lay by a little capital with which to start in business at the end of another year or two, he did not feel it his duty to contribute more for the education of his young acquaintance of the Jersey “Shore.” He was glad to know that she had profited by the advantages she had already received, and he hoped she would be able, with perhaps a little assistance and encouragement from her friends there, to make her own way now. He should never regret what he had done—should always be glad, rather, that he had done even so little, and was only sorry that he could not keep on giving; but he began to find that he could not afford it. He must wait until he had got a better start in the world himself before he indulged in charity to any extent—and, really, he found he must conform somewhat to the requirements of the society in which he moved. And with this he dismissed the matter.

“I've expected something of this kind for the last six months,” said Mr. May, when he had read the letter to his wife. “Oh, well! no one ought to blame the youth for getting weary in well doing—we all are liable to. Besides, Charrie will do very well now with what assistance we can give her; and it will be just as well for her to rely upon her own exertions.”

“Do? She'll do! Never you fear!” replied his wife. “She'll go right on with her education, I'll promise you. She don't care at all for fine dress, you know, and we can keep her for what she can get time to do for us out of school for another year or two, and then she can take a subordinate department in some good school, where she can pay her way and go on with her studies.”

But the steamer has made the landing, where the cars of the — Railroad are in waiting, and my business is with Luke Payne, to learn what I can of his movements and destination. Arriving at L—, that fashionable summer resort, Luke's young friends got off, while he, somewhat to their surprise, announced his purpose of going farther. “How far?” He didn't know. Down the shore aways. He might step off at any of the small towns, and return on the evening train. The fact was, he felt gloomy and dispirited, and wanted to be alone. He was thinking of the past, and the retrospect was not a pleasing one.

“Was there ever,” he thought, throwing himself upon a vacant seat in the cars, glad to be rid of the senseless chatter of his companions, “Was there ever such a miserable failure as I am? And how I have longed to do and be something worthy the respect and love of good people! *Have* longed? *Do now*, when I am myself and can think. I know it is a childish and cowardly plea, but it does seem as though if I had somebody who understood me to help me along, who was true and strong, and would encourage and strengthen me when I try to reform, that I might be something different even now—I'm so young yet.” And there were actually tears in the poor fellow's eyes as he pulled his hat down over them. “If I could only begin back where I was when I rode over these rails the last time, some eight years ago, what would I not give!”

Occupying the seat in front of Luke was a woman with three young children, the eldest a little boy of scarcely five years. They were all, the childish-looking mother as well as the children, tired, sleepy and fretful, and they annoyed him beyond measure. Once he would have exerted himself to amuse the little ones and relieve the weary mother, but now he only scowled at them, and then looked about seeking another seat. Not seeing one more eligible, he disposed himself as comfortably as he could where he was, and tried, by reading the morning paper, to forget them. Presently a young lady, who was sitting a little farther along in the car, came back and offered to take the wailing baby.

"I am used to children, and maybe I can quiet it," she said, taking it unresistingly from the mother, and then, resting against the arm of the seat to steady herself, she began talking "baby talk" in that cheerful, soothing way characteristic of the born baby-charmer.

Luke grew interested, too, as well as the baby. He had noticed the young lady when she came aboard at the station back. He noticed her then principally because of the extreme plainness of her dress, which was almost Quaker-like in its simplicity and neatness; but now there was something in her voice and face that attracted him. It was a bright, animated face—not beautiful, but strongly marked and full of meaning. He could see this when it was partially turned from him; but when she changed her position, giving him a full view of her features, then he started up with a half-audible exclamation, for he knew her.

"That girl, by Jove!" he thought. "I never could mistake those eyes! Strange! I had almost forgotten that whole affair!"

Then almost the first thing he recalled concerning it was, his wondering how she would look in ten years, and with what contempt Wellington Fields had treated the idea of comparing her with his sisters. Why, Ella and Nora Fields, with their soft, meaningless faces, fine clothes, costly ornaments, and artificial airs, and insipid chit-chat, would never command a second look beside this cheaply-clad figure, with its noble speaking features, and glorious golden-gray eyes. He wondered if she had forgotten him. Probably not; but there was no danger of her recognizing him; and he would not have her do so for the world. She seemed so immeasurably above him—so pure and womanly! They had changed places in the eight years since they had met. He had never felt his present utter worthlessness so keenly as he did at that moment, being brought face to face, as it were, with himself as he was eight years ago. Then his next thought was: "Thank Heaven! I have done something in my life that I am glad and proud to remember—maybe there's hope for me yet!—I've helped this young creature into a position to live her own true life among her equals. Maybe she'll do good enough in the world for both of us! She looks as though she might."

Recovering his thoughts a little and becoming master of himself again, he moved aside and politely offered her a part of his seat.

"Thanks, no!" she replied, giving him a bright,

frank smile, as she straightened and arranged the tumbled skirts of the now quiet baby; and then after a moment she added: "But if you will allow it, I'll put the little boy there, and that will give room for that other little thing to lie down. She's half asleep now; and it's so hot for them all in one seat."

Luke acquiesced, of course—if she had put the baby into his arms, and bade him sing to it, he felt that he should have done it—and though the little fellow objected at first to being put into the seat beside a stranger, with a few persuasive words and a little gentle force she effected the change, and soon had the whole family happy and comfortable, and, as far as the mother was concerned, grateful as well.

"You are a wonderful hand with children now, I do say!" she admiringly observed. "There's that baby has done nothing but worry and fret the whole blessed morning! And now, as sure as anything, he's gone sound asleep! You must be used to young ones, sure enough!"

"I'm pretty well used to children," the young lady replied; "though lately I've not had the care of any quite so small as this. I have charge of the Primary Department in — School, and I have to exercise all my wits sometimes to control the whole forty or fifty of the little things." Then suddenly she asked: "Do you go on with this train, or do you change at the junction? We are almost there, you know."

"Oh, dear!" cried the little mother, all in a flurry again. "Yes, I have to change! And you go on, I suppose! How I wish you were going with me! What shall I do? All the children are asleep, as sure's I live! And they'll be as cross as beggars to be disturbed!"

"Never mind!" replied the young lady. "We'll help you—will you, sir, please?"—to Luke, with an apologetic smile. "We'll each carry a child, and maybe they won't awake at all."

Again Luke acquiesced, inwardly amused, now that the first shock of the unexpected meeting had worn off, at the coolness with which she reckoned upon his assistance, and picturing to himself what her astonishment would be should he address her by name. He was half-tempted to do so; but then it would lead to his recognition, and that he was not ready for yet. He would seek her acquaintance later—he was fully determined upon that—but not now. He would make one more effort to regain what he had lost of manly independence and integrity before he sought the friendship of one as pure and good as his heart told him she was.

Just then came the scream of the whistle and the clang of the bell, followed by a rush for the brakes. Then other bells and other whistles jangled and screeched, denoting their near approach to the junction. So, gathering up the sleeping children and the other travelling encumbrances of their new acquaintance, Luke and the young "schoolma'am" made their way with her through the hurrying crowd to where the train for S— was waiting on a branch track. The cars were crowded, and it took some time, and a little more of the young lady's generalship, to properly

dispose of their helpless charges; but it was accomplished at last, and they were hurrying back to their own train, when, happening to catch sight of an acquaintance at a little distance, she halted for a moment to exchange greetings with her. There were, perhaps, half a dozen tracks here intersecting each other at various angles. There were two trains nearly ready to start, and besides two or three locomotives moving about back and forth, so that a very little carelessness on the part of one might place him in extreme peril before he was aware. Luke had hardly noticed that his companion had paused, but after going a few steps he turned to look for her, and saw that she was standing upon one of the tracks, her attention still engrossed by her friend, while coming toward her, from behind, and with considerable velocity, was a locomotive with its accompanying tender. With the quickness of thought, he sprang toward her, shouting: "Charrie! Charrie!" and then added: "Good Heavens, my girl! why did you stop there?" as he dragged her from under the very feet of the panting, puffing monster.

She turned white and faint with horror when she saw from what Luke had rescued her, and leaned heavily against him for a moment, but said nothing until they had regained their seat in the car, and then starting suddenly, and looking him keenly in the face, she said: "Why! you called me Charrie!"

He had not been conscious of doing so, and was a little vexed with himself; but it could not be helped now, so he said with affected humility: Did I? Excuse my rudeness, please. I forgot myself in the fright you gave me, or I would not have taken such a liberty."

"Pshaw! you know I did not mean that!" she replied, smiling. "But how did you learn my name?"

"Why, you told me yourself!" he answered, feigning astonishment at her asking the question.

"I? Did I ever meet you before?" she asked, with genuine surprise upon her side.

"I remembered you at once," he replied, evasively, "and yet you have changed some, as well as I, in eight years."

Light broke over her features. Then you must be Luke Weston!" she said; and Luke fancied that he could read pain and disappointment in her face, though she added, with eagerness, after a moment's pause: "I *did* know your voice—or, I thought of you, the moment I heard your voice—but your face and person are not at all the same as they were eight years ago."

She was disappointed—cruelly so, though she tried hard to hide it—for had he not been her hero, her prince of the fairy tale, all these eight years, embodying everything that was true, and pure, and noble, and brave, and generous. And now to meet him with the odor of segars and brandy upon him, and the marks of dissipation in his face, was too much.

"I have to thank you for saving my life, now, in addition to my former indebtedness—all those books, you remember," she went on, though, try all she could, there was not the same free ring to

her voice as before. "I always wanted to write and thank you, but never could, not knowing where to address you. Do you know, I used to think you were somewhat of a prophet, for nearly the last words you said to me were, that maybe something good would happen to me very soon; and, sure enough, there did—something *very* good, indeed." And then she went on and told him much that he and we knew already of the kind Mr. and Mrs. May, and the other unknown generous friend.

Another surprise awaited Charrie at the T—station, when they arrived. Luke, too, got off there, thinking he might remain a day or two, or go back on the next train, just as the fit should take him. Mr. May, or "Father May," as Charrie called him, was awaiting her there, and as soon as they exchanged warm and loving greetings, she said to him: "Here is a gentleman, sir, whom I wish to present to you. He saved my life at the Junction, and, strangely enough, he is the same one who sent me books several years ago, you remember, whom I used to talk so much about—" Before she was ready to give his name, Mr. May had recognized him, and interrupted her.

"Ah! Mr. Paine!" said he, in his hearty way. "How do you do? I thought I knew you, when you stepped off the train. I never forget a person if I have ever had any conversation with him and a good square look into his face. I always remember his eyes, no matter how much he may be changed otherwise."

Charrie looked from one to the other, her face the picture of astonishment. The astonishment quickly passed, for she understood at a glance the deception that had been practised upon her, and an indignant flush usurped its place, lending a glow to her naturally fair cheeks and a sparkle to her clear gray eyes—we none of us much relish a deception of which we ourselves are the victims—but, not deeming it a fitting place for explanations, she turned away a little proudly, and walked quickly homeward, leaving the two gentlemen to renew their acquaintance, if they chose, as they chose. She had known all along that a certain Mr. Payne was the one to whom she was indebted for the greater part of her education. Her friends, the Mays, had always discouraged any questioning upon the subject, but had given her to understand that a person of that name had placed a certain sum of money at their disposal, to be used toward the educating of some poor, friendless orphan, whom they might happen to know of; and she had always pictured him to herself as a queer, little, dried-up old man, very rich, and very good natured and benevolent; but never for a moment associated the thought of him with the smooth-faced, dark-eyed, handsome young gentleman who had told her his name was Luke Weston.

By the time Mr. May reached home, however, all traces of displeasure had vanished from her face, but nearly the first words she said to him, were: "You always have good reasons for everything you do, Father May, and now will you please tell me why I was kept ignorant of the identity of my benefactor? You knew, of course, that my

Luke Weston and your Mr. Payne, were one and the same, did you not?"

"Yes, I did know it, 'of course,'" replied the pastor, stroking her shining brown hair, as he spoke, "and I had some reasons for not telling you. One was that he requested it, saying that he detested ostentatious charity and never wanted to be identified with the transaction at all. Then, I feared that you might get false ideas of your own importance, or of his intentions. In fact, I was afraid you would go to weaving a romance, with him for the 'fairy prince.' Don't you think I did nearly right, my child?"

"Of course you did! You always do, you dear old saint!" replied she, playfully kissing him; but she did not acknowledge to him how many romances she had woven in which Luke Weston was first character, or how she was disappointed in her hero now.

Two more years have passed, and Luke Payne is again strolling where we first saw him, on the river bank, in the shadow of the murmuring pines, with the sea breeze fanning his brow and bringing to his ears the solemn music of the surf. His companion is not Wellington Fields, but a woman with a calm, thoughtful brow and eyes of golden gray. Luke's face bears no marks of dissipation now, there is no odor of segars and brandy about his person. His dark eyes are clear and hopeful, and loving, too, as he turns them upon the woman sitting beside him, and who has been his wife for one happy year, and says softly, with smiling lips: "'Though I have the gift of prophesy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, * * * and have not charity, I am nothing.'"

EAGLESCLIFFE.*

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE painting of Alice McAlpine's portrait was a slow process, and Mrs. Farleigh was well content to have it so. It was, indeed, two or three weeks before even a beginning was made. In the interim, however, there was much to be said, and Karl was summoned to the cottage evening after evening. Costume after costume was discussed and discarded, pose after pose was tried and rejected. In her eagerness for effects, Mrs. Farleigh turned lady's maid, and every time Karl saw Alice, some new arrangement of her beautiful blonde hair challenged his admiration. Yesterday it fell in long, loose curls, enveloping her as in a garment of light; to-day it rippled back from her pure child-like forehead, and was gathered low in a simple coil held by a silver dart; to-morrow it was bound about her head in massive braids, a coronet of paly gold. Sometimes in the simplest possible dress she seemed as fair and cold and inaccessible as any cloistered nun, and anon she was bewitching in "robes of silken sheen," as opalescent as the sunset sky.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"I can't make up my mind as to what particular style or color suits Alice best," said Mrs. Farleigh one evening in a low tone, as the young girl sat at the piano, "though I've been making her a profound study ever since we began to talk about this portrait. The truth is, she has such a marvellous complexion she can wear anything. Just look at her now in that faint rose-color! According to all rules, it should be unbecoming. Yet she is, if anything, lovelier in it than she was in the blue the other day, or in the pale green with the sea-foam of laces yesterday. I think I'll leave it to you, after all, Karl, and let you paint her just as you please."

Was the object of all this to draw Karl's attention to the young girl's delicate, flower-like beauty—a beauty as unpronounced and elusive as moonlight or starlight? Was this but the setting of another snare for him? Not on Alice's part—for she was as genuinely artless and unsophisticated as any girl in Eaglescliffe—but on the part of Mrs. Farleigh? Be that as it may, it is certain that the painting of the portrait was merely a secondary consideration. The main one was the keeping up of constant intercourse between Karl and the cottage, in a manner that should be unforced and natural.

But when haying and harvesting were over, even our busy Karl was comparatively at leisure. The corn was not yet ready to cut, nor was the buckwheat turning red; and it was quite too early for other autumn work—the fall ploughing and sowing that would come by and by. Now, if ever, was the time to paint, and the picture was at last begun. Karl had thought it might not be pleasant for Hepsibah to have the ladies become frequenters of the woodshed chamber; but when he laid the matter before her, she urged him to do his work in his own accustomed quarters.

"It will not trouble me," she said; "I am only glad you are to paint the portrait, Karl. But I would rather you should do it here than at the cottage."

"It will be more convenient for me in every way," he answered. "You always see things so clearly, Aunt Hepsy! It will be a saving of time—and, besides, the light is better."

So now the work went on, though with many delays and interruptions; and as it progressed it grew more and more engrossing, not only to Karl but to Mrs. Farleigh. She and Alice spent hours in the studio—the one in the model's chair, the other reading aloud, or chatting, or busy with some pretty bit of flower-painting, in which she made needle and floss do service in lieu of pencil and palette. Occasionally Mrs. Farleigh went in to see Hepsibah; but the two women were not at ease with one another, and there was such evident constraint between them that the visits were not productive of much pleasure on either side. Hannah muttered to herself that Miss Hepsy was allus wus after one of 'em; and for her part she wished rich folks 'n' fine folks would keep out o' her kitchen, and stay to hum where they belonged.

None but her scholars and Aunts Pheny and Phosy saw much of Winny during all these days.

She was most unaccountably busy and pre-occupied. But day after day at about a certain hour—it was generally when she was hearing the second class in geography recite—there was a sound of rolling wheels far up the road, or else the tramping of swift feet that always made her heart beat. She would resolve not to look out of the window. What did she care who was going by, or who rode out in the golden morning? Besides it was setting such a bad example to the scholars! But always some irresistible power drew her eyes from her book just in time to see the two bright bays go dashing by, with the streaming plumes, the fluttering veils, the graceful, sweeping folds of the riding-habits, and the fair hair of the younger lady glittering in the sun.

She avoided the studio as if it had been infected. Karl, mindful of what he interpreted as her unaccountable dislike of Mrs. Farleigh, made no second attempt to bring her into her presence. But he did want her to see the picture, on which he was laying out all his strength. He was on his mettle. It was in one sense a challenge from Mrs. Farleigh, and he wanted to do his best. He thought he *was* doing his best, and he saw every day some new charm in the sweet, girlish face he was transferring to canvas. But to work without Winny's sympathetic praise was a new experience, and not a pleasant one. She knew nothing of art, save what she had learned through him; and yet her pride and happiness in his work had been a constant help and stimulus. He missed it.

But somehow he found it difficult to get a glimpse of her, now-a-days; and much more difficult, almost impossible, in fact, to get her to himself for one of their old-fashioned talks. Even if he went to the school-house, there was always sure to be a scholar there, waiting to walk home with her! But, of course, it was only because they were both so unusually busy, and he would be glad when school was out. Then he would make her see the picture, if he had to carry it across the three-cornered meadow and set it down before her. Mahomet should go to the mountain, if the mountain would not come to Mahomet.

Other people would be glad when school was out. Other people talked about it.

"I'm afraid teaching don't agree with Winny," said Tryphena, looking after her one morning as she started for the school-house. "She don't eat anything, and she's growing kind o' pale and peaked."

"Yes, I've noticed it for two or three weeks," answered Phosy. "But school will be out next Friday, that's one comfort; and then she'll pick right up, I've no doubt. I made her a bowl of boneset last night, but she didn't seem to want to take it."

"It's rest she wants, not boneset, I guess. She's pretty young for such a kind of a steady pull as she's had this summer."

Winny, too, was looking forward to the close of school—but with a very different thought in her busy brain. That afternoon as she emerged from the lane she caught a glimpse of the two bay horses fastened in the shade; and through the

open window of the studio the sound of light laughter and happy voices reached her ear. She passed on swiftly, up the little bit of road, and across the meadow, eager to get out of sight and hearing.

"Why, what's the matter, child?" cried Tryphena, as Winny entered the house. "You look like a ghost! Here, take this rocking-chair, and I'll go and get you some of my currant-wine. I declare I shall be glad when school's out."

"So shall I," said Winny, smiling faintly, as she declined both the chair and the wine, and dropping on a low stool at Tryphena's feet, laid her head on her lap. The latter let her work slide to the floor, set her thimble on the window-sill, and softly smoothed the brown hair that rested on her knee.

"Are you sick, dear?" she said, at last, stooping over to look in Winny's face; "or are you just tired out, or troubled about something, or what? Has anything gone wrong up at the school-house lately?"

Winny's lips quivered as she took one of her aunt's hands and held it against her cheek. "Oh, I don't know!" she sighed. "I am not sick, Aunt Pheny, and there's no trouble that I know of. But I feel all wrong somehow. I'm tired of living—maybe that's it!"

"Why, why, why! that isn't the way to talk, child. 'Tain't right! You didn't mean to say tired of living—at your age? Let me see your tongue. Hum—furred just the least mite. You're a little bit dyspeptic, Winny. Girls' troubles come from their stomachs, mostly."

Winny laughed in spite of herself.

"Oh! of course, I didn't really mean that, Aunt Pheny. Not really tired of living—but tired of just this life here. I want to go away somewhere; I want to see new things, and new people. I want to go among strangers, and measure myself with other girls. I don't know where I belong. I don't know whether I know anything or not! I want to test myself."

"Well, if that don't beat all!" cried Tryphena, lifting both hands in astonishment. "Don't know whether you *know* anything? Why, haven't you stood at the very head o' the girls' side o' this school for more'n two years?"

"Yes. But maybe that was the fault of the school. How can I tell, Aunt Pheny? Oh, I wish I could go somewhere else! I wish I could get away from Eaglescliffe, for awhile, at any rate!"

Tryphena looked at her narrowly, marking the fevered flush that had supplanted the paleness, and the restless yearning in the girl's dark eyes. "Where do you want to go?" she said, at last.

"You'll think me crazy if I tell you," she answered, raising her head eagerly.

"Maybe not. Any how, you'd better risk it. What your Aunt Phosy and I want most of anything in this whole world, Winny," she added, earnestly, "is to have our little girl good and happy. And maybe you do need a change. I shouldn't wonder."

Winny smiled through her tears, as she drew Tryphena down and kissed her. "Well," she said, with a little sob, "if you'll promise not to

think the best place for me would be an insane asylum! But, Aunt Pheny, isn't there a little money that belongs to me—that my Grandfather Miller left me? I remember something about it long ago—when I was a little girl."

"Yes. But what of that? That's laid by for a nest egg. That ain't going to be touched till you get married, Winny. That's for your marriage dowry."

"How much is there?"

"I don't know exactly. There was a few hundred dollars to start with, and it's been on interest now a good while. Must have increased considerable."

"Is there enough to send me to Troy for a year—to Mrs. Willard's?"

"Oh, yes, child, more'n enough! But do you really want to go there? Why, I suppose that's one o' the very first schools in the country!"

"And that's the very reason I want to go there, Aunt Pheny. If I knew of a better one, that would be the one I should want to go to. I don't see why there are not colleges for girls as well as for boys. Why should girls just make a beginning and then stop?"

"A college for girls!" cried Tryphena, with a laugh. "I should as soon think of a woman's being a minister, or a doctor! But, Winny, if you're in dead earnest about wanting to go to Mrs. Willard's, I suppose we could manage it without touching a mite o' that money; and I hain't the least objection, as far as I'm concerned, if you only improve your privileges. We'll see what Aunt Phosy says."

Winny knew the matter was settled, for what pleased the one sister was sure to please the other, and threw her arms around Tryphena's neck in a burst of grateful joy. But was it pure joy that made her cry so, lying on Pheny's breast for half an hour? Pheny was puzzled. She nodded her head with an air of decision. Winny did "need a change;" there was no mistake about that, and the sooner it came the better.

"When do you want to go?" she asked. "That is, supposing Aunt Phosy thinks it's best? There, there, child! You've cried enough. Let's talk about your clothes. You'll have to have some new dresses, you know."

Winny raised her head with a long breath. Crying had done her good; and, besides, what young girl ever lived who was not interested in new dresses? That is, if her nature was neither morbid nor unhealthy.

"The fall term begins next week," she answered. "Could I get ready as soon as that, do you think?"

"Must, if you go at all. It's always wise to begin at the beginning. You must have a new black silk, and a fine merino for best, and—"

"I can get my clothes myself, you dear old aunt," said Winny, eagerly. "I have all my summer's wages, you know, and you needn't get me a single thing!"

But Tryphena shook her head wisely. "When in Rome, do as the Romans do," she said. "I don't want you to go there to that grand school unless you can look just as nice as the other girls.

Keep your money for gloves, and handkerchiefs, and knick-knacks. We'll take care of the big things. Now run away and bathe your eyes before Aunt Phosy comes in."

"There's one thing," said Winny, tremulously, as she stood with her hand on the door. "Don't say anything about this, please, Aunt Pheny! I'd—I'd rather people wouldn't be talking about it."

Tryphena nodded intelligently, and Winny disappeared. When she came down, looking brighter than she had for weeks, she found her aunts discussing the needs of her wardrobe as composedly as if they had always made it the main business of their lives to fit out nieces for fashionable boarding-schools.

So well was Winny's little secret kept that not even the friends across the meadow heard of it. She was to start early Wednesday morning. The trunk was packed by Tuesday night, and everything was in readiness.

"You're not going away without bidding Miss Hepsy good-bye?" asked Tryphena. "That won't do at all. And have you said anything to Karl about it?"

"About my going? not a word. I have hardly seen him for two months, he has been so busy."

"I know that," said Tryphena, turning round suddenly. "But if you hain't, it's just as much your fault as 'tis his'n, and I should have to say so if I was on my dyin' bed! I don't know what's come between you two—good friends as you've always been; but you don't give him no chance to see you. You just keep out of his way. You're 'been so busy,' too, I guess! But I want you to go and say good-bye to Miss Hepsy, any how."

So Winny threw a scarlet zephyr shawl over her head, and meekly betook herself to the well-trodden footpath.

Miss Hepsy was both surprised and pleased at the news Winny brought, though she scolded good-naturedly at having been kept so wholly in the dark; and Winny laughingly defended herself on the plea that she had been in the dark herself until very lately. Karl said little, but when she arose to go, he followed her.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself," she said, as he closed the door. "It will only take me a moment to run across the meadow. Good-bye, Karl."

He looked at her earnestly, as she wrapped the scarlet web more closely about her with one hand and extended the other. After a second he took it, and drew it under his arm.

"Isn't that rather a conventional remark?" he said, reproachfully. "When did you ever think of its being a 'trouble' for me to go home with you before? I wanted a chance to tell you how glad I am for you that you are going to Mrs. Willard's. You are more fortunate in your dreams than I am in mine, Winny."

Winny was walking silently along, with her eyes downcast. They turned a corner.

"Why, where are you going?" she said, pausing suddenly and looking up. "This isn't the way home."

"No," he answered. "But it is the way to my workshop. I don't wonder you've forgotten! Do

you think I am going to let you go away, for nobody knows how long, without going up there again?"

She hesitated for a moment, her color deepening as he flung open the door. Then she followed him, singing lightly:

"The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show you when
you're there!"

"I don't know as to that," he said, with a half-laugh; "but I have something up here I want you to see, that's certain."

It was after sundown, and there were heavy shadows lurking in the corners of the room. Karl stepped under the large window in the roof, and drew back the shades. How familiar everything looked, and yet how strange! There was a faint odor of violets in the air. A dainty bit of lace-bordered cambric lay on the floor.

Karl picked it up, and hung it over the back of a chair. "Mrs. Farleigh must have dropped her handkerchief," he said.

An open book lay face downward on a little table, as the reader had left it. Near it was an unfinished piece of needlework, the purple and gold of the pansies gleaming forth from the black background. The easel stood under the window, with a white cloth thrown over it. The high-backed chair Winny had so often filled was in its accustomed place, with some drapery she had never before seen hanging in rich folds behind it. Over the arm of the chair a black lace shawl trailed carelessly.

Winny grew still and cold. The cloud that had lifted for a moment was settling down again. She wondered if it was the scent of the violets that made her so faint, and why she could hardly stand for trembling.

Karl drew the chair forward—the model's chair. "There!" he said; "sit there, Winny, and you'll see the picture in a good light."

But she did not sit, hard as it was to stand. She did not even lean upon the back of the chair, as Karl removed the cloth from the easel, but stood with her shawl drawn closely about her and her hands clasped tightly beneath it. It seemed to her that the chair was already filled; there was a presence there.

Karl drew away the covering, his eye lighting proudly. "I wanted you to see it, Winny," was all that he said.

Ah! how beautiful it was! The pure, sweet face almost infantile in its perfect loveliness, the cloud of golden hair, the radiant eyes, the parted, smiling lips! Karl had done nothing like it before. Even Winny could see that. Her breath came quickly, and she leaned forward as if spell-bound.

But it was not the work she was looking at. She did not notice how soft the shadows were, how exquisite the tints, or how like life the figure stood out from the canvas, till it seemed as if you could have put your arms around it. It was the face alone that held her.

She tried to speak. She knew she ought to say something; that Karl was waiting for her words.

But her tongue seemed palsied, and every moment of silence was making it worse.

"Well?" he said at length, with a restraint that was full of pain in his voice.

She was afraid she should cry. There was a choking sensation in her throat; her brain was in a whirl, and, oh! the words would not come!

"It is—very good, I should think," she said at last, her own voice falling upon her ears as coldly as the sound of many waters. "It is very good indeed, Karl."

He dropped the cloth over the picture abruptly, and turned away. "It is growing dark. Perhaps we ought to be going," he said, "for you have only that light shawl about you."

She knew she had pained him, and she had not meant it. He thought her cold and unsympathetic. Perhaps—oh, dreadful idea!—perhaps he thought she did not care for his work, or for his success, unless when she was his subject!

Yet she found it impossible to refer to the picture again. Karl ignored it entirely, and talked steadily and courteously about her own affairs all the way across the meadow. At the door he left her, bidding her good-bye. Winny cried herself to sleep that night, thinking that there had been a time, not so very long ago, either, when her friend would have been up to see her off in the morning.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THERE had been a rain—the long, dreary rain of the autumnal equinox. The corn was cut and stacked, standing all over the brown fields in cone-shaped stooks very suggestive of wigwams, and the great, yellow pumpkins lay bare among the stubble. In the little field beyond the orchard, the buckwheat in low, red sheaves waited for the sunshine. Karl was very impatient. There was so much pressing out-of-door-work that could only be done in fair weather; and the portrait needed one more sitting before its completion. But in such a steady down-pour as there had been for the last two days, even Mrs. Farleigh felt that the studio must be left to its own devices, as far as she and Alice were concerned; and so the hours were of no avail for painting any more than for farming.

It cleared at last, however, and the third morning broke as bright, as fair, as cloudless as if earth were a world without storms sitting ever in passionless repose. Karl wrote and dispatched a hurried note to Mrs. Farleigh. Would Miss McAlpine give him a final sitting that morning? For the warmth and dryness of that day would bring him other business on the morrow.

Very soon came back the answer. Miss McAlpine would.

Hepsibah had been growing stronger since the cooler weather came on. She had had on her wrapper early in the day for two or three weeks, and though she lay on the lounge much of the time, still that was better than being in bed. She walked out into the other room occasionally, and was able to see with her own eyes that her faithful Hannah kept the house in almost the same delicate order that had prevailed when it was under

her own sole supervision. That was one comfort, certainly.

And Hepsibah was at a point where she found it necessary to draw comfort from every possible source. She could not afford to overlook the smallest thing. Horton had been up again; the farm had been partitioned, and the two neighbors who had wanted it so long had bought more than two-thirds of the land. She could see now just what she had to depend upon.

A strange quiet had been settling down upon her for many days; a look of determination gave a new expression to the gentle sweetness of her face. She had the air of one who having made up her mind to the endurance of some sharp pain, some crucial test, was slowly gathering up her strength to meet it.

"Hannah," she said, that morning, "the ladies from the cottage are coming to-day. I want you to keep watch, and when the carriage comes, go out and tell Mrs. Farleigh I want to see her. Ask her to come to my room before she goes home."

"Yes'm," Hannah answered, wringing out her dish-cloth; adding mentally, however, that she did hate to speak to 'em, they was such high-fliers! She hated to have 'em come, ridin' round in their kerriges as if the ground wa'n't good enough for 'em to step on; and for her part she didn't think much o' folkses that called their hired help "servants"—just as if they wa'n't no better'n them nigger slaves at the South!

But she did the errand without making her protest audible; and in due time Mrs. Farleigh appeared, pausing on the threshold a moment, half-unconsciously, with an air of inquiry in her look and mien. It was a new thing for Miss Morris to send for her.

"Come in, and shut the door, please," said Hepsibah from her lounge, making no effort to rise. "I have something to say to you."

Her face was very pale, and her words were so low that Mrs. Farleigh scarcely heard them as she leaned forward listening.

And this was what she said, extending both hands impulsively to the beautiful woman who crossed the room with a swift, gliding motion, and sat down beside her: "I want to take it all back—what I said to you so long ago. I want you to take him now. I give him up to you. I won't stand between you any longer!"

Mrs. Farleigh would have spoken, but she checked her by a motion of her hand.

"I haven't much strength yet," she half-whispered, "and I must say it all now. Things have changed with me, as you know. I can't do for him"—she did not say for Karl; she could not trust herself to speak his name—"I can't do for him what I said I could, what I expected to. I can't give him a chance. I must let you have him, and believe it is God's will, and that He is leading us all. I don't see—any—other—way," she added, very slowly, and with a pause between each word, as if she were indeed striving to see the way.

Again Mrs. Farleigh would have spoken, and again Hepsibah stopped her. "I can't say what

I want to if you interrupt me," she said, "I must say it all now and have it over. I told you once that I had no right to give him up to you—no right to believe you could do better for him than I. I thought so then, and I still think I was right at that time. But he is older now. He is not a child any more—and—everything is changed. You may have him. I give him up to you. It is right I should."

She let go of Mrs. Farleigh's hand that she had held all this time, not seemingly in the clasp of affection, but in the strong grasp of earnest appeal, and dropped back upon the pillow again.

Mrs. Farleigh looked at her steadily for a full minute, her own countenance changing. "Is that what you always think of first?" she said, abruptly. "Not of your own pleasure, but of what is right?"

Hepsibah opened her eyes wearily, turning them upon her companion. "Why, of course," she answered, simply. "There is no other way."

"Oh, you dear, innocent creature!" cried Mrs. Farleigh, half-laughing, half-crying, "if you'd seen as much of the world as I have, you would know there were a great many other ways!"

Something in Mrs. Farleigh's tone startled Hepsibah a little, and the laugh jarred. She turned toward her, quickly. "You mean to be a good woman, don't you?" she asked, with an eager glance. "You try to do what is right? We don't think alike, or feel alike, about most things, partly because we have not been educated alike, I suppose, and partly because we were not born alike. But you mean to do what is right? You will help him to be good, and to lead a true life?"

Mrs. Farleigh's color came and went under Hepsibah's searching gaze. At length she bent over the low couch and kissed her with a gush of sudden tears.

"Your God helping me, I will do my very best," she said. "I am afraid I am not what you would call very good, but I certainly do try not to be very bad. I will try harder than ever now that you have given me so precious a gift. Miss Morris, I will certainly do my best to prove myself worthy of it."

She felt very humble at that moment, in that unworldly presence, and breathing air that was dense with the smoke of the sacrificial altar on which Hepsibah had laid her burnt offering. The latter lay silent for many minutes with her eyes closed; and Mrs. Farleigh's easy, graceful nonchalance had for once wholly deserted her. She was weeping softly.

"Go now," said Hepsibah, as if speaking to a child. "I can't talk any more. You—you will tell him what I have said?"

"If you wish it—yes," Mrs. Farleigh answered. "Or I will leave it for you to tell him."

"I would rather you should. I am not strong enough. Good-bye, now," she said again.

Mrs. Farleigh clasped her hand for an instant and passed from the room.

She met Miss McAlpine and Karl just coming down from the studio. "What, are you through?" she asked. "Through so soon?"

"Yes," answered Karl. "I believe the picture is finished at last. That is, I don't see that I can improve it; though it is very likely if I knew more I could do more. Will you go up to look at it?"

She drew her watch from her belt. "Not now," she said. "It is time we were at home. But if I should come about four this afternoon, will you be at liberty?"

He said yes, and handed them into the carriage.

At four o'clock she was back again, and they went up into the studio. Karl noticed that she looked a little worn and tired; older, in some way, than he had ever seen her. She wore an ornament that he had never seen before—an exquisitely painted miniature of the little son she lost so many years before, set in an oval brooch with a circlet of large pearls. Her hand sought it constantly.

She looked at the portrait a long time silently.

"It is done, you say?"

"Yes, all but a little oiling out, and a touch or two to the drapery."

"Do you know it is a wonderful piece of work, Karl? It would be called fine as the work of any artist. As your work, it is simply wonderful. It astonishes me."

"I am glad if it pleases you—if it satisfies you," he said. "I put my whole heart into it—for your sake."

"And not for the sake of your fair subject?" she asked, archly. "I rather thought she had a little to do with it."

"Miss McAlpine and I belong to different worlds," he answered, gravely. "You yourself would be the first to remind me of it if you thought it necessary; and there is no danger of my forgetting it."

"No danger! Why, my dear Karl, nothing would please me better. She is lovely as a vision, and as good as she is lovely. And—*sub rosa*—" She leaned toward him, with a half-laughing, deprecatory glance at the portrait, as if begging its pardon, and whispered a few rapid words in his ear.

He flushed hotly, shrinking away from her involuntarily. "You must not say that to me, Mrs. Farleigh," he cried. "You have no right to say it in the first place. And even if it were true, what good would it do? I have nothing to offer to any woman; not even a name. You reminded me of that long ago. I had never thought of it till then."

"And you thought it cruel? You have thought it so since, remembering my words? But, O Karl! Karl! how did I remind you of it? It was only as a plea for myself and for you, when I was urging you to take the place of this my son that was lost to me," touching the miniature; "to take his place in my heart, his name, and all that would have been his if he had lived. They may all be yours yet," she went on rapidly, "for no thought or wish of mine concerning you has changed; wealth, and ease, and social position, and an honored name to which you shall add fresh laurels. Think of it, Karl! Would you then have nothing to offer to any woman? The loftiest lady in the land would be proud to be your wife."

So true to herself was Mrs. Farleigh, that even then, and notwithstanding all the generous impulses of the morning, the very last inducement she would bring to bear upon Karl would be Hepsibah's wishes. She wanted to win him herself; not to receive him as the gift of another.

He did not answer her, but stood motionless, with his eyes fixed upon the portrait.

"I see such a future before you," she went on, laying her hand on his arm. "A rich, full life, a broadly-developed, cultured manhood—fortune and fame and love! I see your whole nature expanding and ripening in the sun of prosperity. I see you doing grand work, not to keep the pot boiling, not to eke out a meagre subsistence for yourself and others, but for the pure love of it, taking time to satisfy your artistic conscience, and to gain the heights of which I know you have dreamed. I see you drinking deep draughts—"

"Oh, stop, stop!" he cried, suddenly throwing down the palette he had taken up mechanically, and covering his face with both hands. "Stop, Mrs. Farleigh! I can't endure this!"

"Can't endure what?" she said, softly, putting back the damp hair from his forehead with a lingering, caressing touch. "My dear Karl, I want you to stop enduring! You were not born for this cramped, barren life you are leading here. I want you to go with me into a richer, fairer one."

There was silence under those brown, worm-eaten rafters. Mrs. Farleigh thought she could hear Karl's heart beat. At all events she could count its pulsations by the rhythmic motion of the hands that were still clasped over his face. The veins in his neck and temples were swollen almost to bursting.

Once he attempted to speak and failed; and gaining new courage from his emotion, she went over all the ground again, painting the two paths in strongest contrast. He grew calmer as he listened. At last his hands dropped.

"Do you know what you are doing?" he said, turning his heavy eyes upon her. "Do you know you are tempting me to sell my own soul?"

She started violently. "Tempting you?—to sell your own soul? How, I beg to know in the name of all that is reasonable?"

"Don't you see that you are taking me up into an exceeding high mountain and showing me all the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof?" he cried. "Don't you see that?"

"Perhaps so. But I am showing you nothing that I have not a right to show you, Karl; there is not a person living who has a right to interfere with me in this matter."

"I was not thinking of that," he said. "But don't you see that I cannot do as you wish, cannot accept what you offer, without sacrificing every principle of honor and integrity, and being false to the best that is in me? You do not want me to slay my own manhood, Mrs. Farleigh? You would despise me yourself, after awhile, if I should yield to this temptation."

"On Miss Morris's account, do you mean? Is it that you think it would be wrong for you to leave her? Well, I can set your heart at rest on that point, my dear boy. She wishes you to take

the very step I am urging. She told me so this morning."

"You went to her about it, then?" asked Karl, with perhaps a little tremor of indignation in his voice.

"She sent for me. She introduced the matter herself. Karl, she sees, just as I do, that you are wrongly placed; that this is not the life for you. She gives you up freely, of her own accord."

"Yes, because she is the most unselfish woman on the face of the whole earth!" cried Karl, his eyes darkening, and a crimson flush rising to his forehead. "Because she loves me better than she loves herself, or her own life. And shall I, a young fellow with two strong hands and an average amount of brains, be outdone in courage and generosity by such a frail shadow of a woman as Aunt Hepsibah? Never, so help me Heaven! I can't leave her to a lonely, poverty-stricken old age, Mrs. Farleigh. I might better die."

"You may as well die as to stay here," was the slow answer, "hemmed in by these mountains, and shut out from the world to which you belong. Oh, I know you, Karl! I know just how you will chafe and fret and fight against fate for awhile, and at last succumb. For a few years, perhaps, you will try to paint, try to make some use of your glorious gift, without help, without stimulus, without the spur of competition, without the incitement of acknowledged success; and then you will gradually lower to the level of the society around you, and find ignoble content in a life as humdrum as that of your own potatoes and cabbages. That is the way it will be. I see it all."

"Then I am not worthy of a better life," he said, with a long breath. "At all events I must stay here and do the best I can. But I don't intend to vegetate, Mrs. Farleigh. You say that is a good piece of work," glancing at the portrait, "and, if I live, I shall paint better pictures some day. If I work without help I must be content to work the harder, that's all—and to take shorter steps."

She drew nearer to the easel, and as she did so her dress brushed against a canvas that leaned against the wall with its gray back uppermost, and threw it over, displaying Winnie's face on the other side. She started as if under the impulse of a new thought, and picking it up, placed it on the easel above the other picture.

"Is that the secret?" she said, facing him. "Is that brown-faced gipsy weaving her spells about you? Is it that common, country-bred girl who makes you indifferent—if you are indifferent—to the charms of this golden-haired beauty? Don't sell your birthright for a mess of pottage, Karl!"

He started in his turn, coloring violently. "You don't in the least know what you are talking about, Mrs. Farleigh," he said, after a little. "You don't know Winnie in the least. I don't suppose you could understand her or her life."

"You do not deny it then?"

"I deny nothing, and I acknowledge nothing," he answered. "There is nothing between us. But I have never had, and I never shall have, a truer friend than Winnie. 'Common?' Her life has been one long aspiration. So has Aunt Hep-

sibah's. You do neither of them justice, Mrs. Farleigh. You cannot comprehend lives or natures that are so outside of the channel of your own."

She looked at him intently. "Aren't you taking a good deal for granted?" she said. "Are you quite sure that I deserve all this? How can I help seeing things from my own standpoint?"

Her look, her tone, the indescribable something in her that had always fascinated him, threw its subtle spell over him and brought him to her feet once more. He took her hand reverently, raising it to his lips, while tears gathered in his eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he cried. "I do truly, if I have said anything that I ought not. O Mrs. Farleigh! you are always placing me in a false position with regard to you, making me seem ungrateful when my heart is ready to break with its weight of gratitude. You compel me to say cruel things, and to seem hard and cold when I am ready to fall at your feet and kiss the very hem of your garment. Do you not see how hard it is for me to be at the same time entirely true to you, and to Aunt Hepsibah, and to myself? But indeed, indeed, I am not the insensible, ungrateful fellow I seem to be!"

She was silent for a moment, her lips trembling. "Well, is it all over now?" she said at last, in a low voice that was full of pain and yearning. "Is this the end of my dream of a home, and a son in whose young life I should renew my youth, and in whose loves and honors I should live again? Is it all over, Karl? For I shall never speak to you of this matter again. This must end it one way or the other. You must make your choice to-day."

He turned white to the very lips. "I have made it," he said, in tones that were scarcely audible. "Oh, forgive me, forgive me, Mrs. Farleigh, but I can't do otherwise—I can say nothing but what I have always said. My lot is here."

She did not speak another word, and he could not. After awhile she rose silently, and with one long look around the room in which everything was growing weird and ghostly in the dim light, she passed down the narrow stairs for the last time. The carriage was in waiting—and in a moment Karl stood bareheaded in the late twilight glow, watching it as it rolled away.

Then he went back to the studio again. He wanted to be alone. Perhaps it was to thank God that he had had strength given him to be true to himself and to all his nobler impulses. For he had been sorely tried, sorely tempted. Never was there a soul born into the world to whom the full, free, charmed, beautiful life that had been offered him, would have appealed with stronger force. All the esthetic part of his nature—and that was by far the larger part—reached out after it with a longing that was well-nigh irresistible. By nature he was a very sybarite, loving luxury, and beauty, and all daintinesses and refinements; had he yielded to his impulses, crumpled rose-leaves would have annoyed him, and an unpleasant odor made him shudder. He loved purple and fine linen and the "pride of life." He loved culture, and graceful ways of doing things, delicate tastes, and harmonious living. All his in-

instincts, all his inclinations, drew him that way. It was not strange, now that the conflict was over, that he wanted to commune with his own heart and be still before seeing any one—even Hepsibah.

But it could last but a few moments—this solitary self-communion. There were chores to be done for the night, and it was almost supper-time. And when he was wiping his hands on the brown crash towel that hung on the roller behind the back kitchen door, Hannah came to tell him that if he could let her have a dollar 'n' a half she wanted to go up to the village and get a pair o' shoes, seein' her toes was most out o' them she was awearin'; and that she had put his supper for this once on the tray with Miss Hepsy's.

When he went into her room, Hepsibah looked brightly up at him from her easy-chair, which was placed near the hearth where a little fire was burning. Was she making a great effort to seem happy and content? Or having passed through the furnace with no smell of fire upon her garments, had angels truly walked with her and comforted her?

Something in her face thrilled him, and going straight to her he kneeled on the floor beside her.

"Aunt Hepsibah," he began, putting both arms around her.

But she checked him before he could go on. "You needn't tell me, dear," she whispered. "I'd rather you would not. But I understand it, and it's all right. It's best for you, and you need not worry about me in the least. I shall get along nicely with Hannah. I'm very glad, Karl—"

"But, Aunt Hepsy, Aunt Hepsy, I'm not going to leave you—I belong to you!" he cried. "How could you think of such a thing, dear? Don't speak again of sending me away from you, for I shall not go. I love you too well, in the first place; and in the second place I love myself too well."

"But don't you love Mrs. Farleigh, Karl?" she said, holding him back that she might look at him with her meek, wondering eyes. "Don't you, Karl?"

"Yes," he answered, bowing his head. "Yes. But I love you, and honor, and my own soul more, Aunt Hepsibah!"

There was a restful silence between them, while the fire burned softly, and a single cricket in the chimney corner chirped contentedly. Then, after awhile, they talked the whole matter over, and Hepsibah grew satisfied to let Karl work out his own salvation in his own way.

(To be continued.)

HARDLY a distinguished man can be found in all the centuries of history who reached his pre-eminence without a prodigious self-curb and self-inciting. Military chieftains, princely merchants, navigators, explorers, artists, scholars, became such by a voluntary concentration which required the resistance of many strong propensities, and the summoning forth of some of their most reluctant powers. Men acquire this self-mastery in some things almost whenever an adequate motive puts them to the effort. And, if in some things, why not in others?

CENTENNIAL FLIRTATIONS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

BY G. DE B.

SUCH merry ripples of laughter and scraps of song as there floated out of the windows opposite to which Susie Crofts sat one evening last summer! Somehow, the Burnell girls always managed to have a jolly time; and this especial summer they were just revelling in new beaux and "Centennial flirtation."

To be sure, Susie's Cousin Ned had said in reference to them one day, that they were girls who were not at all scrupulous as to the manner in which they made new acquaintances, and Susie's mamma had warned her not to be intimate. Yet, in spite of all, Susie felt a warm interest in their "goings on," and wished secretly in her heart that they would "take to her," and invite her over some evening.

Being near the Exposition, and in a pleasant locality, everybody on — Street took boarders that summer; and so, with the rest of her neighbors, Mrs. Crofts had consented to open her house and take "a couple of respectable middle-aged lodgers," as she told the commissioners who came round to secure rooms for the army of strangers expected. "Which means, of course," thought Susie, when she heard her mother's remark, "old gentlemen in spectacles and grandmothers with reticules! Why need mamma have been so precise and particular? I'm sure the Burnells have 'respectable' boarders, and they are all young, nice people." Which meant young, nice men in Susie's mind, I fear.

But elderly ladies and gentlemen they all proved to be who were sent to Mrs. Crofts' for Centennial lodgings, and so Susie had to help Bridget make extra beds for them through the day, and sit in the parlor and hear them prose over their sight-seeings during the evenings, while the Burnell girls over the way just danced and sang all night with a gay party of young folks.

There was a large, fashionable boarding-house next door to Mrs. Crofts', and stopping there for the six months of the Exposition were several foreign exhibitors, among them two young Englishmen. Real, live, splendid English fellows they were, with long side-whiskers and hair parted in the middle; "like Nelly Grant's husband," Susie said. And then they talked so deliciously funny; Susie could hear their fresh, breezy voices, with their curious intonations and odd phrases, when they sat out on the steps smoking, and she wished they had been sent to her mother's; and she was half glad, somehow, that they were not over at Burnell's!

She was thinking this very thought one night sitting at the window quite alone in the dusk, when she saw Nettie Burnell come out to her door-step, and, yes, she bowed and smiled over to one of the Englishmen who was smoking outside. Did those girls know everybody? It must be she knew this gentleman, at least, for in a few minutes he crossed the street, chatted awhile, and then offered his arm, and the two walked off down the street in the moonlight.

"Oh, dear," thought Susie, "I suppose he has taken her down to Wood's for cream, and she'll have ever so delightful a time, while I must go and talk sensible to mamma's 'respectable lodgers.'"

"Well, now, an' did I ever see the bate of it, thin," cried Bridget, the next morning, when she came in from scrubbing the front steps. "If the pretty craytures over the way hav'n't hooked the young Johnny Bulls next door! Such bowing, and scraping, and kissing o' hands as there was when they went off to the train. Ah, shure, and why didn't you get ahead of them, Miss Susie; for shame, to let those girls carry off such foine foreign gentlemen beaux, right under your nose, too—and they can't shake a stick at your bright eyes and rosy cheeks, either!"

"It would be more 'shame' for Miss Susie to behave as Nettie Burnell is doing," warmly answered Susie's Aunt Mary, who had just come in from market. "Those girls have started up what they call a 'Centennial flirtation' with those strange gentlemen, and with no introduction, or knowledge in the least of who they are, are carrying on with them in a scandalous manner."

"Why, auntie," exclaimed Susie, opening her blue eyes very wide.

"I know all about it, my dear," replied Aunt Mary. "I have been seeing it all from my window for a week and more. Nettie has been smiling, and bowing, and flirting her handkerchief for some time, and last night one of the gentlemen presumed upon her behavior to walk over to her and address her, and it ended in her going off with him down to Wood's, and it was nearly midnight when they returned."

"Are you quite sure, Mary?" asked Mrs. Crofts, who did not like to believe Nettie Burnell would act so indiscreetly.

"Quite sure, I saw the whole of the manœuvring, heard their conversation reported from Wood's—Tilly Bartram sat near them—and I had not retired when they returned from the direction of the Park. What Mrs. Burnell can be thinking of is more than I can tell!"

"What do you suppose those strange gentlemen can think of their behavior?" asked Susie.

"They must have a pretty idea of American girls, to say the least! I hope you don't visit the Burnells, Susie?"

"Susie has a bowing acquaintance only," replied Mrs. Crofts, "and I wish it to grow into no closer intimacy."

In spite of her disapproval of Nettie Burnell's behavior, however, Susie would very much like to have known the girls well enough to rush over and hear all about the affair from their lips that very morning. There was something fascinating about it all—a sort of half-tempting romantic flavor that quite charmed her, and yet, she felt ashamed of them, too—what *could* those Englishmen think of our girls!

It was in her mind so much all day, that when evening came, and she sat at the window with her crocheting, watching for Cousin Ned to bring her a book from the library—and a very pretty picture

she made, too, in her violet muslin, and golden curls and pink cheeks—she started and blushed when she looked up to suddenly meet the decidedly bold gaze of the two Englishmen as they passed the pavement. One of them halted at her window then, and made a motion of raising his hat, when Susie, with an indignant flush and frown, rapidly retreated from her seat and ran out into the hall, where she stood, out of sight, until she heard the boarding-house door close. No, she certainly did not fancy their taking the liberty of speaking to her so unceremoniously!

She had not the courage to mention the incident to either her mother or aunt, for fear they might possibly think her to blame in some way, but she studiously avoided the front windows for several evenings, and quite earned for herself the title of "Little Miss Prim" from the laughing lips of her pretty opposite neighbors.

It was hard, too, to hear all the music and gaiety over the way every evening and be so out of it all! Susie felt half-tempted to regret her almost prudish resentment of the admiring look and attempt to bow to her, and was wondering to herself if she might not try a little compromise by appearing at the window again when the gentlemen passed, or, perhaps, even stand out on the step and look amiable when they sat there, when, one evening, as she was turning the proposition over in her mind, Cousin Ned dropped in and put an end to any act of "compromise" on her part.

"See here, Susie," said he, as he took his favorite seat over by the piano. "I feel very proud of you, not only as my pretty little cousin, but as a modest-behaved American girl, a type, I fear, our English cousins next door haven't come across very often since their sojourn here."

"What do you mean, Ned?" cried Susie, letting her hands fall on the keys, and turning red and white, as the waltz she was playing stopped suddenly.

"Why this: coming in from the Exposition the other day, I sat right behind those two Englishmen next door, and was, consequently, the unpremeditated listener to a conversation of which American women was the text. They said in all their travels through France, Germany or Italy, they had never come across freer manners among the women than those common among our American *young ladies*. It was only necessary, they declared, to smile and bow to one, one day, and the next evening you might walk out by moonlight with her, and as for their behavior at the Exposition, it was really embarrassing to a stranger, they flirted right and left so indiscriminately."

"A gentleman in front, then, a German I took him to be, came to the rescue, and said, rather sarcastically: 'I fear your experience has been unfortunate among the ladies, for here, as in all other countries, *ladies* behave as such.'

"The Englishman then contended that he only judged from those whom he had every reason to believe represented the American girl at home—the ladies he saw at the Exposition, and in the houses that he visited.

"Just then the elder of the two laughed out: 'But, Ted, you must acknowledge you have come across one little lady—the little blue-eyed angel next door, you know, who colored up and so indignantly repulsed your attempt at a flirtation. She hasn't made her appearance since at the window, and Ted is quite heart-broken. Who knows, *she* may be the typical "American girl at home," and these others but the bold exceptions to the modest rule!'

"As soon as he spoke of the 'little lady next door,' I remembered your persistent refusals for some evenings past to sit near the window, and then I knew you must be the blue-eyed angel who was in a fair way of redeeming your sex from the odium cast upon it by those imprudent girls over the way! If girls would only remember that it always lowers them in a gentleman's opinion to act other than in a modest, lady-like manner. They may have what they call a 'jolly, innocent time' in their reckless 'Centennial flirtations,' but it is at the expense of their reputations. Foreigners judge of us by what they see in our home-life; and just now, this Centennial year, when there are so many here to study and observe, it is mortifying to see our girls giving them the impression they will, if this behavior is carried on. It is bad enough that a few wild girls have earned for our women a fast name abroad. Let those at home, then, redeem themselves by a modest demeanor."

Susie listened to her cousin's little lecture with downcast eyes and beating heart.

"They don't mean any harm," she said, as she thought of some innocent little acts of her own.

"No, maybe not; but how do these foreigners know that? They judge them by their manners, which are free and bold."

"I dare say they do. Well, I will try my best hereafter to represent in my most dignified carriage the whole army of American girls who are not Centennial flirts."

"I sincerely hope you will, Susie," replied Cousin Ned, warmly. "And to give you an early occasion, I have made the acquaintance of these same young Englishmen, and intend to bring them in and introduce them to you, when you can give them a correct idea of the American girl at home."

Susie was quite delighted with the thought of a regular *bond fide* acquaintance with them, and when they came, so impressed one of the gentlemen with her pretty, lady-like manners that they whispered on the street that Nelly Grant's husband is not the only nice young Englishman who has discovered that an American girl will make as honored a wife as their own dignified damsels. And the same whisperers laugh and nod their heads slyly at the discomfiture of the Burnell girls, who have found out that their bold, imprudent behavior during the Exposition has won them nothing but a light name and an unenviable reputation among all those with whom they carried on *Centennial flirtations*.

If you will have a constant vigorous health, a perpetual spring of youth, use temperance.

MIRIAM:*

AND THE LIFE SHE LAID DOWN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EVERY car and vehicle passed on the way, in his swift drive to the city, was carefully scrutinized by Dr. Serle, but in none of them did he see Miriam. At the Parker House the name of Edward Cleveland could not be found on the registry; and as he had never seen the man, he was unable to describe him. For an hour he remained on the watch, now lingering near the office, now looking in at the restaurant and scanning every face at the tables, and now keeping guard at the entrance. But he waited and watched in vain.

What was to be done? Beyond the fact that a room had been taken at the Parker House, he had not a single clue. He was walking uneasily about, unable to determine what course to pursue, when he saw the anxious face of Miriam's brother.

"O doctor!" exclaimed the young man, coming quickly to his side. "Have you found my sister?"

"Not yet," replied Dr. Serle, concealing as far as possible the great anxiety from which he was suffering. "I don't see Mr. Cleveland's name on the hotel books. Possibly he has taken an assumed name; but not being able to describe him, I have no clue to his identification. You know him?"

But John did not recollect Mr. Cleveland. He was Ned's father; but Ned had only lived with them since they came to Cambridge.

"How long ago is it since you saw him?" asked the doctor.

"It must be over ten or twelve years. He used to come to our house before my father died; but that is a long time ago. I'm sure I should not know him."

"Remain here and keep a sharp look-out," said the doctor. "If they come in, don't lose sight of them. I will be back in a very few minutes. The police must be set to work."

He returned in a little while, accompanied by an officer, who had instructions to take Mr. Cleveland in charge if he made his appearance with Miriam. He had also arranged to have an officer sent to each of the principal hotels. At the suggestion of the police he telegraphed to Aunt Mercy for a description of Mr. Cleveland, which, as soon as received, would be given to these officers, who had authority to detain him if found. The doctor next visited every leading hotel, examining the lists of arrivals, and questioning the clerks, but with no satisfactory result. After an hour spent in this way he came back to the Parker House, where John was still keeping watch. Through the description which had by this time come from Aunt Mercy, one of the waiters was able to identify Mr. Cleveland. His room, he said, was No. 80. He had acted strangely, he thought. Was without any baggage; and appeared to be excited about something. He had noticed how very bright his

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

eyes were—"wide open and staring when he spoke."

On referring to the hotel register, it was found that the name given for No. 80 was Howard Tyson. The room was empty, and showed no signs of having been used.

After a long and fruitless search, Dr. Serle went back to Cambridge, leaving Miriam's brother at the police station, with directions to communicate by telegraph every fifteen minutes. He had two or three cases that demanded his attention, but promised to come back to the city by ten o'clock. After getting this professional work off of his hands, the doctor, before leaving for Boston, called at Miriam's residence, in the hope that some word from her might have been received. Two or three telegrams had come from John, but still there was no clue. Dr. Serle could not conceal from Aunt Mercy the great anxiety from which he was suffering.

"You may be sure," he said, giving what comfort he could offer, "that no effort shall be spared, nor the search intermitted, until we find her."

As he spoke the bell rang loudly. It was another telegram. The doctor took it and read aloud:

"At the Oakland House, Charlestown. Send John. Ask for Joseph Howard. Be quick."

"MIRIAM."

Crumpling the dispatch in his hand, Dr. Serle threw an assuring word to Aunt Mercy. Then hastening out he sprang into a passing car and was again on his way to the city. It was nearly eleven o'clock, when, accompanied by a policeman, Dr. Serle found himself at the Oakland House. To his inquiry for Joseph Howard, he was told that a man by that name had come there in company with a lady, but did not remain long. They had been gone for nearly an hour.

"There was something queer about them," the clerk remarked; "and the lady seemed to be in a great deal of trouble. She came to the office for a bit of paper, on which she wrote a few lines, and asked to have it sent to the nearest telegraph station. I saw the gentleman watching her from the parlor; and I thought he looked kind of wild and scared. She went and sat down alongside of him, and seemed to be persuading him to do something. But he jumped up, and catching hold of her, tried to force her to come away. She held back for a moment or two, and then yielded, putting her arm into his, and walking with him into the hall and toward the door. The lady's face was pale, and she looked very anxious. As they went out, I said to one of the waiters, who was noticing them: 'There's something wrong there, I'm afraid.' 'Yes,' he answered. 'I've been watching them. The man can't be right in his upper story. I wonder if that's his wife.' The gentleman seemed in a hurry to get away, as though he feared some one was after them; and the lady, you could see plainly enough, didn't wish to go. She turned and looked at me in a strange sort of way as they went out of the door. I didn't just know what that look meant until after they were gone, and then it was too late."

"What did it mean?" asked the doctor.

"It was a frightened look, and said, 'Help me!' as plainly as if she had spoken the words. I've been sort of worried about it ever since. She was a very handsome woman, sir; and I don't think the man was her husband. We can generally tell these things, you know; we get so used to seeing people."

"Did he appear to be very much out of his mind?"

"I thought so; looked as if he'd escaped from a lunatic asylum."

"If they should return here, they must be detained," said the doctor. "The man is an escaped lunatic. You say that it's an hour since they went away?"

"Yes, sir. All of that."

"You did not observe which way they went?"

"No, sir."

By this time half a dozen persons had gathered near the clerk's desk.

"I must have seen them," said one of these. "Just about an hour ago, I came up to the door as a gentleman and lady were leaving, and something the lady said caused me to stop and look after them."

"What did she say?" asked the doctor, eagerly.

"You'll kill me if you keep on so." That's what she said. I saw her face by the gas-lamp. It looked wild and scared like. Then she held on to him for a bit, and tried to persuade him to go back into the hotel. But he pulled away from her and started to run."

"Which way did they go?"

"Down toward the bridge. I think they must have gone over to Boston. He was running, and she following close after him when they went out of sight around the corner."

Dr. Serle waited to hear no more. The first clue he had obtained in all these anxious hours, had dropped from his hands, and he must still grope on in the dark.

Miriam had taken no time for reflection. When she found that Mr. Cleveland was determined to go back to Boston, she saw only one thing to be done, and that was to go with him. If her brother had been at home, the case would have been different. John could have gone in her stead. But, as it was, she made no question about consequences, and took no counsel of weak prudence. She only saw this man with shattered intellect, going out helpless and friendless in a strange city; no one to guide him, and no one to guard him from danger. She could no more have seen a little child stray off from its home into a wilderness full of wild beasts and not go after it, than she could have helped following Mr. Cleveland. Not until she found herself sitting by his side in a car, and gliding toward the city, did she begin to realize her situation and count the cost of what she was doing. Her companion was insane, and except that he was harmless, she had heard little or nothing as to the peculiar aspects of his insanity. In spite of every effort to remain calm and self-possessed, a vague fear crept into her heart, which began to lie there like a heavy weight. Mr. Cleveland continued in high spirits during most

of their ride to the city, talking at times so coherently and rationally that no one, not aware of his true condition, would have suspected anything wrong. But every now and then came lapses that betrayed his shattered reason.

What was Miriam to do with him? That was the question that soon held all her thoughts. He was going to Boston on business, having, as he said, an important engagement at six o'clock. If this were so—if he had really been able to deceive any one in regard to himself so far as to arrange for a business interview—how must she conduct herself? She tried to settle her course of action; but the more she thought, the more closely did she find herself environed with difficulties, and the less able to see her way out of them.

As they stepped from the cars on reaching Boston, Mr. Cleveland said, with an air of mystery in his voice, and in a more serious manner than he had yet exhibited: "I've changed my mind about going to the Parker House."

"Why so?" asked Miriam, betraying the surprise she felt. "I thought you had a business engagement at six o'clock."

"So I had; but the man's a fraud. Didn't I see him wink at his partner as I was going out? And didn't I hear him say something about a telegram? He's sent word to Dr. Whitney, and laid a trap for me. But it won't do. I'm not going back to the Parker House."

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Miriam, trying half-blindly to fall into his humor. "Hotels are such public places, and one never knows who he is going to meet there. Now, I'll tell you what I would do."

They had been standing on the pavement since stepping from the car. She placed her arm within his and drew him onward.

"What?" he asked, bending toward her.

"Take this car you see coming, and return with me to Cambridge, where nobody will be likely to find you. I want to have a long talk about old times. To-morrow you can come again to Boston."

"Why, yes, that would be nice." His face lit up. "About old times!"

He made a sign to the driver, and as the horses stopped, handed Miriam in and took a seat by her side. The car, which contained only two other passengers, moved on again. It had gone only a few blocks when Miriam, who was sitting at the upper end of the car, saw, a little in advance of them, the carriage of Dr. Serle. The doctor had taken the reins from his boy, and was driving at an unusually rapid speed. His lips were shut firmly together, his brows contracted, and his gaze fixed. He looked like a man on some errand of life or death.

"Doctor! Doctor Serle!" cried Miriam from the window as the carriage dashed by. The wheels' loud rattle on the stones drowned her voice, and it did not reach his ears; but the cry was so unmistakably one of distress, that it startled even her companion, from whose face the pleased expression which had come over it went out instantly, giving place to a gleam of suspicion.

"Who was that?" he asked, catching hold of

Miriam, and looking at her almost fiercely. "Why did you call him? What did you want with him?" He spoke in a quick, imperative voice, his eyes full of alarm.

"It was our neighbor, Dr. Serle," Miriam answered, trying to assume an indifferent air. "I wished to see him about something."

"You did? Ha! About what? Oh, he's a doctor!" His manner was full of suspicion, and he made a movement as if about to rise and leave the car.

"How foolish you are, Edward!" Miriam spoke in a tender, chiding voice, as she laid her hand on Mr. Cleveland to detain him.

"You said he was your neighbor?"

"Yes; he lives in Cambridge."

"I don't like doctors. They're a bad lot; and I've had enough of them."

"I think you will like Dr. Serle."

"No, I won't. They're all a bad lot. He lives in Cambridge?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm not going there."

He was starting to his feet, when Miriam, whose hand still lay on his arm, held him back firmly, saying as she did so: "What a strange man you are, Mr. Cleveland! Not a bit like your old self! Just to think of your coming over three hundred miles to see Neddy and me, and then to let yourself be frightened off by a harmless doctor. Why, I'm ashamed of you!"

Mr. Cleveland looked at her curiously for some moments. Then a smile broke over his face, and he said: "It is foolish, that's a fact; but a burnt child dreads the fire, you know."

Just then the car stopped for passengers, and among others who entered was a policeman, who took his seat near the door. Mr. Cleveland saw him, and his manner changed again. He became very quiet, and kept his face turned so that the officer could not see it. He said nothing further about leaving the car, but began an easy and natural conversation with Miriam, which he kept up for nearly half an hour, occasionally throwing a stealthy glance at the policeman. They were more than two-thirds of the way to Cambridge when the officer left the car. Mr. Cleveland watched him from the window until he was out of sight, and then rising, made a sign to the conductor. He was nearly half way to the door ere Miriam could rise to follow him, and stepped from the car while it was yet in motion. He stood waiting for her on the pavement; and she saw, as she joined him, that he was again much disturbed.

"I've forgotten something, and must turn right back," he said. "But I won't trouble you. Go home and tell Neddy that I'll be out in the morning to see him. There comes a car. Good-bye!"

He broke hurriedly away, and ran forward a few paces to meet an approaching car, not looking back as he leaped on to the platform and disappeared through the door. But Miriam entered a moment afterwards and took her seat by his side.

"Why didn't you go home?" he asked, showing considerable displeasure. "I have business in Boston which must be attended to."

"It's only six o'clock, and won't be dark before

eight," Miriam replied, concealing as far as possible the alarm and anxiety from which she was suffering. "There'll be time enough for us to get back home."

He did not answer, but dropped his chin upon his breast and sat in silence for nearly the whole way back.

"I'm afraid it's too late for business," said Miriam, when they were in the city again.

"It's never too late for business," he replied. "Hadjn't you better wait here in the parlor of the Revere House, while I go over to Washington Street? I'll be back in half an hour."

Two or three policemen were standing near the hotel, and for a moment or two Miriam felt like calling upon them to take charge of her companion. But she dismissed the half-formed purpose almost as soon as it came to her.

"No," she answered. "I'd rather go with you."

"Come along then," he said, a little impatiently, as he strode away, walking so rapidly that Miriam could with difficulty keep pace with him, as he threaded the narrow and crowded sidewalk. On reaching Tremont Street, he passed up as far as School Street, and then struck down to Washington Street. It was now after seven o'clock, and many of the stores were closed.

"I am afraid you are too late, Mr. Cleveland," said Miriam, speaking for the first time since leaving the neighborhood of the Revere House. She held her voice to a tone of quiet interest.

"It's never too late," he replied.

"Not if the store be shut and the proprietor away?" Miriam made an effort to throw a shade of light banter into her voice.

"It's just so! Here we are, and the doors are shut. Too bad, isn't it?"

He did not seem to be very seriously disappointed, as he looked at the closed doors and windows of a large wholesale house, before which he had stopped.

"To-morrow will do as well," said Miriam; "and now let us get home. They are all dreadfully uneasy about me, I know, and it will be eight o'clock before we can reach Cambridge. We are nearly an hour past our tea-time as it is."

"So long," he replied, with an air of self-reproach. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to keep you away all this while. Come! we'll go to a restaurant and have our suppers together."

Miriam endeavored to dissuade him from this, urging that she was anxious to get home, and that they would find tea waiting for them on their arrival. But he would have his way. At the restaurant he was polite and attentive, and nothing in his manner attracted curious observation. It was growing dark when they passed into the street, and many of the lamps were burning.

"This is the way," said Miriam, putting her hand within his arm as they left the restaurant.

"The way where?" he asked.

"The way we must go to reach the Cambridge cars."

At this moment a large gas lamp nearly opposite to where they were standing was lighted, throwing its rays with a flash into the air. It was so sudden that it half-startled them. Looking

across the street, they saw beneath the lamp two long show-bills, on which it was announced, in large capitals, that Charlotte Cushman was to appear that night in the character of Catharine of Arragon, and Edwin Booth in that of Cardinal Richelieu.

"What a treat! We'll go!" exclaimed Mr. Cleveland. "It's years since I've seen a good play."

He started across the street, Miriam following and holding upon his arm. He moved so quickly that she could scarcely keep pace with him. Before she had time for any objection, they were in the stream of people that was already setting toward the entrance of the theatre. As they passed into the vestibule, Miriam drew back, saying: "No, no, Mr. Cleveland, I cannot go in here."

But he paid no heed to her remonstrance, pressing forward with the crowd, and she, daring not to abandon him, still clinging to his arm and reluctantly following. There was some delay in getting tickets, which gave Miriam an opportunity to plead, in a low tone, with Mr. Cleveland, and urge him to come away.

"You're so foolish," he answered, dropping his voice to her ear. "Not at all like my Miriam." He spoke in a half-fond and chiding way as if to a petted child; and yet with an undertone of impatience.

It was now his turn, and he moved to the office window, Miriam standing a little behind him as he bought the tickets. He was so long in making a choice of seats that the ticket-seller grew impatient and spoke to him rather roughly, at which he became angry, a few moments of sharp altercation following.

"Call a policeman!" cried the ticket-seller.

At this he drew back hastily, and with a frightened air.

"Come away, quickly!" said Miriam, in an alarmed voice.

Mr. Cleveland ran down-stairs so hastily that he attracted attention.

"What's the matter?" asked one and another; and there was a movement to follow him. A boy cried, "Stop—" but checked himself before uttering the word "thief." If he had not done so there would have been a hue and cry. As it was, the incident passed like a ripple on the water. The crowd moved on again, and Mr. Cleveland and Miriam, on reaching the street, walked hurriedly away.

"It is not safe here," said Miriam, as soon as she could venture to speak. "We must get back to Cambridge as soon as possible."

"Yes, yes. Here's a car. Jump in. Quick! quick!"

"But this is not a Cambridge car, Mr. Cleveland."

"Yes it is." And he caught hold of her arm and bore her forward with a strength and impetuosity that it was impossible to resist, lifting her to the platform while the car was still in motion. Fearing to attract attention, Miriam entered the car, which was already crowded, all the seats being taken, and many of the passengers standing.

"We're going wrong, Mr. Cleveland," she said, in a low, anxious voice, as soon as a place had been made for them.

"Oh, no. It's all right—all right," he answered, bending close and speaking in her ear.

"But it isn't all right," she returned. "We're not in a Cambridge car."

"No," said a man who stood next to them. "This car goes over to Charlestown and out to Milton."

"Stop the car, Mr. Cleveland. Please do!" Miriam spoke in a distressed voice.

"Don't be foolish! It's all right. I'm just putting them off the track." This was spoken close to her ear, and in a confidential whisper.

Further remonstrance Miriam knew would be unavailing, and only attract attention; a thing that she wished particularly to avoid. So she stood still, holding to Mr. Cleveland's arm to steady herself. And now her strength suddenly gave way. She felt faint, and trembled inwardly; and it was only by clinging tightly to her companion that she could keep from falling. The strain upon her nervous system in these last few hours had been too great, and it was only by a strong effort of will that she held fast to her consciousness. Fortunately, at this instant of time, a passenger rose to leave the car, and gave her a seat; as she sunk into it, everything grew dark around her. She shut her eyes, sitting very still, and trying to keep from losing herself. The fresh air coming in through the open window revived her in a few moments. But how weak and helpless she felt. It was night; she was miles away from home, and in the power of a man who had lost his reason, going with him she knew not whither, and yet too deeply concerned for his welfare to abandon him to his fate.

The car crossed over the bridge to Charlestown, and then passenger after passenger left, until at last only two rough-looking men besides Miriam and her companion remained inside. The car was soon beyond the line of houses, and moving along through the open suburbs.

Since that faintness and loss of strength which fell on Miriam so suddenly, she had remained wholly passive. But now she began to arouse herself under a newly-awakened sense of the extremity, if not peril, of her situation. Mr. Cleveland had remained sitting by her side without speaking ever since they crossed the bridge at Charles River, but in no dull or abstracted state. His bright eyes had been watching every face in the car, and following the form of each passenger who retired with an alert suspicion that did not rest for an instant.

As Miriam gazed wistfully out of the car window, she saw only a great wall of darkness, through which a solitary light shone here and there, near or afar off. On the car went, bearing them farther and farther away into the country. Fear laid its hand heavily upon her heart—a dread of coming evil chilled and oppressed her. What was she to do?

"Won't you take me home, Mr. Cleveland?" she asked at length, speaking in a horse whisper, and looking up at him with an appealing face.

"I'm very tired; and I shall be sick if you don't take me home."

"Why of course I will. Ain't you going home?"

"No. This car runs to Milton, and I live in Cambridge, you know."

"Conductor!" cried Mr. Cleveland. "We wish to go to Cambridge."

The two rough-looking men laughed coarsely, and the conductor answered, with but light courtesy in his voice: "Then you've taken the wrong way to get there," and rang the bell for the car to stop. "Wait here," he said, "until the next car comes by, and go back to Boston. You'll find the right car at Cambridge Street, close to the Revere House."

They rose hastily and left the car. The conductor rang the bell, and the horses moved on again. All was dark, silent and lonely. Miriam shivered as she felt the damp air strike upon her face and penetrate her thin garments. It was hot and sultry when she left home.

"Oh, this is dreadful!" she said, in an alarmed voice.

"Don't be frightened," Mr. Cleveland answered, a feeling of responsibility steadying his mind. "Nothing shall harm you."

"You'll take me right home, won't you, as soon as a car comes by?" Her voice shook.

"Of course I will. Why what ails you, Miriam?" She had taken hold of his arm, and he felt the tremor that was running through her frame. "You are shaking like a leaf!"

"I feel chilly," she answered, her teeth chattering. She made a strong effort to compose herself; but a hundred vague fears began pressing into her mind. She was alone in the darkness, far away from any help, and in the power of a maniac! What could she do but lift her heart to God in a strong though silent cry? And as she did so, her mind grew calmer; and she felt the presence and pervading sphere of the Divine protection.

Mr. Cleveland remained very quiet and silent, except for a word of assurance now and then, until at the top of the long hill that stretched far away, the light of a returning car became at last visible. They had waited for nearly half an hour.

Two or three men were in the car when it stopped to take them up. Something in their way of talking together and looking at Mr. Cleveland and Miriam, soon so disturbed the former that his old restlessness and suspicion returned, and by the time he reached Charlestown only one purpose was left in his mind, and that was to escape from imagined pursuit.

"Hold up!" he called, as the car neared one of the bridges leading to Boston. He sprang up, and without making a sign to Miriam, made his way hastily to the car door. Obeying the impulse to follow, Miriam was close upon him when the car stopped.

"This is neither kind nor polite in you, Mr. Cleveland," she said, as they stood together on the pavement. "You promised to take me home."

"So I will," he replied, as the car moved forward.

"But why have you stopped here? The cars that run to Cambridge start from Boston."

"I know; and we'll go there. You're a good walker, aren't you? There's some one in every car looking for me. Didn't you see how that ugly fellow watched us? I couldn't stand it a minute longer."

"Very well, we can walk over," answered Miriam, too eager to get home for any parlying delay. They had gone but a short distance when they came in front of a well-lighted hotel. It was the "Oakland House," as they saw by a gilded sign that shone in the strong rays of a gas-lamp.

A new thought crossed the mind of Mr. Cleveland.

"This is a nice out-of-the-way place," he said, stopping and looking up at the hotel. "I have a room at the Parker House, but I can't go back there. They've got a policeman watching for me at every door. I'll engage a room here."

Miriam tried to dissuade him from this suddenly-formed purpose, but it was of no use. Impulse, not reason, was guiding him. He started across the street, and she had no alternative but to go with him. They passed through the ladies' entrance, and were taken to one of the reception parlors.

"Remain here while I go and register my name," said Mr. Cleveland. Then bending close, so that the waiter who was attending them could not hear, he added: "It is Joseph Howard. Don't forget that. If I were to enter my true name, they'd know who I was and have the police down on me in a minute. You see, I'm too sharp for them."

Miriam saw a gleam of cunning in his eyes.

"Register my name," she said, "and take a room for me, also. It's too late to go home by myself. And you'd better order supper."

"Why, yes, of course," he returned, his face brightening with pleasure at seeing his companion so ready to enter into his humor. "I'll order the best room for you in the house, and a supper fit for a queen."

"Just a plain supper, Mr. Cleveland. A little tea and toast are all I want."

"Tea and toast! I'll order the fat of the land!"

And he left her to go and enter their names at the office, which was just across the hall, and in full view from the reception parlor. He was back in a very few moments, accompanied by a waiter, who asked Miriam if she wished to go to her room.

She hesitated an instant, and then rising, said to Mr. Cleveland: "I'll be down in five or ten minutes. Meet me here."

As she left the parlor, she met the curious glance of two or three men standing near the clerk's desk, and was conscious, as she moved away, that their eyes were following her. In less than five minutes she came down-stairs, and without looking in at the parlor, stepped to the office and asked for a piece of paper, on which she hurriedly pencilled a few lines.

"Will you send this at once to the nearest telegraph station?" she asked of the clerk. He saw that she was agitated, and that her face was pale and distressed.

"It shall go at once, ma'am," he replied, ringing for a messenger to take the dispatch.

As Miriam turned from the office, she met the glittering eyes of Mr. Cleveland fixed steadily upon her. He was standing just within the door of the parlor, where she had left him a little while before.

"How soon will supper be ready?" she asked, in a voice as easy and natural as it was possible to assume.

"What were you doing at the office?" demanded Mr. Cleveland. His brows were knit strongly together, and his eyes seemed to shoot arrows of fire. "What did you write on that piece of paper?" He had caught at one of her hands and was holding it in a vice-like grip.

"You forget yourself, Mr. Cleveland!" Miriam answered, with an offended air. "Let go of my hand!" She spoke with dignity and authority. "I hardly expected this of you!"

He dropped her hand instantly, and moved a step or two away. Alarm and suspicion were in his face.

"I'm going from here," he said. "Everybody's against me."

"Wait until we get supper," urged Miriam.

"I don't want any supper," he replied, still moving toward the door.

For an instant Miriam felt like giving up and abandoning him to his fate, but only for an instant. With the self-forgetfulness from which she had acted from the first, she followed as he left the parlor, and walked rapidly toward the street door. As she passed the office she threw the clerk an appealing look, the meaning of which he understood too late. When on the pavement, Miriam made a fruitless effort to induce Mr. Cleveland to return; but he broke from her impatiently and commenced running away. Obeying impulse rather than thought, she tried to follow; and for a little while kept close to him; but the limit of endurance had been reached. She could hold out no longer, and soon paused, with tottering steps. To prevent herself from sinking to the ground she took hold of the nearest object she could grasp, and stood clinging to it for support, feeling weak and frightened. What if she should lose her consciousness and fall insensible to the ground! The thought roused her. Then came the sound of an approaching car, going in the direction of Boston. When it reached her, she had just strength enough left to enter; and that deserted her as she dropped trembling into a seat.

By the time the car was over the bridge, Miriam had regained a measure of strength and self-possession, and with this her anxiety about Mr. Cleveland returned. It was very dark, and only when passing a street lamp, or the lighted windows of some store, was she able to see distinctly the form of any one on the pavement.

Suddenly she sprang up, uttering a cry of distress, and made an effort to leap from the car while it was still in motion. As she was passing the conductor, who stood leaning against the platform railing, he caught after her, ringing at the same moment for the driver to stop. But he was not quick enough. Miriam had leaped from the car,

falling backwards as her feet touched the ground, and striking the pavement with a stunning shock. Yet crying out as she fell: "Don't hurt him! Don't hurt him! He's not in his right mind!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

HAPPILY for Miriam, she knew nothing of the brief but desperate struggle that passed between Mr. Cleveland and the officer into whose hands he had fallen, ere he, too, lay insensible upon the ground where he had been thrown in his wild efforts to escape.

After breaking away from Miriam on leaving the Oakland House, he had started to run across the bridge. When nearly over, he saw a policeman standing within the circle of light that fell from a lamp at the farther end, and stopped in alarm. If he had walked on quietly, he would have attracted no attention. But as he happened also to be within the circle of light that fell from a lamp, his sudden pause and peculiar manner were observed by the officer, who stepped back to a position in which the darkness concealed him, and watched his movements. As soon as the policeman was out of sight, Mr. Cleveland moved forward again, but slowly, and with caution and watchful alertness. The moment he passed from the bridge, he started to run, but had gone only a few paces ere he was challenged. As he did not stop, the officer sprang upon him, when the struggle ensued which was at its height when the car passed in which Miriam had taken a seat.

We will not prolong the reader's suspense by any further detail of Dr. Serle's efforts to find Miss Ray. They were fruitless for nearly an hour, when word came to him through the police that an unknown young woman, who had fallen from a street car, was lying in an insensible condition at one of the police stations, and he went there, hoping, yet fearing, that he might find Miriam. And she it was—still insensible when he found her. A physician had been called in, who, on ascertaining that no external injury had been sustained, made a few ineffectual efforts to restore her to consciousness, and then left, saying that she would come all right in a little while. But she did not "come all right;" and when Dr. Serle found her she was lying as one in a deep sleep, the true character of which he was not able to determine.

After getting what information he could obtain as to the circumstances under which Miss Ray had been found, and learning that a man, whom she seemed to know, and who was apparently insane, had been taken into custody, he removed her to the nearest hotel, from which he telegraphed Aunt Mercy, desiring her to come immediately.

From the moment Miriam felt herself falling to the ground as she sprang from the moving car, until she opened her eyes in a quiet chamber, where she found herself lying upon a bed, not an instant of time seemed to have passed. A few moments of bewilderment, and then all came back upon her. But where was she? A clear light burned in the room, which she could see was handsomely furnished; and she was conscious

that some one was present, though she did not turn to see who it was—lying still and silent, and seeking to gather strength and mental clearness. But any long repression of herself was impossible. A lifting of the hand, a slight turning of the head—and some one started up quickly and stood bending over her.

"Dr. Serle!" It was a cry of inexpressible relief that broke from her lips. "Oh! I am so glad! So glad you are here! But where am I?"

She had started up, light flashing into her face. But the doctor pressed her back gently, saying: "There must be no excitement, my dear Miss Ray. Your Aunt Mercy will be here in a very little while."

He saw the light which had come into her face begin to fade away, and a look of anxiety creep over it. He understood the meaning of this, and said: "Give yourself no more trouble. The unhappy object of your solicitude is safe, and will be cared for. I know all and understand all."

He took one of her hands as he spoke, holding it with scarcely a perceptible pressure of the fingers. She did not attempt to withdraw it. Dr. Serle, who was looking down at her, saw that the lids shut quickly over her eyes, as if she would hide their expression. Then he closed his hand tightly upon hers, his heart in the pressure.

"God has not left you to walk in the hard and desolate way that seemed opening before you," he said, a flood of tenderness in his clear and confident voice. "And now, all impediments removed, may I not have the answer you withheld this morning?"

Miriam's hand returned the pressure of his; but she did not speak. Dr. Serle saw tears creep out from the shut eyelids and wet the dark fringe of lashes that lay close upon her cheeks. He knew that their source lay in no fountain of bitterness. If there had remained any question of this, the clear, shining eyes that looked into his as the veiling lids unclosed, would have removed the doubt.

And here, for all that can hold the reader's interest, our story ends. The long trial of Miriam's life is over, and from dark valleys and dreary wastes she has passed into a pleasant land, purer, wiser, stronger and nobler in her womanhood for the discipline of sorrow and self-denial through which she has been led by an invisible but loving Hand.

THE END.

THE family should be a community. To make it truly so there must be common interest. Alas for that household where the father's business, the mother's social cares, and the children's sports and pleasures, are not shared by each other! Then it will not be strange if the expenditure is out of proportion to the income, and if the companions and resorts of the children are evil. Happy that home where the cares and joys are so divided that the former are not oppressive and the latter are multiplied—where the hearts grow closer as the years roll by, so that the separations which must come to every family are only bodily, and therefore temporary!

THE SILVER LINING.

THE cloud, that came so swiftly into Rachel Fielding's sky, was very black. If it had a silver lining, not a single token of the hidden brightness was visible along its sombre skirtings.

The story of Rachel Fielding's life is the old story, continually repeating itself in human lives, yet always with such variations and peculiar phases as to give it a new interest; a story of broken idols; of a sorrow that long refused to be comforted; and of the peace and rest that all may attain who will. The cloud that cast its shadow upon her heart had a silver lining, though she knew it not. It fell upon her in the sweet May-time of her life; and all the flowers that gave beauty and fragrance to her path grew sickly and died, and for a time she walked in darkness and along an almost barren way. Then the silver lining began to show itself, not only around the edges of the cloud, but through many rifts; and green grass began to lay a soft carpet for her bruised and weary feet. Flowers sprang up and patches of sunshine fell here and there. One had been caring for her whom at first she knew not, and whose voice could not for a long time reach her inner sense of hearing; when she did hear it, it spoke peace unto her soul.

One day in that spring-time of Rachel's life, to which we have referred, she was sitting by a window in her pleasant house, lost in one of the sweet dreams that maidens so often dream, when she heard a step in the room, and turning, saw her mother's face, white and scared. Mrs. Fielding held a telegram in her hand.

"Your father!"

"What of him? O mother!" Rachel cried, springing up and grasping her mother's arm.

"There has been an accident, and—and—"

Mrs. Fielding could not finish the sentence.

"Not killed? O mother!" Rachel's face was as white as that into which she was gazing.

"Not killed, my child, but badly hurt," answered Mrs. Fielding, holding back with strong hand the wild fears that were crowding into her heart.

An hour afterward she was in a railroad car hastening to her husband. A whole month elapsed before her return. Mr. Fielding had been seriously injured in a railroad disaster, and could not bear an earlier removal to his home. His injuries were deeper than was at first imagined. Broken bones and lacerated flesh knitted and healed, but the shocked nervous system did not recover its normal, healthy action. The man was hurt for life. His business career which had promised large success was suddenly arrested, and his affairs, which, under the guidance of a clear head and active will, were prospering, fell into disorder.

All this preyed on the mind of the weakened and unhappy man, and retarded recovery. But our story has less to do with him than with Rachel, his beloved daughter, on whom the shadow of this great sorrow and disaster fell with the deepest darkness. Tenderly loved and guarded from her earliest childhood, no cloud had ever

dimmed her sunny sky, and when this shut out the light, it left her in despair.

Only a week before the accident to her father, a kiss of betrothal had touched the lips of Rachel Fielding. Her nature was intense, and she had deep capacities for loving. She was, moreover, absorbed in her feelings; had never known the joy of giving, only the delight of receiving. A bud half unfolded, she was taking sweetness from the air and sunshine: not yet giving out her soul in the fragrance that blesses others.

A young man was passing along the street an hour after Mrs. Fielding had received news of the accident to her husband, when a friend, meeting him, said: "That's bad news about Fielding."

"What news?" The young man turned a little pale, and showed considerable agitation.

"Killed in a railroad disaster, it is said."

"Not killed!" He became paler and more agitated.

"So I hear. There's been a terrible smash-up out West somewhere, and Fielding is one of the unfortunate victims."

The young man, whose name was Lawson, now made an effort to conceal the disturbing effect this news had upon him.

"You know his daughter, I believe?" said the friend.

"Yes."

"She's a lovely girl."

"Yes; poor thing! It will be dreadful news to her."

Lawson was hiding his agitation more and more. "I wouldn't give much for Fielding's interest in the business of his firm, if this thing is true."

"Why?" Lawson turned on him quickly.

"For two reasons. Fielding had the brain and energy, and his partners the—the—but I won't say all I think. But what's the matter with you, Tom? You look scared. Nothing at stake in the unfortunate business, I hope."

The young man dropped his eyes to the pavement and remained silent.

"You were sweet on the daughter a while ago, but there's nothing serious between you?"

Lawson still kept his eyes on the ground.

"If there is not, take my advice and hold off; you can't afford to marry a penniless girl, and penniless Fielding's daughter is sure to be, if this news is true."

"Thank you! Good morning!" And Lawson turned abruptly from his friend. Did he hasten to the sorrow-stricken girl whose heart he had won, and upon whose finger he had placed a ring of betrothal? No; he went to his home and shut himself in his room to think. He must not act rashly; he must let a wise discretion govern him in an affair that involved his whole future.

"A penniless girl!" The warning of his friend kept repeating itself in his thought. A filmy veil began to cover the beautiful image of Rachel and to hide her charms from his inner sight.

It is the old story of faithlessness, and we do not care to dwell on the wretched details. Poor Rachel waited for her lover, but he did not come. When, after the lapse of several weeks, her father was brought home, a wreck for life, he scarcely knew

his daughter, she was so changed. One glance at the finger which bore an engagement-ring when he went away, made the reason plain.

Mr. Fielding understood but too well that his fortune had been wrecked in this disaster, for it was as Lawson's friend had said. His partners were not thorough business men; nor was their honor to be trusted. But his daughter would be cared for; and this had given him comfort in the gloomy night now falling about him. A glance had extinguished this ray.

It was more than a year before Rachel could lift her bowed head, and look steadily enough at the clouds that veiled her sky, to see along their murky edge some tokens of a silver lining. Her father had not sufficiently recovered from his injuries to give much attention to business, and his affairs had become so deeply involved as to threaten bankruptcy. In this crisis, Mr. Fielding, whose mind had gained strength faster than his body, resolved to make an effort to save himself, even if the effort cost him his life. Up to this period he had not, in obedience to his physician's injunctions, visited his place of business over once or twice a week, and then only for an hour or two at a time. His interviews with the partner, who came to see him every day, were not satisfactory, and the few hours he had been able to spend at the store were too short and too much interfered with to give him the opportunity for gaining the knowledge of the state of things which he required.

One day as he was lying upon the couch where he had spent so many weary and impatient hours, Rachel came into the room, and sitting down beside him, laid her hand upon his forehead. Her face wore the shadows that had never once been lifted since they fell. As the girl looked down into her father's eyes, she saw that they were unusually troubled. She leaned over and kissed him tenderly, saying: "Oh, if I could only help you, father! If I could only do something! If I were only strong enough!"

She saw a light flash into his face.

"Maybe you can, daughter," he replied. "Are you willing to try?"

"To help you, father?" He saw her frame quiver.

"Yes, dear. If I had a good, patient helper whom I could trust."

"You can trust me, and I can be patient; but I am only a weak girl."

Her voice, brave at first, fell to a desponding tone.

"Are you willing to try?"

"How can you ask, father? Yes, yes; and, oh, so gladly!"

"I must go to the store every day; I must stay there a good many hours."

"But you are not strong enough."

"Not to go alone and be without a helper in whom I can place the fullest confidence. But if you will go with me, and stay with me while I am there; be, in a word, my patient, hard-working, confidential clerk for a few months, I believe that I can save my business from the ruin that now seems hanging over it. I have a private

counting-room which we can occupy; and there together, I have faith that we can make all right again. Are you strong enough, brave enough, and self-denying enough for this?"

"For anything, if I can help my father!" she answered, in resolute tones.

Mr. Fielding saw, for the first time in a year, light break into his daughter's face.

On the very next day Rachel accompanied her father to his place of business, and remained there for over three hours. The office they occupied was far enough removed from the general counting-room to give it all the privacy Mr. Fielding desired, and to enable him, with his daughter's aid, to pursue certain investigations that he knew, if thoroughly made, would put him in possession of all the facts he needed, and which he had not been able to get from his partners. A little surprise was manifested by these gentlemen on the first day of Rachel's appearance with her father, but still more surprise and manifest embarrassment when she came again on the next day and remained for nearly five hours busy under her father's directions in copying papers, examining account-books, and reading to him, or writing at his dictation, while he rested for a greater part of the time on a lounge.

Gradually, as the days of examination went on, did Mr. Fielding gather up the lost threads of his business. Soon he had his hands so firmly upon the helm of his affairs as to control the course they were taking. His resolute will was unbroken, and now that he had in his confidence and by his side one whom he could trust, he was able to turn his ship about, and guide the vessel away from the dangerous shores she had been approaching.

"My good girl!" he would often say, as his hand rested lovingly upon his daughter's head, "what should I do without you?"

And every time such grateful words were spoken, the heart of Rachel grew lighter, and some rift in the cloud that hung so darkly over her life gave token of a silver lining.

Months passed, and Rachel was seen daily in her father's counting-room, and the fact and reason of her being there soon became known to the business firms with which the house had city connections. For awhile the partners thought lightly of this girl's ability to aid her father, but it was not long before they changed their opinions, and recognized in her the reserved force that was fast giving back to Mr. Fielding his control of the business. From the commencement, these men had assumed toward her an attitude of distrust and suspicion, and in several instances had treated her with open rudeness. But they did not know the strength of character that lay beneath her quiet manner, nor how love for her father and a desire to help him were quickening into life the latent capacities of an acute mind, and giving her in her new position a mastery over them.

Before the lapse of three months, Rachel had a grasp of the business not dreamed of by the men associated with her father; and they had learned by this time not only to respect her intelligence, but to fear her. They saw that through her clear mind and unwearied service, her father had re-

gained a commanding position, and that until he was ready to dispense with her aid they must hold themselves subordinate.

In her new relation, Rachel was brought into daily contact with business men who came to see her father, and the conversation she heard lifted her thoughts above their old level, gave her new ideas of things, and stirred her mind with new desires and purposes. The respect, rising in many cases to admiration, which was felt for her by most of these men, was often expressed in her hearing, and sometimes in open compliments offered to her without reserve.

"I'd give a Jew's eye to have a daughter like yours, Fielding," said a merchant one day, speaking with the freedom of an old friend. "You're worth a score of our useless butterflies, Rachel! I'm an outspoken old fellow, and you mustn't mind me. It's the truth, and I've had it on my tongue's end to say a dozen times. If some of us had our daughters in our counting-rooms instead of fast young men, we'd be a great deal better off, I'm thinking. That is, if they were like you. But there would come the rub."

"I'm afraid so," remarked the pleased father, as he cast a fond look toward Rachel, who bent her blushing face close to the desk at which she was sitting.

At this moment a man entered the counting-room and spoke to her father, conversing with him in a low tone for several minutes. Her heart gave a single, strong throb as his voice reached her ears, and then sank with a heavy weight. A sense of weakness followed; and for a little while she was faint, and her hand trembled so that she could not write. As she listened to the voice, its tones grew less familiar, and she knew that she had been deceived. But the weakness and trembling did not leave her for a long time.

After the man retired, the old merchant, speaking in his easy, frank way, said: "The young man is to be married, I hear."

"His son?" asked Mr. Fielding, dropping his voice to a low tone.

"Yes; but I'm sorry to say that he isn't a chip of the old block. He hasn't the true Lawson blood in him."

Mr. Fielding made no response.

"His father had a great deal of trouble with him lately," continued the other.

"In what way?" asked Mr. Fielding.

"His habits are bad, and he spends money as freely as if he owned a bank. He's over head and ears in debt, and his creditors worry his father dreadfully. The old gentleman isn't a Cæsus, you know, and all this comes very hard on him. It's a shame! If he were my son, I'd toss him overboard and let him sink or swim. Some people need a little wholesome drowning, and he is one of them. I pity the girl he is going to marry! Her father is rich, and she has a hundred thousand in her own right, willed by an aunt, who died a year ago. No one believes that he cares for anything but her fortune. He'll marry her, waste her money, and then break her heart. Ah me! Such is life!"

The old merchant was not talking specially for

Rachel's benefit, for he had never heard of her engagement to the young man about whom he was expressing himself so freely.

For a time it seemed to Rachel as if she were in the centre of a whirling sphere, blinded by the rapid motion. Her father's eyes turned wistfully toward her. He saw that she was motionless as a statue, with her face turned quite away and bent down very low. Mr. Fielding's visitor went out, and he was alone with his daughter. She did not stir. He grew concerned, and rising, crossed the room and laid his hand upon her shoulder, uttering her name as he did so in a voice full of tenderness. She turned slowly and looked at him. Her face was almost colorless, but there were tears in her eyes, and light in the tears.

"God cares for us better than we are able to care for ourselves," said Mr. Fielding. "Every cloud has a silver lining. A smiling face hides itself behind the darkest Providence."

Rachel leaned her head back against her father and closed her eyes. As he looked down upon her still face, he saw a gradual change pass over it. The lips softened and took more peaceful curves; light and warmth seemed touching and deepening on every feature.

"Shall we go home now, father?" asked Rachel.

"Yes, dear."

They left the counting-room earlier than usual, but were in their places on the next day. Few of those who had seen Rachel at her post of duty during the months she had held it so faithfully noted any change in the maiden.

But there was a great change. She had seen the silver lining to the cloud which had darkened her life, and its brightness was becoming more and more visible every hour, shining along the drifting edges and breaking through in places without number.

She pressed her hand upon her heart and said: "Peace, be still!" She threw a mantle over it and tried to lay it away tenderly with its pulses all at rest. To duty her life was now consecrated.

And there passed before her eyes many a zealous young business man who would have been but too happy to secure her for a co-partnership that should last forever. Among them all was only one whose face was pleasant to her.

Months went on. Father and daughter were inseparable companions in business; he slowly gaining in health and capacity for work, and she, with a patient devotion beautiful to see, always at hand to aid him. In a little over a year Mr. Fielding found himself so thoroughly master of everything as to be able to force a dissolution of the co-partnership and realize his share of the capital; every dollar of which would have been lost but for the faithful services of his daughter, given at first with a shrinking and self-denial none but herself ever knew.

And after that the pleasant, handsome face it had been good for her to look upon during her trouble, was often seen in the old house, until Rachel's heart expanded under its genial influence, and at last and unconsciously she grew to love it. The face wore at times a look of anxiety before the blossoming of that love; but then it

was radiant, and presently the deep blue eyes that lighted it shone with the glory of triumph.

The father rejoiced to see his daughter regain her color and vivacity, and in his heart he blessed the coming of the pleasant face and its owner, Norman Howell.

"Rachel," said he, one day, "I have concluded to go into business again."

He saw a shadow drop down over his daughter's face, and guessed its meaning.

"But I shall not require your service again."

"You cannot do without it, father," Rachel's voice was a little choked, though she tried hard to keep it clear.

"I would not feel safe to have you again in business, unless I were with you as before."

"Perhaps the one with whom I am going to associate myself may be as intelligent and as faithful to my interests as you have been."

There was something in Mr. Fielding's voice that caused a startled flush to come into the face of his daughter. She raised her large eyes and looked at him intently.

"Who is it?" she asked, in repressed tones.

"Norman Howell. Are you satisfied?"

A deep color suffused her face; new light shone in her eyes. She took her father's hand and kissing it, said: "Yes, more than satisfied!" And turning from him went hastily to her own room.

The mantle that Rachel Fielding had thrown over her heart when she thought it dead, had long ere this been removed, and all its pulses were throbbing now with a new and deeper passion. The cloud had turned and she saw all its silver lining; and it was brighter and more beautiful than anything of which she had ever dreamed.

T. S. A.

Life and Character.

POTTSVILLE PAPERS.

BY PIPSISSEIWAY POTTS.

No. 9.

WHAT do you think about it, my good woman? I say if you are away from home and hear a bit of tattle, something derogatory to the character of your neighbor, you have no right to go home and tell your husband about it. Really, I think I am correct.

Now, this morning, Sister Bodkin ran in to get a pint of cream, and though she had her shawl over her head, and was in such haste, the good neighbor stood up and hurried over a bit of gossip.

"Sister Potts," said she, "I heard last night that Brother Carl Wyndham, who preaches in the Duck Creek Association, was really suspected of caring more for one of the young ladies in his church than was just right in this day of loose morals. They say it is a fact, and I don't know but there will be an outbreak some of these days, and the whole thing become public."

"Well," I said, "there is no danger but we'll hear of it, for ill news flies fast enough, dear knows; but, Sister Bodkin," said I, "nobody will ever hear it from me. Will you tell any person yourself?"

"Yes, I'll tell the doctor," she replied, "when he comes home; he's been out on Chestnut Ridge at old Mr. Kendrick's since three o'clock yesterday."

"Why will you tell him?" I asked, feeling my eyes beginning to glitter.

"Because he's my husband, and I've a right to tell him my most secret thoughts."

"Now, sister," said I, "if I had forty husbands I wouldn't run to one of them, packing gossip like a scavenger. I would think too much of them to make them a receptacle for low, mean tattle. I hold that a wife should do everything in her power to lift up and elevate the thoughts of her husband.

She should be better than he is—something finer, and purer, and fuller of lofty aspirations. Instead of dragging him down, she should help him to rise up higher. I believe many a man goes through life with his thoughts grovelling in the muck of scandal, turning over this and that in search of something new, and low, and vicious, just exactly like a pig ploughing its nose into the ground in eager search; and because of the truth of the old saw, 'like loves like.'"

"Well, I always tell my husband everything I hear," said she, "because I don't want to keep anything from him."

"Other wives do the same thing," I replied; "at least some of them do; and it will be a fearful reckoning for them sometime. Think of a woman dragging her husband down to such a low, dead level as to make a neighborhood gossip of him! Men do the same thing, no doubt; they go and sit in a doggery and get filled with the low scandal of a neighborhood, or in a shoe-shop or grocery, and then go home and retail the stuff they have heard, and the thoughtless wife listens to it, and probably deals it out to her next best friend, and in time a whole community becomes a nest of blatant gossipers. I can think of nothing worse, nothing any lower or more degrading."

What a poor little pint cup of a mind it is that is so easily filled! How dreary the contemplation of such a place as Heaven must be to minds satisfied with the dry husks of gossip about this one and that one, other people's affairs, and the pecked, and scarred, and blighted characters with which they have dealt.

I don't know whether Sister Bodkin saw any clearer before she went home or not, but just as she left I said: "Say, sis, when the doctor comes home tired, do you just forget the right you have to tell him everything, and instead read him something good, say a poem with a bracing, cheerful, breezy vein running through it, or one of the wide-awake editorials in the *New York*

Tribune, or something to turn his thoughts in another direction. Remember you have the right to make him a better man, the same as to make him a worse one. It is a pretty serious thing, the great power vested in a woman's heart and hands."

"Thank you," she said, and her eyes looked mournfully into mine.

I tell the girls it is one of my greatest joys, having a neighbor to whom I can say just what I please, with never a fear of giving offence.

I would ask you who read this to think seriously on this question; be sure you have a right to tell your husband everything, but is it well that you should sit down and deal out vapid nothings by the hour to that man who married you because you were his choice, the perfectest woman he ever saw, the one he elected to the highest office in his power? Are you doing him good and not evil? Are you lifting up his thoughts, and making him nobler and better, and leading him into a higher life? Do you yourself walk in the light? Do you daily pray for a clearer vision and for a closer walk with God?

It is common for many women to go visiting, and then at night, refreshed and animated, they will regale their husbands with the floating scandal of their neighborhood, even to its remotest corners. They will tell of Jack Ricketts, the butterman, buying a roll that was fair outside but within was imbedded a stone; and Tom Horner's wife told Cousin Ruth that Mrs. Loomis, that praying woman, sold the butter. Then they will tell that old Mr. Trumbull, that good old man, kicked his wife and shut her out doors, and she went to Ham's crying with all her might; that Tim Roberts shot Luke's cow in the udder for jumping his fence; that the reason young Landis left so suddenly was because John Taylor was so jealous of him; that the poem Lucy Whiting wrote, called "My Darling's Eyes," was meant for Parson Riggs, and Mrs. Riggs was mad enough at Lucy. And that the reason Graham sold out was because he was broke up; that old Widower Green went on the sly to see Salitha McCutcheon; that the relict of young Lambright was a woman of doubtful character; that Perry Davis had his scales set so that they cheated horribly; that John Smithers and his wife quarrelled like cat and dog; that the Pembrokes expected their family to be slightly increased, and that the Simmons abused the little boy they got at the poor-house, and so on.

Now tell me, good wives, what does all this amount to in the way of edification? Who is benefited, lifted up, made wiser? Is this duty? is it honorable? is it safe and commendable? Should this daily practice be indulged in? How we do narrow down our intellects! what circumscribed bounds we do set about them! how can we grow when we feed on such paltry stuff? And yet, as we wade through this despicable slough, we hope for Heaven. We know its dawn is upon earth; we feel humiliated, debased, bowed down, and we grope in the darkness of night.

Would we walk in a higher path? It lies within our reach. We can cultivate a taste for good books to begin with; we can read, and make loyal

companions of those whose ripe lives are bound within book covers; the best and grandest thoughts of those good men, gone up higher, we can read, and study, and comprehend, and make for ourselves daily food and companionship such as even doctors of divinity and our ripest scholars delight in. The most glorious inspiration and the highest exaltation of thought and feeling are ours if we wish it. There are no bolts and bars to hinder, no restrictions laid down and no lines drawn whose interpretation would signify, "thus far and no farther." We can voluntarily carry a cross and walk bowed and burdened, or we can wear a crown and our foreheads be starry with the glinting light of immortality. In choosing, let us choose wisely and well. Instead of grovelling like beasts of mere instinct, let us walk upright and in the image of God.

It is as true as the gospel that if a man loves his wife she will mould his whole character over into harmony with her own. I have been surprised to note the metamorphose of the husband of a few short years. There was Harrison Lutz, who married Jennie Morrison about a dozen years ago. Now, Harrison was a jolly fellow, always ready to pat his comrades on the shoulder and say something funny, ready to lend his horses and carriage and sleigh and bells, to escort the girls to camp-meeting, and Fourth of Julys, and excursions, and picnics, and foot the bills with the utmost delight. He subscribed for every paper and magazine that you asked him to, bought books of tonguey agents, subscribed to all the preachers' salaries with charming good-will, made presents to little children on the occasion of birthdays and holidays, dressed well and becoming, was "your humble servant" to his mother and sisters; indeed, he was the best fellow in our town.

Old Mrs. Lutz, that's his mother, used to say she did wish I'd been born a little later, or else her Harris a little sooner, that nothing only the discrepancy of years between us, stood in the way of preventing a marriage. I liked him so.

Well, he married Jennie. Now, she was the very opposite of Harris Lutz in every point and particular, and in less than five years that poor fellow had so changed in character, that if characters had been faces, the mother that gave him birth wouldn't have recognized her own son. He would neither borrow nor lend; he looked with suspicion on every man who approached him; he piled on the interest like sin when he loaned money; he got so stingy that he wore his old pantaloons with patch upon patch of all colors as long as they would hold together, and then he wore denim overalls outside and tied them down round his ankles to keep the nether infirmities from slipping off. He never invited anybody to sit up to the table and eat with them, and if a tramp came along, he yelled him to clear out or he would take the "snake-whip" to him. He raised his calves on dish-water to save milk to sell to the villagers; and, finally, he began going to law with all his neighbors, sometimes for defamation of character; on book account; for trespass; for damage done his crops when a cow slipped a rail off during a wet spell; for timber damaged

when an old woman peeled off a handful of elm-bark for poultice; and now he has become so moody, and selfish, and niggardly, that he can hardly get a man to help him in harvest or to assist on threshing-day.

His marriage with a narrow-minded, selfish, suspicious woman brought this terrible and lamentable change in the character of an otherwise worthy and excellent man.

I heard a rap, a gentle tapping, a little while ago, the cunning rap of a little child; you all know how cute it is; and I went to the door. There stood little Ambrose Clute.

I said: "Come in, Amber; I've not seen you for a long while, and you've been growing lots, too."

One of his little brown patties crushed a note in its awkward clutch, and I asked him if he had brought me a letter.

"I do," was the reply.

It was a note from one of his grown sisters, and ran thus:

"DEAR PIPSEY: Do send me something to read or I shall be driven to suicide. I am so lonesome and have nothing to do. Haven't you some old magazines with some good love stories in them? They are good to pass away the time. Seems to me I have never been so lonesome as I am this summer. I don't know what it means. I saw a book in your library once, called 'Married, not Mated,' that I read some in; perhaps it would kill time. Send me something, please; use your own pleasure. Your friend,
"AMMORETTIE CLUTE."

I asked Amber if he wouldn't like one of my nice cookies to eat while he rested a few minutes, and he jerked his head forward like the bite of an unwary trout, and answered: "I do."

Little dear, I guess his vocabulary of words is scant, for he rarely makes any other replies. One of the girls went down cellar to where they were kept in a big stone jar and brought him a cookie.

I was a little bit vexed at Ritta. I am always at any woman who dares to lift up her voice in the petulant phrase: "I am so lonesome!"

I went to the library, and before I reached the shelves, I said: "Love stories, indeed! catch me giving such sediment to any woman in her sane mind when the pure draught is waiting for parched lips!" I sat down on the lounge to catch my breath and rest a minute, and a thought came to me; I presume my good angel whispered it; I am quite sure she did. I said: "I won't know what to send the girl; I don't want to help her in the down-grade road to perdition." Then the thought that had been suggested: "Close your eyes and walk across the room, and reach out for a book, and the one you touch is the one to send her." I did so. My fingers closed on the binding of a book as fairly as though both eyes had been wide open. It was "Moral Uses of Dark Things," by Dr. Horace Bushnell, a book that should be in every well-selected library. I have heard ministers of every denomination speak highly in praise of the book.

I wrote a note telling her when she had read the book to return it and get another. The little boy had finished his cookie, and I gave him a drink of cold water, tucked the book under his arm and told him to come again, sometime. He bobbed his little head, trout-fashion, replied, "I do," and ran down the meadow-path, his feet twinkling white in the green grass and among the nodding clover blossoms.

Some women are discontented and lonely for want of occupation; some because their minds are empty; some are never happy unless their thoughts are dwelling on a party that is to be, a sail, a picnic, an excursion, a visit, or something that tickles the imagination, or feeds the fancy, or amuses the rapid, unthinking, shallow mind; some are unhappy because they have been crossed in love, they dwell upon it continually, they mope, and sigh, and mourn over hopes departed; they wear their corsets tighter than even in those halcyon days when they walked arm-in-arm with Augustus Fitz Doodle under the stars, a veal pair of lovers as ever the moonlight shone upon. Dwelling all the time upon this no-rooted and sentimental affection will, as the poet sang, make "the worm i' the bud," and it will feed upon her yaller cheek, and the consequences may be that there will be one less to buy calico for. Now, work, occupation, good, hard, busy knocking about with bared arms and beaded brow and a song upon the lip, would kill that meddlesome worm between the months of queenly June and golden October.

Does any woman suppose that I, even I, Pipsey Potts, would live to this ripe age that has brought an occasional gray hair to my temples, and never be touched by the love that comes sometime in her life to every woman? Surely not. When Prof. Green married that other girl and I was left to mourn, I thought I never, never could ever live. I heard dear Green's voice in the winds and the water that rushed over the mill-dam; in the trill of the bobolink and the chirp of the yellow-hammer; in the bleating of the calf and the whinnying of the colts; I seemed to see him strolling among the mullein stalks and wading through the fennel; even the shadow of the gum-tree stump in the moonlight seemed to look like my departed professor with his hair cut very closely, or, perhaps, all pulled out. Every book of poetry reminded me of him—his finger marks were on his favorite pages; and, if I read the poems he loved, I heard his dear voice, the same wailing, wheezy, mournful tone in which he seemed to pour out his sympathetic soul!

I quit eating meat, and in my despairing mood made breakfast, dinner and supper on two buttered crackers and half a cup of weak tea. I longed to die; I assisted nature in urging on the mournful event; I ignored bonnets and wore a veil draped about my head and shoulders; I sat in draughts of air, and stayed out in showers, and kicked the quilts off at night; I frequently reclined on the bosom of mother earth, in the twilight and in the dew, and repeated verses of my own making, and sometimes set them to music. I was very miserable. But time, the great healer,

gradually ground off the rough edges of my sorrow. I laid away the books we had read together; I lifted a stone out in the meadow below the colt pasture and laid under it all the treasured bouquets given me by the hands of my faithless Mr. Green; I resumed the eating of meat and vegetables; instead of a heavy mourning veil I ordered a jaunty hat with ruby-hearted roses, clusters of pansies and a floating gossamer veil, and, best of all, I shrank not from constant and laborious occupation from morning till night, and then, after nightfall, I knit socks and mittens until late bed-time.

My rolls of hard, yellow butter commanded the highest figures in market; my hard soap was sought from far and near; and the hams of my own curing found a ready sale. The worm that fed upon my damask cheek sought another boarding-place in the last stage of starvation; my brothers and sisters looked lovingly and rejoicingly upon me; the deacon's smile extended from ear to ear, and lasted from morning till night, and in his devotions he showed a marked sense of gratitude to the Giver of all good.

Now to this release from a bondage greater than the thralldom of iron bars or within dungeon doors, I owe to busy labor, to occupation, all thanks that are due.

When the hands are employed, the thoughts cannot dwell persistently upon a cankerous sorrow. There is no grief so acute that intense occupation will not dull its edge and silence its gnawings.

A good strong will enables one to preserve a calm exterior and a cheerful serenity while passing through severe trials. But the best way is to keep the mind full of something else than the sorrow that encompasses one about. A vigorous occupation is the best medicine.

A discontented woman can be found in nearly every household. I don't know why it is that women will mourn, and fret, and worry, and scold, and always extract bitter instead of sweet, sigh when she ought to sing, whine when she ought to laugh, and complain when she ought to make merry.

It is a lamentable state of affairs under all circumstances, be she maiden, wife or mother. If she is a maiden, she casts a gloom over the spirits of the household band; she is a pebble in the shoe of every brother and sister; sometimes, and too generally the case, they get out of patience with the constitutional growler, and pay no heed to her, only strive to vex, and annoy, and taunt her for the very satisfaction. I have seen instances where every member of the family was ready and willing to fling defiance, like a red rag, into her face, and then whoop and laugh over her discomfiture.

Now this is all wrong, and should not be permitted by the parents. If I were the mother of a daughter so unfortunately afflicted, I would treat as tenderly and carefully as though this malady were physical instead of mental. Why shouldn't mothers sympathize with one disease as well as another? Why isn't the poor child born with an ungovernable temper as much an object of pity as the poor creature born cross-eyed, hare-lipped,

idiotic or insane? It had no voice or choice in its being; it was thrust into this world made up of the combined idiosyncrasies of others. This is sad to dwell upon.

If you who read this are a mother, and one of your children is peculiar or eccentric, just think of this pitiful fact that I have hinted at above, and deal very gently and tenderly and considerately with your dear one.

I have thought upon the woes of this class, perhaps, because my own childhood was misconstrued and misinterpreted, until I have wept for the many who wander like strangers all over the world—strangers in their homes; like Cains with marks upon their foreheads.

For instance, if one of your family cannot stand teasing, cannot take a joke, you, the mother, must teach it gradually that the world tosses such people on its horns with infinite relish, and that jokes are funny and enjoyable, and that everybody indulges in them, and they can be robbed of their stings if the victim participates in them himself.

Don't say of your child, "She is so sensitive." Don't allow her to think that she is made of finer stuff than other girls, her mind more impressive, and her perceptions more acute. I know mothers do this sometimes, and beguile their daughters into the delicious belief that they possess peculiarly fine sensibilities, when it is nothing in the world but a superabundance of self-conceit; they are filled with self-approbation and egotism; they are their own darlings. If your child is quick-tempered, hasty, "flashes like powder," to use a familiar phrase, do not fear. This fault is easily managed, held in check, and in other years may be entirely overcome. This is common.

A lady said to another in my hearing the other day: "How do you get along with Mary Ann Patterson for your nearest neighbor? Why I'd fight and quarrel four days out of every six if I lived as near Mary Ann as you do. She is so very easily touched off; and when she is angry, she says such unreasonable things, and gets so far out of the line of a lady, that really I couldn't remain good friends with her."

"Well, for my part," said the lady addressed, "I have always found these quick, fiery natures to belong to the best, and kindest, and noblest, and most unselfish and generous people. These little quick flashes purify, like a thunder storm purifies the summer air, and leaves it wholesome and exhilarating."

That was it, exactly! And I have no doubt but you find the truth of this assertion verified in your own family. The one with the quick, fiery temper is the one that loves you most unselfishly, and watches to do your bidding and merit your kind words. Teach that child when irritated, and when the harsh word flies to the lip, to close its mouth firmly and shut in the unkind reply, and think of that precious bit of praise over and over, until calmness reigns—"He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." Greater than Napoleon, and greater than General Sherman who swept down to the sea, leaving ashes and desolation, and broken homes and households and hearts. What was the praise of men compared to

the victory of the little boy or the little girl who wins the praise penned by inspiration in Holy Writ? This is wonderfully inspiring, and you will be delighted at the result.

Now if this is good for children to try, why should not the burdened wife, tired, irritable, nervous, quick to make the cutting reply, try the same remedy? An overworked husband, annoyed by mishaps, or failures, or accidents, is sometimes provoked to speak the unkind word, and then let the weary wife try the cure prescribed for the child.

There is not much to be said in a kindly way of the woman or man who growls continually, who makes the family miserable and whose shadow rests upon an otherwise happy home, boding darkness and discontent. They must be borne with. It is a fearful inheritance to bestow upon one's children—the blight of an unhappy temper. We see its effects every day in this one's moody brow, or in that one's sullen lip, or in the scowl that knits together the heavy eyebrows of another. We see it in the busy housewife as she scrubs away at imaginary grease-spots or mud-stains. We see it in the squinting eye that notes a daintily-woven web in an out-of-the-way corner, and forthwith attacks it with the broom, eager for the fray. The same cool, penetrating orb detects a filmy thread, finer than the silkiest mist, swinging softly on the air suspended from the bracket, and she is stricken with horror at such a loose system of housekeeping. A tiny little boot print, fresh from muddy water, upon the immaculate floor, is conclusive proof that the house "is dirt from attic to cellar."

How much there is to learn in this primary school! How little things do rouse us to the exercise of all the virtues! How great in its magnitude is this earth and the things that win our attention, and how far away is Heaven, and how it dwindles into insignificance when we hug these earthly chains about us and closer hold before our vision these fading, and futile, and worthless attractions!

We women have influence for good or evil; we have work to do, blessed work that we should lay our hands to cheerfully, and faithfully performing, as God gives us wisdom, and clearer vision, and broader perception.

Ground now dead and barren seeming,
Blooming shall awake from sleep,
For the promise rises beaming,
"If ye faint not ye shall reap."

Fearless tread the path of duty,
Joy shall cause your hearts to leap,
When from fields of golden beauty,
"If ye faint not ye shall reap."

THE best part of human qualities is the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others—*minutiae* of the social virtues. Some ridicule these feminine attributes, which are left out of many men's natures; but the brave, the intellectual, the eloquent, have been known to possess these qualities—the braggart, the weak, never! Benevolence and feeling ennoble the most trifling actions.

WOMEN'S WORK IN THE WORLD.

PREPARATION FOR WORK.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

IT is not enough that women feel the impulse to labor, or are convinced of its necessity in their own individual cases. Labor, to be valuable, must be well done; and in order to be well done, the laborer must prepare herself for her work. A ten-fold greater stumbling-block in the way of women's success in anything which they undertake, than that of extraneous hindrance or restraint, is that belief which too many women themselves entertain, that, being women, they should not be expected or required to make the same preparation for work as men, or to do it as faithfully or as well. This feeling stands in the way of women serving apprenticeships in manual labor, or pursuing long courses of study before entering any branch of intellectual employment. Thus, in type-setting, a girl feels that she ought to find a remunerative employment at once, and that she ought to be allowed to shirk the more irksome branches of the business, which naturally fall to the lot of men. In order to obtain these doubtful privileges, she is content to receive from the first, and all the time, a less amount of wages than a man. And then in return comes the natural charge that women's work is not as valuable as that of men. This charge is true, and it is not true. That is to say, it is, alas! too true in many cases, but it should not, and need not, be true. Thus women themselves have thoughtlessly and ignorantly built up the greatest obstacles in their paths toward real and permanent success. We see the same thing in the lecture field. The young woman, who finds she can put words together smoothly, and whose looking-glass tells her she possesses a somewhat attractive appearance, buys herself a becoming platform costume, and immediately essays to become a public lecturer, relying for her success far more upon her stylish dress and pretty face, than upon the subject-matter of her lecture. She does not realize that she is making a literal illustration of the proverb that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread;" that among men, only the wisest, the most gifted, the most experienced in life, feel justified in entering into this field, or are welcomed there by the public. If she fails as a lecturer, she feels that she has been treated harshly by the world, and lays her failure to the fact of her being a woman; when, in truth, what little patience the public has manifested toward her, has been out of courtesy to her sex.

The preparation for a life of successful labor begins very far back indeed. It begins with a girl while she is still under her mother's care. Therefore, mothers are in a great measure responsible for the good or ill fortune of their daughters in after years.

Mothers should train their daughters to look upon labor as honorable instead of degrading in a woman. They should teach them that it is positively wrong for a woman, possessed of ordinary powers of body and mind, to hang a dead weight upon any man who is under no obligations to her.

A woman is, in one sense, dependent upon her husband, and properly and honorably so. But daughters should be taught that to remain dependent upon fathers, after they are capable of taking care of themselves, is as selfish and unjustifiable in them as in their brothers; that to drag upon the energies of a brother, who has, or should have, his own domestic responsibilities, is dishonorable and dishonest; while to throw themselves upon more distant relations for a support is simply contemptible.

Having the dignity and the necessity of labor ingrained into their very nature, the next step is to pursue that course of physical and mental training which shall make such labor most easy and effective.

The one thing which needs to be most strongly impressed upon Americans is the fact that women are not by nature invalids. Every woman born into the world has a right to be strong, healthy, full of life and vigor, and not even subject to temporary periods of depression and weakness. No doubt there are many women who are more or less invalids, with deranged nerves and weak muscles; but such women are either to be pitied as victims of the sins and ignorance of their parents, or blamed as being the victims of their own. This subject is an important one, and stretches out broadly before the woman who wishes to benefit her sex. It is too broad to be more than touched upon here.

Mothers are in many ways responsible for the sufferings and disabilities of their daughters; and not until we have a wiser motherhood throughout the land, can we hope to obtain either a more perfect manhood or womanhood.

Girls should be allowed the fullest and freest physical development. It is during childhood, rather than in the years of their earliest womanhood, as Dr. Clarke would have us believe, that the girl's future physical well or ill-being is determined. If she is to be a healthy woman, she must pass an untrammelled childhood. Her intellect must not be developed at the expense of her body; neither must the latter be sacrificed in behalf of any so-called refinements of dress or manners. Girls should be taught to be ladies in the truest sense of the term. That is, they should be taught to be courteous and considerate toward others, to be modest in behavior, and to avoid awkwardness in motion or manner; but this is compatible with the most unrestrained physical liberty. Their limbs were given them to run with, and to use in the freest exercise; and no style of dress or ideas of decorum should interfere with this.

Added to wise precautions for securing the perfect health of her daughter, the mother must not fail to train her to habits of industry and application. The faculties must be developed, the fingers must be educated to deftness, and the mind must be accustomed to close and absorbing attention to a given subject, for a definite but not too prolonged a time. It is unnecessary to say that hours of labor and study must be alternated with hours of recreation.

The next point is to encourage the daughter to

make a selection of what shall be, if necessary, her life-work. It is not sufficient that women be inspired in a general and objective sense with the fitness and dignity of labor. The matter must be made subjective, and every woman be required to take notice of her own faculties and capabilities, and to decide in what kind of labor she is most likely to find the fullest play for these capabilities and faculties. It is desirable that this decision should be reached at a tolerably early period, in order that the girl's education may be conducted with special reference to her future employment.

I am in favor of both special and general training. But if a girl (or a boy) cannot have both, I would decide in favor of special. I have no doubt whatever that a broad knowledge of the world, with the enlarged ideas which such knowledge gives—the fullest development of all the mental faculties which the widest and severest course of study can accomplish—are of inconceivable use to either the man or woman in whatever position in life either he or she may be called upon to fill. Thus I believe that a woman is never the worse, but, on the contrary, the better housekeeper, for a college course, provided there was a sufficient intellectual basis to warrant such a course to be taken at all. But life is so short, that if we would do the very best of which we are capable in any one direction, we seem to require a large proportion of our education to lie in that direction also. There are intellectual Jacks of all trades, as well as mechanical ones—men and women who scatter their forces, and thus accomplish nothing. The only value which a general education is, or can be, to most individuals, is brought to bear solely through the faculty of concentration—that is, bringing all its advantages to work upon a single point or line of thought or action.

Besides that which is commonly called education, there is still another, a broader and more important education, which comes to us through books and association with others. Mind is developed only through processes of thought; and many women never learn to think at all. Some women fail to do so, on the principle that it is unwomanly; others on no principle whatever, but simply through indolence. What passes for thought with most women, is little better than reverie or emotion; and both are utterly valueless toward mental development. In fact, feeling is often diametrically opposed to thinking. This indolence, amounting to positive inactivity of mind, is the besetting sin of women. They are more given to it than men, since men are taught that it is commendable in them to have opinions of their own on most subjects, while women have been impressed throughout the ages that it was quite as well for them to ask their husbands at home on any point which troubled or interested them, and thus save themselves the severe mental drudgery of studying it out to its conclusion in their own minds. Yet it is quite as disgraceful for women to be mentally dependent upon men as it is to be physically dependent upon them. This subject of mental culture will be discussed at length in my next essay.

After the special education, the special training

comes next. Whatever the selected employment may be, whether of the head or hand, it should receive intelligent attention, and be mastered with the spirit and the understanding. Whatever the world has contributed in the way of knowledge or example in this department, should be made familiar to the mind. Be content to progress slowly, so long as the progress is thorough; and regard superficiality as a deadly sin. It is a deadly sin, and has condemned to earthly destruction untold numbers of both men and women. What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well; and a thing can only be done well, which is learned in every branch and every phase. The more thorough the knowledge, the more perfect will be the execution.

All this should be included in the preparation for work which women are to do in the world. To be sure, very few men go through all this preparation. If they were permitted, doubtless many

of them, perhaps the most, would go at their various labors in the same helter-skelter sort of way that women do. But custom and necessity have formed and modeled and perfected men's methods, until the most ignorant and thoughtless of men are compelled to submit to a system of preparation which is more or less effective, and which, even if it does not always greatly benefit the individual, at least protects others from the results of his ignorance and indifference. If men were as thorough as we recommend all women to be, the results of their labor would be vastly greater than they are. If it is possible to induce women to this care and painstaking before they take an active part in the work of the world, we shall be gratified to find that the result will be that women will not only equal men in achievement, but really outstrip them, until the latter sex shall be spurred on to fresh efforts.

Religious Reading.

ANSWER TO PRAYER.

DOES the Lord answer prayer? If so, how does He answer it? are questions often asked, and often answered; but not often to the satisfaction of those who ask the questions. There is so little, generally, known of our relations to the Lord, of the manner in which He sends His blessings to us, that it is difficult to give an answer that can be understood; and the difficulty may arise as much from the want of knowledge in those who ask the question, as in those who give it.

The Lord has promised that "whatsoever we ask in His name He will do it." This must, without any doubt, be true. But there is a condition which we may not understand, and consequently we may come to very erroneous conclusions concerning it; that condition is, "asking in His name." What does that mean? How are we to ask in His name? The common idea has been that we must ask the Father to grant us our requests for the sake of the Son. We are to disclaim all merit of our own; we are to suppose that He would not grant our requests for our sake; that He is not moved by His love and compassion for us, but by His regard for His Son, to answer us. So there is no hope for an answer either from our necessities, or from His own infinite love for His children. We must secure the influence of some one who has more weight with Him than we can have. We cannot say, Help us because we are needy; pity us because we are miserable. But pity and help us for the sake of some one else.

But this is not really asking in the Lord's name. It is simply asking one person to grant us a favor for the sake of another. By the Lord's name is meant the principles of the Divine order and nature. When we ask in His name, we ask that He will grant us our request in ways and measures according to His own infinite love and wisdom. Asking in His name, operates in two ways. It is

not only a request that He will answer us according to His own wisdom, but it implies that we have wisdom sufficient to ask only for those things which He sees to be best for us. The more fully we appreciate our own ignorance and the infinite love and wisdom of the Lord, the less confidence we shall have in ourselves, and the more we shall have in the Lord. We shall be less disposed to ask for special favors, at special times. We may, indeed, ask for any special favor, but always with the condition, "not as I will, but as Thou wilt." We shall always condition our asking on the Divine will, knowing that it is formed of infinite love, and guided by infinite wisdom, and that it is not possible for us to ask for anything better than the Lord is disposed to give.

Suppose, for example, that a person is sick, and prays to be restored to health. If the prayer is offered in the Lord's name, there will be at the bottom of the heart a desire that the Lord's will should be done. The Lord is in the constant effort to bring all souls into union with him. The final purpose of the creation, and of all His divine activities, is to form a Heaven of intelligent human beings, whom He can bless with ever-increasing happiness. The sum and substance of all our prayers should be that this purpose may be fulfilled in us. And to this end, knowing how ignorant we are, and how perverted our affections are, we shall be very slow to say, Give me this, without any regard to its ultimate effects upon our character.

Suppose, again, one feels that he is a sinner, and prays for salvation. Will the Lord grant his prayer? Certainly He will; there can be no doubt about it, because this is the very end the Lord desires to effect. Nothing can be more certain than that every one will be saved who sincerely desires it, and prays to the Lord for salvation. But here, again, we must pray in His name; that is, we must honestly pray for it, and be willing to do all

that is necessary on our part to secure it. We must repent and shun evils as sins against God. We must learn truth from the Word, and live according to it, because this is the way, and the only way, in which any one can be saved. Many a prayer is uttered with the lips which does not come from the heart, and does not mean what the lips say. We may ask to have our sins forgiven, when we do not mean it at all. What we do ask for is to have the penalty remitted; the sin we love, and continue to practise. We may ask with the lips to have the Lord's kingdom come, and His will be done on the earth as it is in the heavens, when we are making no effort to have it come on the earth around us or within us. So in many other ways, we may repeat words which have no meaning, or which in our minds have a meaning so different from the real one, that we do not pray in the Lord's name, nor for what He teaches us to ask.

Then, again, the Lord may be answering our prayer, when it seems to us that He is not. Suppose we do sincerely desire to be saved from our sins. The Lord may see that before this can be done the force of our natural wills must be broken. We must die, as to our own selfish and worldly affections, before we can begin to live spiritually; and this change can be effected only by a long and painful process of discipline. It may be necessary that our worldly prosperity should be destroyed; that we should be stripped of our wealth, deserted by our friends, and in many other ways called upon to suffer, that we may know by experience that we cannot rely upon natural things for happiness.

While we are going through this process of discipline and death of the natural mind, it seems to us as though our prayers were not heard, and that we were receiving directly the reverse of what we had asked for. The soul may say, "I prayed for life, and I am receiving death." But the Lord might truly answer: "I am giving you life. I am doing just what you asked me to do, and I am doing it in the only way in which it can be done, and just as fast as it can be done. You have asked for eternal life in my name, and I am giving it to you in my name, in the only way in which it can be given."

The Lord cannot save us in our sins, He can only save us from our sins, and this salvation can only be effected by infinite wisdom. It is something very different from a simple act of pardon by a civil magistrate. It is a change of nature; it is the destruction of the old, corrupt will, and the creation of a new one, and this is a long and painful process, and can only be effected by Him who knows all the secret springs of the heart; how much we can bear, what we can be led to do, and by what means we can be led to do it.

The Lord, in all His dealings with us, regards our eternal good. He sees the end from the beginning, in all its causes and in all the means which lead to it, or tend to prevent it, and He pursues, with undeviating persistency and with infinite wisdom, the shortest and easiest path which leads to it. He does not desire to see us suffer a moment. He is in the constant effort to save us from suffering, and to confer upon us the highest good He can lead us to receive.

If we heartily believed this, we should go to Him with the fullest confidence, and ask for those things which in His infinite wisdom He sees best for us. We should ask Him to guide us, and we should seek to put ourselves under His guidance, by learning His laws, and by faithfully trying to live according to them. The knowledge that the Lord was leading us would be a comfort in all our trials; it would help us to bear our burdens, because we should know that He will not suffer a feather's weight to rest upon us which He can prevent; it would comfort us with the assurance that the Lord is doing better for us than we can ask, and in a wiser way than we can conceive.

The universe is not a great machine, grinding on in a blind and merciless way; but the beautiful and orderly means, created and directed by infinite wisdom, to serve the purposes of infinite love, perfectly adjusted to all human conditions and specially directed to supply all human needs. It is the Divine means of saving and of protecting man, of providing for his wants, ministering to his happiness, and developing his capacities. It is as fully and specifically an expression of the tender and loving care of the Lord for us as it would be if each particular thing was given every moment to each one, in answer to a special prayer.

Mother's Department.

NEEDLESS ALARMS.

WE have more than once seen a woman into whose hands a child had been given to love and to rear, who never even once imagined that when she screamed at the sight of a venturesome mouse, or the graceful spinning down of a spider, or a flash of lightning, that she so shocked the nerves of her child, and so deeply thrilled them, that they were never fully at peace again.

We have seen ladies who imagined this sort of timidity to be an evidence of superior delicacy, which they somehow had come to believe indi-

cated refinement of feeling, without considering that to an ignorant little child this pretence had in it all the seriousness of real danger. They screeched wildly and cried out for help to protect themselves against a tiny creature, who was in its turn sincerely terrified, and would, if it could have got the opportunity, run away quite as swiftly as any reasonable being has a right to expect.

As a general thing, half of this screaming business is pretence or habit, and the other half is grossly absurd or inexcusable ignorance, and it proves a lack of that perfect self-control which

all educated and well-bred, healthy people possess.

We always expect a diseased, nervous system when we make these sweeping assertions about mothers who do not rule their own voices, or control their own expressions of fear or worry, when in the presence of their children.

We are fully aware that this habit of terrifying an infant by outbursts of alarm when trifling events transpire, is far oftener the consequence of thoughtlessness than it is of a positive ignorance of the consequences. No mother possesses the moral right to conduct her life in a thoughtless manner. She may endeavor to palliate her conduct by remembering that her own mother used to be terrified by a fluttering honey-bee, or an innocent grasshopper, but she does not carry her investigations far enough to discover and convince her unruly nerves and her loudly complaining voice, that these are harmless creatures if she does not meddle with them. Her reason is given her to use for the child which has not yet entered upon the possession of its own faculties, and she should as carefully possess herself with a full knowledge of the nature and habits of the irresponsible insect and animal life which is likely to surround her child, and instruct it how to live peacefully, calmly and safely with its inarticulate neighbors, as she should teach it what food it should eat and what deeds it should not commit. The scream that she utters may leave no visible wound in the body of her little one, but the hurt is none the less severe, and the pain will return again and again to it whenever it sees the small and very likely harmless insect which suggested to its mother the terror which she transferred to her child.

We have seen a mother gather her children into a bed at mid-day and silently lie trembling with dread of a lightning flash, until she has made the young lives of her family a burden to them whenever there is promise of a summer storm. Of course, there is danger during an electric disturbance, but it is very remote, and the number of those who contract a fatal illness through carelessness when their clothing has got wet in a peaceful

rain, is ten times as great as of those killed by lightning, and yet a mother is often very negligent of this exposure. She may tell her children that the centre of the room, with the windows and doors closed, if there be no chimney in the apartment, is a safer place than a door-way, or when sitting by an open casement; but she need not frighten them by manifest timidity, no matter what unpleasant and terrifying influences she may have been subjected to in her own infancy. Any unusual condition of nature disturbs the mind of the young, and is likely to make them uncomfortable; but if the mother is weaker and more childish than her little ones, they may better be without her presence in an hour of unpleasantness. The time of real danger she should make one of very serious use to her little ones by showing them the value of cool self-possession, prompt action or heroic patience. Ignorant fears are more likely to be perpetuated in a child by a thoughtless mother than is a discreet knowledge of how to avoid danger. A child that will climb to the roof's top or to the eaves' edge, will often fear to pass through a room alone if it be told that a mouse is in it, and this little gray mischief was never known to attack anybody. A worm is unpleasant to look upon, but it is not an active enemy to mankind, and it should only be avoided in the presence of a child just as we would avoid contact with any other disagreeable object.

There are children who live in such perpetual dread of some of the most innocent of little creatures, that their health is often seriously impaired, and their slumbers are frequently a misery and an injury to them, from the appalling dreams which are the consequence of being frightened by a silly mother. The really earnest and tender woman will inform herself and her child of all the real dangers that are likely to surround it, and she will wisely guard it and show it how and when to guard itself. If she will make natural history a careful study, she will find herself possessed of an endless method of amusing and instructing her child, and at the same time relieve herself of many a nameless and silly terror.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE GOLDEN GEESE.

A STORY FROM "LITTLE FOLKS."

I.

"I WISH I had a goose that laid golden eggs!" said Norah, throwing down her book, and clasping her hands energetically.

"Don't talk nonsense!" said the mother.

What wouldst do with the gold, lass?" said the father.

"I would buy myself a white frock, and a blue sash, and a hat like the squire's daughter; a silk gown for mother, and a coat with a velvet collar for you to wear on Sundays, father."

"That would take only part of a golden egg,"

VOL. XLIV.—44.

returned the father. "Go on, lass, and then we shall know all thee wants."

Norah drew closer to her father, and looked gravely up in his face.

"A donkey-cart for mother to go to market in, a carpet for the room, curtains for the windows, lots of beautiful flowers and fruit in the garden, and nothing to do. I should sell the eggs, and get so much money that you never need do any more work."

"Thank thee, lass, thank thee; it sounds very grand. Wife, dost hear what Norah is going to give us?"

"Aye, if wishes were horses beggars would ride!" returned the mother. "I wonder at thee, father, for encouraging the lass in her folly. Come,

Norah, get the table ready for supper, the lads will be in from the fields before long, and they'll be hungry enough, I dare say."

Scarcely had she spoken when the gate swung open, and the two lads appeared, one of them carrying something very carefully in his hat.

"A present for you, Norah! Guess what it is in three guesses. Now!"

Norah sprang forward. "Is it a bird?"

"No."

"One of Mrs. Lovell's plum-cakes?"

"No."

"A goose's egg, perhaps," said the father, laughing.

"Oh, you shouldn't have spoken!" said Tom. "I wanted Norah to guess. But it's not one egg. Farmer Lovell has sent her six eggs; and he says if she will get the old hen to sit upon them she will have six as fine young goslings as need to be."

"Why, Norah, you're in luck," said the father; "and it will be hard if out of six geese there should not be one to lay golden eggs for us."

"Golden eggs!" exclaimed Tom, in surprise.

"Ah, lad, thee dost not know all the fine things that are coming to us," returned the father, laughing; whilst Norah's cheeks grew red, and the mother said: "Father's making fun, lad."

II.

The old hen sat upon the eggs, and in due time the goslings straggled forth, and Norah began to build castles in the air. She did not expect that any of the birds would lay golden eggs—she knew that could only happen in fairy tales—but she looked forward to the time when the geese would sell for at least seven-and-sixpence each, which would be two pounds five shillings, which, in Norah's eyes, seemed a little fortune.

And the goslings grew and grew, and became fine fat geese; and Norah lost sight of the golden eggs in the interest she took in the living creatures, who were so tame and so sensible. For as to thinking that geese are stupid, that is all a mistake, as people find who have much to do with them.

III.

One sunny afternoon Norah sat knitting by the river side, whilst her geese were swimming and diving to their hearts' content, when Farmer Lovell passed by. Norah jumped up.

"Aren't they beauties?" said she, pointing to her geese. "I can never thank you enough for them."

"Make a good use of them," said the farmer, patting her on the shoulder; "but that I'm sure you will do; the daughter of a good father and mother need not be told that." And he went his way.

And Norah fell to thinking of what he had said, and as she did so, the visions of blue and pink ribbons and stylish hats vanished away, and a sudden sense of the responsibility of having possessions of her own began to press upon her.

"I think the geese are making me wise," said she, unconsciously speaking aloud.

"Then they will be golden geese," answered a voice at her side.

"O father! Did you hear what I was saying?"

"Only a bit of it."

"It's a great thing to have property," said Norah, "and to know what to do with it. It makes one feel older, and it's a weight as well as a pleasure."

"Why, lass," said her father, "the geese have taught thee a lesson thy mother and I failed to teach thee!"

IV.

The older and fatter the geese grew the more important Norah felt. She and Tom had many consultations as Martinmas drew nigh, and at length it was decided that the time had come for the geese to be sold.

"I'm sorry to part with them, Tom, but they must go. I must have the money."

"What for?"

But Norah screwed up her mouth and shook her head. She had her own plans, but she was not going to tell them.

"I wonder if they would bring seven shillings apiece," said she.

"Here's Farmer Lovell coming, maybe he can tell us."

"I don't like to ask him," answered Norah.

But Farmer Lovell anticipated the question, for his first words were: "Well, Norah, if you're willing to sell your geese I've got a good customer for you."

Norah looked up, her eyes half filled with tears, for, now that it came to the point, she found that she was really very fond of her geese.

"Eight shillings each," continued Farmer Lovell; "it's a high price, and, though poultry's dear, you are not likely to get such an offer again."

"She'll sell them," said Tom.

"Let your sister speak for herself."

"Yes, thank you; I have made up my mind to sell them," said Norah, "and I'm much obliged to you for—" And here Norah burst out crying.

"What a queer girl you are!" said Tom.

But Farmer Lovell patted her on the shoulders, saying: "I understand, child, and I'll send for them to-night."

That evening the geese had an extra feed of green meat from Norah's hand, an extra pat on the head for good-bye; and when Norah went to bed at night she put her two pounds eight shillings under her pillow, and cried herself to sleep.

"What will she do with it?" asked Tom.

"You'll surely not let her spend it all as she pleases," said the mother.

"Leave her alone," said the father; "the golden geese have been talking to her." The mother lifted up her hands, but said nothing.

V.

The next morning Norah came down to breakfast pale and quiet, and ate her bread and milk in silence, and when her brothers had gone off to work, she sat down beside her father, and asked: "What's the fare to Cloverdale?"

"Cloverdale! What put Cloverdale into thy head, lass? Art going to be a traveller? Let me see, third class would be about ten shillings, I fancy."

"Ten shillings there and ten shillings back, and ten more would be thirty. Father, I want you to go to Cloverdale, and bring grandmother to see us all."

The father gave a start. "What put that in thy thoughts, lass?"

"Grandmother said in her letter she should like to see you once again before she died; and as I minded the geese down by the river, I thought of Joseph in the land of Egypt, and how his old father longed to see him; but I knew that you could not afford to send for grandmother as Joseph sent for Jacob; and then all at once it came to me that the geese would manage it for us."

The father was silent for a while; but he drew Norah closer to him, and kissed her; then he spoke. "Dost hear the lass, mother? Wasn't I right? And haven't the geese been as good as if they'd laid golden eggs for her?"

"Better," replied the mother. "Thou art a

good lass, my daughter, and thy father shall go and satisfy the desire of his heart—to see his mother again in the land of the living. It will do us more good than if thou couldst buy a dozen silk gowns and fine coats."

VI.

And the father went, and the grandmother came; and as they sat round the blazing fire, full of happiness and joy, no heart was lighter and happier than Norah's; and when her grandmother laid her hand upon her head, and said, fondly, "Bless thee, my child, for this great happiness; the remembrance of thy good deed will return to thee again and again, like refreshing waters!" Norah felt as if one of the patriarchs had pronounced a blessing.

"Amen!" said the father. "The golden geese have done their work well!"

The Home Circle.

FROM MY CORNER.

BY LICHEN.

No. 9.

I HAVE been looking at the picture of "Evangeline," and hearing once more some of the choicest passages from that sad, beautiful poem which immortalizes her name. That face always has such a peculiar charm for me. The dreamy, far-off look in the eyes—the sweet patience of the whole countenance, go straight to my heart. The story of her life may be romantic and purely imaginative—very unreal I acknowledge it is; but to me, Evangeline is a real, living woman. I believe that such "have lived and suffered before her."

"Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished,
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen."

What a world of meaning there is in these lines, which stamped themselves indelibly in my memory when I first read them. They reveal a story in themselves, pathetic and mournful. I had a letter recently from a friend who is spending the summer in that part of Louisiana where those old Acadians settled so long ago. Their descendants still live there—a quiet class of French peasantry, with whom she often meets and talks, in her walks. She says there are very few of them, of course, who know anything about the beautiful romance woven by the poet out of the story of their ancestors; but it invests them with a deeper interest to her than she would otherwise feel. She says, also, that Longfellow has given a faithful description of the scenery along those bayous—the bending oaks and willows, the dark cypress and the beautiful vines and southern moss, with

which they are hung, although she believes he has never seen it in person.

I wonder if there are very many people who love to get letters as well as I do. There have been times in my life when they have made one of its chief pleasures. I agree with Tupper, that "A letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection,
And a letter untimely delayed, is as rust to the solder."

One of my great sources of regret is, that I cannot always answer punctually those that I wish to. On receiving an interesting letter from one that I love, my first feeling is a desire to answer immediately, that I may talk of what it contains. Yet, in spite of invalidism and failure of eyesight, I have kept quite a list of regular correspondents, whose letters are like friendly visits. One is a friend who, for a short time past, has been editress of a magazine. Her letters are fresh, spicy, vigorous—like whiffs of mountain air. They bring news of the outer world, glimpses of her work, pleasant incidents of the life she leads, with occasional stimulating words of encouragement for myself.

Another, who, a few years ago, was my most cherished girl friend—now a young wife and mother—writes words which always lift me higher. She is one of those bright, happy Christians, whose religion has nothing grave or gloomy about it, but seems to light up and gladden her whole life. She was, when I saw her last, the embodiment of my creed—that Christians should be the happiest, most truly light-hearted people in the world, because they have more solid grounds for happiness than any others. Congeniality in literary tastes and religious views, drew us closely together in an early stage of our friendship, and though but few letters can pass between us now, yet we know that our thoughts are often with each other, and I have always had her sympathy in times of trial. The influence of a sweet faith pervades her letters,

as well as the evidence of a cultivated mind, which recognizes life's deepest meanings and responsibilities. There is one amongst them very dear, into whose life almost overwhelming sorrow has come; but she tries to bear it so bravely, and makes such efforts to write cheerful letters, that they are a beautiful reproof to many, who, not having near such heavy trials, complain a great deal more over them. She lives close to the Comforter's side, and finds there her strength, and she is quietly doing a good and important work in her little world which she hardly seems conscious of.

Then there are several young relatives, one of whom, beside the tie of kinship, is very near to me, through our sympathy with each other's tastes and work. He tells me of all his poetic creations, his hopes and aspirations regarding them, and sends me his published ones to read. Asks about and encourages me in my own work, in which he is much interested, and exchanges with me his views upon many subjects, which, as his mind matures, engage his thoughts and notice. His sister, a bright young girl, to whom the pleasures of the world are just opening, gives me pictures of her home and social life, comments on the books she reads and the music she learns, and tells me of the flowers she cultivates.

But best of all are the letters from the dear brown-eyed woman in "the cottage by the sea." Long chats about anything and everything of interest to her or to me, and written in the most spicy, entertaining way—pages of beautiful sentiment, sometimes sad enough to bring tears, and then, for fear it will make me too sad, a dash of humor following, which will make every one laugh. Hers are family letters, and considered as treats by all who hear them. She knows and understands me better, perhaps, than any one outside of my own home. She was my ideal woman when I was a child, the confidante and adviser of my early girlhood, and the tender, sympathetic friend of my later years.

There are others whom I do not mention, because I would not be wearisome, but whose letters all help to give interest and variety to my quiet life. Sometimes I receive one from some unknown friend, who writes of the interest she takes in my little corner in the magazine. These give me much pleasure indeed—to think that I can awaken such interest in strangers, that I can give them pleasant thoughts, and inspire the regard they express for me. One such reached me lately, filling my heart with a warm glow as I read its pages. Unknown its writer may ever remain, but she will ever hold a place in my memory, and when the clover blossoms come again, sprinkling the green sward with their pearly heads, they will have a new and pleasant association in addition to those they already hold for me.

The wind is unseen, but it cools the brow of the fevered one, sweetens the summer atmosphere, and ripples the surface of the lake into silver spangles of beauty. So goodness of heart, though invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt; and from its effects upon surrounding things we are assured of its existence.

"SHE LOOKETH WELL TO THE WAYS OF HER HOUSEHOLD."

ONLY a little phrase of nine words, and yet how much it means. Coming to us as it does from those old Bible days, did not they of olden time understand a woman's true kingdom, or "rights," if you wish?

This "looking well to the ways of the household" is a talent that but very few women possess. 'Tis not merely to get a good dinner, make a nice bed, and keep the house clean. Not merely this, I say; although a well-kept house must needs see all this—and far more than this—done.

It is the womanly art of making a house not a stopping-place for meals, etc., but a home in the truest sense of the old-fashioned word. Old-fashioned it surely is.

Now-a-days, if an "offer" is received by a young lady, her mamma asks, "How much is he worth?" She does not teach her how she is to fulfill her duties as a wife and mother; and she enters her new life with no serious thoughts of the great responsibilities she took upon herself with the utterance of that holy vow to "love, honor and obey."

And what is the consequence? Instead of a well-regulated household, there are petty strifes and quarrels. If fashionables, the wife spends her time in society's whirl, and the husband in the club-room. If poorer, the husband lounges around the "tavern" or store, and the wife spends her evenings in brooding over her life disappointments. Thus they live until death parts them, or the darker fate of separation overtakes them.

Not in the higher walks of life will you be most likely to find a woman who "looketh well to the ways of her household." You will oftenest find the true home-spirit in some humble dwelling-place, where the husband and father toils all the day for wherewithal to clothe and feed his dear ones, and whose only pictures are little faces framed in the window-pane, "watching for papa."

You may laugh at my fancies about "love in a cottage," and "when poverty comes in love flies out;" but show me a happier household than that of Martha and Mary of Bethany.

I often picture to myself that scene at twilight. Martha, so careful in worldly things, busies herself about their humble home, giving the table another touch, to be sure all was the nicest it could be for their illustrious Guest. Supper over, Martha removes the dishes and tidies the house, while gentle Mary sits with an earnest face at the Saviour's feet, listening to the precious words that fall from His lips. And thus the twilight closes over this peaceful home.

That one little word, "home," always suggests rest, peace and comfort whenever I hear it. It is a place where, at night, the weary husband can lay aside his care. Where is rest for heart, brain and tired body. Where he can forget the busy world and all its struggle and annoyances, finding sweet peace at home.

You may repeat scornfully the old rhyme:

"A man's work ends with the sun,
But a woman's work is never done,"

if she "looketh well to the ways of her household."

But is anybody's work ever "done?" We all have our life-web to weave; and, put a little heart-work into your housework, and you will find rest enough.

Give me the honor of being a model housekeeper in preference to anything else. A home that will have an influence to guide my loved ones through all life's snares and trials by its precious memory.

Be true women. Home is your kingdom. You are its ruler; but rule with a rod of sweet, loving influence that shall last until eternity. What is so dear to you as the remembrances of a mother's love, and those dear scenes in the holy hour of twilight? Could you wish for a brighter fame than that mother has? If the world is saved, these "mothers in Israel" will do it by home-training, and nothing else.

Again I say, be true women. Look "well to the ways of your households;" letting your helpers be love, patience and charity. It has been said that the "sweetest words in the English language are Mother, Home and Heaven." Such as you are, so will be your children. Then, mothers, first cleanse the household of your hearts, that no ill-temper, repining and other prints of unclean habitants shall ever show themselves to your little ones. So you will one day send them out into the world, noble-minded, true-hearted men and women; or, if God wills otherwise, fitted to stand in the presence of Him who is purity itself.

Through all their lives, the thought of a patient, loving mother, and a peaceful, happy home, shall be a guide in heavenward steps that shall never fail them. Thus let us bind these cords of sweet home influence around our dear ones, that their life-boats never break from their moorings, and drift rudderless into "unknown seas;" but shall cast anchor at last on the shore of that "beautiful river, where storms beat no more, and whose waters touch the great white throne—the Rock that is higher than we."

MRS. E. R. BARLOW.

THE SEWING-BASKET.

IN preparing the children's winter clothing pay great attention to the linings. Do not cumber the little ones with a great number of pieces, waists and sacques piled one on another, until the process of undressing is much like peeling an onion. Rather give them first a good warm flannel suit next the skin, covering them from head to feet, with long woollen sleeves to it that meet the knit worsted wristlets. With this foundation, a child can easily be shielded from the cold in the severest weather. Let the basques of the little girls and the jackets of the boys be lined throughout with worsted, and they will keep the little shoulders and arms as warm as toast. A prudent mother will bring out her stores and utilize all her old scraps of flannel, and plaid worsteds, and odds and ends of waterproof and the like in making these linings. No matter if all are not alike. I have seen three or four different kinds used to line

one jacket, and nobody was the wiser for it, and the garment was just as warm. These woollen linings are equivalent to an extra garment any day, and make far less trouble in washing, making and putting on.

A pretty fashion just now for a little girl's dress—one five or six years old—is to make the skirt and pleat it on the back, leaving it plain in front, and then sew it on to a sleeveless waist, made snug and close-fitting with a seam in the shoulder, like any dress waist. Over this wear a pretty round basque trimmed with a ruffle. A wide ruffle, made to lie down smoothly about the neck, gives it a pretty finish. It is a very easy suit to make; when you have the pattern right it requires no fitting, and is very easy to put on. The child always looks genteel and neatly dressed, though the whole is so simple. You can wear the basque with different skirts, as it suits your convenience. Odds and ends of black alpaca, such as are found in almost every house, would make a neat little basque, if trimmed with pretty plaid or bright braid, to wear with almost any kind of a skirt. Let it be warmly lined, and it will make an excellent garment for mid-winter.

As times are, we shall, doubtless, many of us look over our old stock, with spectacles on, to see the very limits of the possibilities of what we have. Do not despise that old silky coat-lining you are about condemning to the carpet-rag barrel. There is the making of something nice in it, a little basque or skirt that will be bright as a dollar with the addition of a strip of trimming in some pretty color.

A young girl who lives next door at service wears a nice black sacque made double-breasted, with a collar folded down very genteelly. I was asking her about it one day, and she said it was made of an old woollen shawl she never wore. So she had it dyed black, cut out the sacque by a good pattern, piped it with some odds and ends of black silk and set on the shawl fringe on the under edge. It was as nice as any of the girls' sacques I see around, and cost her but a trifle.

The fashions are very handy yet for poor folks. If you have two well-worn dresses that would go well together, as, for instance, black and gray, or blue with either of the others, rip them apart, iron most carefully, sponge and clean to the best of your ability, and then make a new suit of the two put together judiciously. Make the black the ground plan and the blue the trimming, as flounces, ruffles, broad cuffs, etc. Many make the sleeves of the color of the trimming. It is not pretty, but perfectly correct as far as fashion goes, and is often very handy. Get the best of patterns of the prevailing style, rather than any ultra style that will shift with the moon.

CHRISTINE.

WHILE there is so much misery and sin in the world, a man has no right to lull himself to sleep in a paradise of self-improvement and self-enjoyment, in which there is but one supreme Adam, one perfect specimen of humanity, namely, himself. He ought to go out and work—fight, if it must be—wherever duty calls him. The life of action is nobler than the life of thought.

THE GIRLS AT MILLWOOD.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

No. 6.

WE were all seated in the parlor yesterday afternoon. One of the girls was reading aloud, something from a religious paper—I forget what—but the article closed with this sentence: "She was a woman of breadth and culture, and wanted only necessity and opportunity to make a strong mark in any direction in which she had exercised her ability."

This sentence was a key that unlocked a two hours' talk. One said: "What a pity that every woman could not find her proper vocation!" Another said: "Wish there was a law of gravitation that every woman would just naturally draw into her own nick!" And so we all talked on cheerily, some witty, some grave, and some very seriously.

"And you know," said Esther, "that Mrs. —, the great fashionable dressmaker in New York City, was once a country village schoolma'am, who taught for two dollars a week and boarded round. When a little girl, she was very apt at fashioning doll clothes, and devising pretty things to wear in her hair and about her neck; indeed, her mother, a rigid Presbyterian, was sadly shocked at the worldliness exhibited by her little daughter, and frequently lectured her, and threw into the fire the pretty things that grew into marvelous beauty under the touch of her skillful fingers. When young, she married a poor man, who sold patent rights. He was absent from home a great deal, and his wife would go across the street and do chores for her neighbor, a milliner. She could press bonnets because of the strength and strong muscular power in her firm, round arms; then she could sew coarse braids; then trim hats for the little maidens out in the country, and add the finishing touches to their mothers' and grandmothers' bonnets. Little by little, she worked on this way, gaining new knowledge every day, until finally she became the leading milliner in the village; then the county seat; and now her emporium is one of the finest in New York City."

Josephine said the Misses Newman in Cincinnati were once farmers' daughters, living away off the road in a lonely log farm-house. They were very poor. They milked two cows, and sold a little butter; raised a calf by hand occasionally, and got the money it brought; picked geese, and sold the few feathers for fifty cents a pound; earned something in the summer by picking blackberries, putting up pickles and the like; but finally an aunt who was a dressmaker visited them, and found by the cut and make of their dresses that they were gifted in that line. She took one of them home with her, taught her the trade, and then the last obstacle was removed, and the sisters worked with a will and with delight at their native calling. To-day their taste and skill is unquestioned, and is sought for.

We would not wish to make farmers' daughters dissatisfied, but we advise, that wherever a girl knows, and her friends know, that she has a talent for a certain calling, let her follow the bent of her inclinations, and become a teacher, dressmaker, milliner, clerk, bookkeeper, or whatever she is born for. It is a violation of nature's laws to hinder or debar her from her natural work. Let her set her mark, hold fast her integrity, be brave and honest and firm, kind and true, and the blessing that goes with the good will follow after and abide with her.

Thursday.—Oh, ho! We've been out gathering pretty things to make bouquets for winter! Our parlor will be aglow with sweet hints of the summer-time, while the wild winds will wail without, and the frosty snows whirl with a cutting spite through the sharp airs.

Sylvia made one—with so little trouble, too.

Take almost any kind of dry growth—mulleins, weed tops, swamp grasses, cones, burrs, radish or turnip-seed pods, teasles, or anything your fancy dictates—

when perfectly dry, dip them into weak gum-arabic water—say one ounce of gum to a cup of water—hold them over a paper, and quickly dust over them common paints. Your own taste will be your guide in coloring the different kinds of articles the right color. Don't make your bouquet too flashy. Purchase a few cents' worth of each kind of paint—chrome yellow, Prussian blue, vermilion, Venetian red, Paris green, umber and white. For white you can substitute flour, if you wish. You can put in some pretty amaranths here and there.

If your bouquet is large, you can make it in a crock, if you wish. Color the crock green on the outside, fill it with dry sand, well packed in and pressed down, and if you want the surface covered do that with moss, made permanently green by dipping it in the gum-arabic water and sifting Paris green over it.

Exercise care while handling the latter article; do not inhale any of it, or allow it to touch a cut or sore about your hands.

A very pretty hanging-basket for winter can be made with moss, dyed green, and with amaranth flowers and dyed leaves, and those beautiful bunches of crimson berries that fade not during the winter—Indian turnip we call them—they are easily found now in the woods, and they never were so perfect and so pretty as they are this fall.

Very nice cords to suspend your hanging-baskets can be made of common coarse twine covered with old dress-braid—red, blue, green, black, or any other kind for which you have no other possible use.

Just while I am speaking of gum-arabic, I am reminded to say that the finest article of mucilage I ever saw was made of this gum, put in a bottle and merely covered with cold water. It will dissolve in a day or so, and will never ferment if made cold. If it is too thick, add a little more water to it.

I keep ours standing in the pantry in case of a burn. Cover the burn immediately, and the pain is forgotten and scarcely felt at all. It excludes the air, and in that lies the remedy.

A solution of gum-arabic thickened with plaster of Paris is the finest cement known for broken glass or china ware. I have a preserve-dish that my dear dead George Nelson mended years ago, and though it has been in constant use, it remains as good as new.

I have heard that glue or gum-arabic mucilage is good to apply to a cut.

Saturday.—Professor Barton and his wife called on our professor one day this week, and in our usual informal way we discussed them at our tea-table. Now don't think that we gossip, and tell news, and make remarks about people, either kindly or unkindly, for we do not. We endeavor to shun every topic that could belittle us or lead us into light, loose, gossiping habits. Professor Barton's wife does not seem to be his equal, or the kind of a woman he should have married; but we touched the subject lightly, and remarked about the beauty of her hair, and her voice, and her pretty gait. Yet I know just how that match came to be, and though I could not tell my girls, I can tell you, the other girls. I hope you will learn something from it.

There was a cold, match-making mamma who planned, and plotted, and wrought the deed. Professor Barton was a young man teaching a select school in the district where the Lisles lived, and Bessie Lisle, now Bessie Barton, was one of the pupils. Mamma Lisle liked the modest young man, and after some planning the professor became Bessie's beau. Mamma cooked good dinners and nice suppers, and the teacher was often invited there. Just before his term closed, the mother made inquiry of Bessie, and learned, after much blushing and painful embarrassment, that matters stood pretty nearly as they had from the first.

Then she led this modest, guileless girl into a plan from which she shrank instinctively.

"Tell him," said the mother, "that you've had an

offer of marriage from a wealthy old man in Michigan, one who will make you his pet and his darling; ask his advice about your accepting the offer; shudder a little, and hesitate as though you dreaded the thought, and see what he will say."

Now, almost unknown to herself, Bessie had learned to love the young professor, and the poor girl was tempted, and followed her mother's instructions, and the scheme worked well.

The unsophisticated youth was startled, hurt, his heart was touched with pity; he asked her in a broken voice if she loved the wealthy old sutor; she shuddered at the seeming reality of her position in the farce she played; he proposed; she accepted, and the work was done just precisely as the crafty mother had planned her part with his plastic nature.

He esteemed himself heroic, fortunate, and, in a few weeks—foolish. He saw his haste, and repented and

resolved to ask a release, but his heart failed him, his sense of honor restrained him, and though, afterward, he saw women whom his mind, and judgment, and intellect could have worshipped, and approved, and appreciated, he held his word and honor sacred—preserved them inviolate, and married little Bessie Lisle.

Of course, such a sincere, honorable man makes a good and kind husband, and Bessie is a pattern wife, though she cannot enter with her companion into the charmed circle, where he finds the highest and the most satisfying happiness, because she lacks a cultured intellect.

Perhaps there is a little sting in her conscience—perhaps not—but the woman who stoops to trickery and subterfuge, especially in a matter pertaining to the welfare of her own and another's life, is not to be envied. Her happiness is not founded upon a rock, but is built on ground that belongs to another.

Evenings with the Poets.

ANGEL CHARLIE.

BY MRS. E. C. JUDSON.

HE came—a beauteous vision—
Then vanished from my sight,
His wing one moment cleaving
The blackness of my night;
My glad ear caught its rustle,
Then sweeping by, he stole
The dewdrop that his coming
Had cherished in my soul.

Oh, he had been my solace
When grief my spirit awayed,
And on his fragile being
Had tender hopes been stayed;
Where thought, where feeling lingered,
His form was sure to glide,
And in the lone night watches
'Twas ever at my side.

He came; but as the blossom
Its petals closes up,
And hides them from the tempest,
Within its sheltering cup,
So he his spirit gathered
Back to his frightened breast,
And passed from earth's grim threshold
To be the Saviour's guest.

My boy—ah, me! the sweetness,
The anguish of that word!—
My boy, when'er strange night-dreams
My slumbering soul is stirred,
When music floats around me,
When soft lips touch my brow,
And whisper gentle greetings,
Oh, tell me, is it thou?

I know, by one sweet token,
My Charlie is not dead;
One golden clew he left me,
As on his way he sped,
Were he some gem or blossom,
But fashioned for to-day,
My love would slowly perish
With his dissolving clay.

Oh, by this deathless yearning,
Which is not idly given;
By the delicious nearness
My spirit feels to Heaven;
By dreams that throng my night-sleep;
By visions of the day;
By whisperings when I'm erring;
By promptings when I pray,—

I know this life so cherished,
Which sprang beneath my heart,
Which formed of my own being
So beautiful a part;
This precious, winsome creature,
My unfledged, voiceless dove,
Lifts now a seraph's pinions,
And warbles lays of love.

Oh, I would not recall thee,
My glorious angel boy;
Thou needest not my bosom,
Rare bird of light and joy;
Here dash I down the tear-drops,
Still gathering in my eyes,
Blest! oh, how blest! In adding
A seraph to the skies!

RESPITE.

BY ALICE CARY.

LEAVE me, dear ones, to my slumber,
Daylight's faded glow is gone;
In the red light of the morning
I must rise and journey on.

I am weary, oh, how weary!
And would rest a little while,
Let your kind looks be my blessing,
And your last "Good-night" a smile.

We have journeyed up together,
Through the pleasant day-time frown;
Now my feet have pressed life's summit,
And my pathway lies alone.

And, my dear ones, do not call me,
Should you haply be awake,
When across the eastern hill-tops
Presently the day shall break.

For, while yet the stars are lying
In the gray lap of the dawn,
On my long and solemn journey
I shall be awake and gone;

Far from mortal pain and sorrow,
And from passion's stormy swell,
Knocking at the golden gateway
Of the eternal citadel.

Therefore, dear ones, let me slumber—
Faded is the day and gone;
And with morning's early splendor,
I must rise and journey on.

FALL.

BY R. W. BALL.

THE grain of Sarra soon will be
On every hedge and every tree;
From Autumn's beaker wine will flow
Of richer tint and purpler glow
Of richer tint and purpler glow
Than southmost vintages can show—
Aerial, lucent, welling clear
From sun vats of the ripened year.
Wine, essence of all glorious things,
Gushing from Morn and Sunset's springs,
Blue skies and Autumn's bracing airs,
From apples, peaches, plums and pears,
From rustling fields of golden maize,
From rich October's gorgeous days;

Wine with aroma manifold
 Such as cheered the Age of Gold,
 The cool, bright hydromel of Fall
 In azure tun ethereal;
 Fermented, which the weary brain
 Maketh to glow with thought again,
 Driving all moodiness away,
 Freshening its involutions gray;
 Filling with breezy rapture all
 The dome of thought, its daedal hall
 And subtle labyrinths more fine
 Than Cretan artists could design:—
 Queen Fall! thou colorist superb,
 Turning to gold each humblest herb,
 Here, far from Equatorial heat,
 The skies of palm-lands thou dost beat,
 Pavilions with deeper blue

Our crags than Grecian isles e'er knew.
 Richer and richer glows the year
 Each hour and day with harvest cheer;
 Through sunset vistas, cool and dim,
 Ere long the Hunter's Moon will swim,
 Steeping in dewy golden beams
 Piled fruits and orchards, lakes and streams,
 His gun the hunter will forget,
 As dries the wind his forehead wet,
 While from some breezy, shaded knoll
 He sees the fairy earth unroll
 Its misty, iridescent gold
 Of yellowing bowers and ripened grain
 Which clothe each far-stretched vale and plain—
 With gleaming rivers winding through,
 And far Sierras faint and blue.

Boston Courier.

The Great Centennial Exhibition.

HERE AND THERE.

THE question has been frequently asked us, in a deprecating manner, whether the Centennial Exhibition is all that we had hoped and expected it to be. What have these people hoped and expected regarding it? In it are the gathered evidences of the wealth, the civilization, the natural resources, the manufactures, the fine arts, and the intellectual progress, of almost every nation on the face of the globe. What more have these people expected? If the display is not large enough, it must be said in reply, that even the world has its limits, and the neighboring planets are as yet inaccessible. Did they hope to behold, from some hitherto undiscovered, unheard-of country, productions new and startling, and bordering on the marvellous? Did they, in these days of travel and travellers' books, expect to see spread out before them such wonders as they had never even heard of before? What, then, is there lacking?

In art there may be numbers of mediocre pictures on exhibition; but then, taken as a whole, the collection undoubtedly embraces some of the very best in the world of their class. If the spectator is not qualified to distinguish these, and to appreciate them as they deserve to be appreciated, the fault is in him and not in them. If we turn to musical instruments, can we ask a greater variety or greater excellence, ranging as they do from the grand organs over two of the entrances down to the tiny singing-birds from Geneva? Is there anything left to be desired in carving, after we have examined the intricate and laborious wood and ivory carvings from China, the ideally beautiful productions from Italy, the exquisite specimens from Belgium, the elaborately carved furniture from India, and the decorations from Portugal? Where in the world may we hope to find better, more artistic, more nearly perfect? Is the spectator's æsthetic taste dissatisfied with the furniture of every variety and style from the various nations? Surely among them all he must find something to admire—something to be content with. Are not the silken fabrics rich enough in texture, bright enough in tint, and varied enough in design? Can he conceive of anything more beautiful than some of the designs in silver, glass and china? Does not the material progress exhibited in Machinery Hall satisfy him? In fine, what would he have? What is there lacking that art, or energy, or money can supply, that shall render the Exhibition a worthy one in his eyes?

The fact is, the Centennial Exhibition, instead of falling below, so exceeds the expectation, that the mind is oppressed in its contemplation, and becomes wearied, and sometimes, from very weariness, dissatisfied.

There is not a department in the entire Main Building which, if it were upon exhibition by itself, would not furnish material for a prolonged and interested ex-

amination. Now, feeling overwhelmed by a sense of all we must look at, we pass with a cursory glance objects to which in days to come we shall regret giving no more attention. What unexampled opportunity is offered the student of natural history or geology to study these branches! Yet how many of us, who even profess an interest in them, are improving the time as we ought? And how we shall regret our negligence in days to come! The exceptional fauna of Australia, so well represented by stuffed specimens, and which possess a peculiar interest, are passed by with the most careless of glances. The magnificent display of volcanic rock and lava from the Sandwich Islands, and the equally curious collection of corals from the same locality, elicit perhaps a passing remark for their brilliancy of color and graceful forms, and that is all.

There is not one of us who would not read with the most lively attention a description of the mechanical singing-birds from Geneva, and feel that they were almost worthy a journey across the ocean to visit, if they could not be seen nearer. Yet the writer of this article chanced to come across them in the Swiss Department just as they were shaking their throats, and pouring out their fullest and sweetest song, as beautiful and as perfect as any real bird; and only stopped a moment to look at them, and then passed on, to give just as brief a glance to the wonderful Flemish tapestries. It was not until after we had time to reflect about them, that we really comprehended the wonders we had beheld.

So it was with the Bryant Vase, which stands in the neighborhood of the Tiffany collection near the centre of the building. Wearied out with the fatigues of a day's sight-seeing, we were content to give it the merest glance in passing. But our eyes caught sight of a photograph of it on a stand beside it, and that riveted our attention, displaying as it did its beauties even more than the real vase. It is a little curious how artistic excellence is brought out by this wonderful process of photography. The visitor to the Egyptian Department is very liable to pass the cabinets of Marquetry with as little attention as though furniture fancifully inlaid with ivory, ebony and other woods were the most common of one's daily surroundings. But if the eye falls upon the photographs of these magnificent cabinets or wardrobes, the attention is riveted, and from a study of them the spectator turns to the articles themselves, and comprehends for the first time their rare excellence and beauty.

Here is a hint for those who would possess themselves of mementos of the Exhibition—and who does not wish to do so? Everywhere, almost, throughout the various buildings, are photographs of different objects, or of certain departments, for sale. Nothing could be better to take home to show to those who have not been able to visit the Exhibition; and nothing will be more satisfactory to the visitor himself

In days to come. He will live the time spent in the Centennial over again, whenever he looks at them.

If the visitor could only divest himself of the idea of the responsibility of wholesale sight-seeing, and look at each single article which pleases him as though that were to be seen, and nothing more, he would derive more pleasure, and return home with a far more satisfactory remembrance of what he has seen.

There are some things which should be looked for, and, when found, looked at. Among them is, in the Danish collection, which is next to that of Egypt, a number of exhibits from Greenland. The entire Greenland exhibit is not only interesting, but instructive, and, to the young boy or girl, worth a whole month of geography at school. There is an Esquimaux canoe, with an Esquimaux seated in it; there are models of Esquimaux huts, real Esquimaux suits, specimens of arctic birds, accoutrements of the fisher and hunter, and other things which one reads about in books of arctic travel.

In Egypt is a crocodile, a model in plaster of the largest pyramid, specimens of ancient armor, ancient household utensils, and ancient plate, and other things which will tell a story of their own, if the spectator stops long enough to listen to them. Here, in fact, are found the relics of the oldest-known civilization of the world, and the student will regret it if he allows the opportunity for examining them to pass but partially improved.

The archaeologist will find, in the Peruvian Department, and again in the United States Building, traces of ancient races—mummies, pottery and models of cave-sheltered dwellings; while the flint instruments of the stone age are to be seen in various buildings upon the grounds. These things, about which we have read so much, and concerning which we have felt such a lively curiosity that we would fain have visited the regions where they were to be found, are brought directly within our reach, and we may see them with our own eyes.

Every woman will desire to look upon the India shawls. There they are, in the India sub-department of Great Britain, in a glass case, in company with richly-embroidered robes. The India muslins, some of them embroidered or woven with gold, are no less worth seeing, and the spectator with a keen delight in bright and glittering tints half regrets that such fabrics are not permissible in our subdued western civilization.

While sitting in the music-stand, resting, we overheard a young man say to his lady companion: "I want to show you the very best thing in the Exhibition." "Oh, I know what it is," she replied; "it is a looking-glass." It did not happen to be a looking-glass, but that is no matter; the looking-glass is one of the things best worth looking at, if one wishes to enjoy a hearty laugh either at his own or another's expense. This particular looking-glass is situated on the cross avenue leading directly from the fountain toward the front of the Main Building. It is cylindrically convex, and causes most comical distortions of the human figure. While standing before it, laughing and admiring, a policeman passed with a quick step behind us, and the mirror gave him the veritable appearance of a thief fleeing from a pursuing retribution.

We have thus far been unfortunate in our attempts to visit the Kindergarten, since it has been invariably closed for some reason or other whenever we would fain have seen it in full operation. But in the Swiss Department of the Main Building, in the collection from the Indian Territory in the United States Government Building, and in the Educational Building of Pennsylvania, are wonderful and intricate specimens of work of various kinds of the pupils of Kindergartens. When mere babes can be instructed to make such beautiful and elaborate designs with the pencil, can construct such fanciful articles out of paper, and put together straws in such accurate geometrical figures,

and all by the way of amusement, it shows what are the facilities of the Kindergarten methods for developing the infantile faculties. The Kindergarten is surely the primary school of the future; and it does more than solve the problem of elementary education, since it will relieve mothers, whose hands are full of work, and possibly of younger babes, of the little ones whose very activity is a perpetual source of annoyance to a nervous, tired woman. Let the days of Kindergartens come quickly.

We have already told you of the wonderful tapestries in the Belgian Department. There is on exhibition a small frame, or loom, showing how these tapestries are woven by hand, since they are not the production of the needle, as may be at first supposed. So, too, we have mentioned the Belgian laces; but if they will bear looking at innumerable times—and what woman is there who does not take a peep at them whenever she visits the Main Building?—they will bear being referred to twice. We will only say, however, do not overlook them. That magnificently-embroidered lilac silk dress, alas! is lilac no longer. The light has faded it to a uniformly dull, dirty gray. Maybe some thrifty woman might dye it, for the sake of the elaborate, lace-like embroidery; but its pristine beauty is gone forever.

Go to the eastern end of the Main Building, and take a look at the oil-cloths. They fairly rival marble in tint and finish. There seems to be no excuse for using the ugly patterns so often seen, when tints and patterns so exquisite can be found in the market. Having looked at them, turn to the right, and look at the paper carpeting displayed by Megarge & Co., of Philadelphia. It lacks the beauty and finish of the oil-cloth, but it is nearly as durable, and far cheaper. These papers can be used to great advantage in papering the walls of rooms. They are tacked on, and present a durable surface, which can be kept clean by washing. For kitchens they seem especially suitable.

Speaking of wall-paper, the visitor who inspects the miniature rooms with sets of furniture, in the British Department, and pays special attention to the quiet yet rich tints of the wall-papers, can scarcely fail to turn away with new ideas concerning the colors which should prevail upon our walls. The glaring white and light tints which are so almost universal with us in America, seem rude and barbarous, in comparison with the sombre colors which match or harmonize with the upholstery of the room, and which furnish a neutral background to its more prominent objects, animate and inanimate. This display of house-papering and house-furnishing ought to inaugurate a revolution in this country concerning these matters. We hope our wall-paper manufacturers and upholsterers will perceive this, and provide the public with richer and less garish patterns of wall-paper, and other tints for furniture than positive reds, greens, blues and browns.

Directly to the north of the central music-stand is a British exhibition of silverware, which is unique. Each design seems more beautiful than the last examined; but the *Chef-d'œuvre* is the large vase in the Repousse style, which occupies the middle of the apartment. This vase is of hammered steel, ornamented with silver and gold. The visitor can spare but a few moments to its examination; but it is deserving of more than this. I do not know whether this vase has been photographed, but it surely ought to be.

South from the main stand, and directly opposite the department just mentioned, is the department of Tiffany & Co., of New York. Let everybody look at the display of diamonds of this firm, and especially at the diamond peacock's feather. The centre of this feather is composed of an enormously large, canary-colored brilliant, surrounded by rows of smaller brilliants. Sprays of small brilliants on either side of the stem complete the feather. The whole is delicately arranged

on springs concealed at the back, so that at every motion of the wearer's head, the feather will tremble and gleam with light. The privilege of possessing and wearing this feather can be purchased cheaply for fifteen thousand dollars, since the brilliant which composes the centre was, at one time not very remote, sold for thirty thousand dollars.

Does one care to look at variety of carpets? There are Turkey, Egyptian and Nubian carpets, all exceedingly ugly, if one only dared to say so; English, French, Belgian and American. Surely the most fastidious taste might be satisfied somewhere among them all. Entering at one of the doors facing Memorial Hall—it might have been the one on the avenue leading to the fountain—we saw four magnificent carpets displayed on the left hand side, either one of which would have contented us; but all four were too much. We went

away dissatisfied and disgusted in not being able to make a choice.

But this Centennial Exhibition is something more than the exhibition of rare productions from different quarters of the globe. It is even something more than a celebration of our own national birthday. It marks an era in civilization, when all the nations of the earth can assemble peacefully and fraternally, with an interchange of courtesies, and become acquainted with one another. It signals the progression of the human race out of its most barbarous condition, in which nations only live to make war upon one another; and indicates a time when warfare shall be almost a thing of the past. Such international gatherings as these are the greatest civilizers the world has ever known. Shall we, then, speak slightly of them, because we ourselves, happening to belong to the *nil admirari* school, see nothing very much to astonish us? E. B. D.

Health Department.

COMMON SENSE.

ELEANOR KIRK writes in the *Phrenological Journal* as follows:

"A wise man once said that 'After a long life and great observation he had found that there was nothing so uncommon as common-sense,' and he was doubtless correct. Whether modern training and education push common-sense off the track, or whether it is dying out, is hard to tell; but one thing is sure, the most learned people are usually the ones most lacking. For instance, there is no class of men who more frequently abuse themselves than the men who know all about themselves—the men who have made physiology and anatomy a study—viz., physicians and surgeons.

"This seems to be true all the way along the line, and the men and women whom the world should look to for examples of health and practical common-sense are frequently nothing but stumbling-blocks. When we do chance to find one really in earnest, here we are in trouble again. What is good for him is good for everybody, and in attempting to guide our lives by his we find that we should be very soon relieved of all responsibility. With few exceptions, I have honestly found that the majority of those who take the wisest care of themselves are those who know little or nothing educationally of the human organism. In this, as in other things, familiarity seems to breed contempt. These people find out practically, not theoretically, what line of conduct is productive of the best results, what agrees and what disagrees, and then stick to it.

"Will you have coffee or tea?" inquires the country hostess at breakfast.

"Oh, coffee, please. I never am good for anything till I have my coffee."

"She looks very pretty in her white figured wrapper; her waist is small, and there are darkish rings under her eyes, and she is always ailing; still a few weeks in the country will do wonders, although her nerves will never be strong. She is aware of this, and looks so resigned as she passes her cup to be refilled. The lady at the coffee-urn probably never read a hygienic work in her life, and she drinks neither coffee nor tea, but warm water, and milk and sugar.

"Of course, 'slops' and not to be recommended to anybody, still the one who drinks the slops eats a hearty breakfast, and the one who drinks the coffee never does eat much breakfast; in short, coffee is all she can take.

"I used to feel just so when I drank coffee," says the slop-drinker, "and after awhile I thought I'd try going without it. I substituted chocolate, but that made

me heavy and dyspeptic. I then tried milk. That wouldn't do; and finally I hit upon the warm water, milk and sugar. In two weeks' time I could eat an excellent breakfast, and now I would as soon think of drinking poison as coffee. You see I was nervous enough naturally."

"That was it. Here was the key-note to the whole tune. The other woman was built on the same high-pressure principle, and effects were alike; but she who had read many of the hygienic treatises published preferred to pamper her appetite and suffer the consequences.

"One's meat and another's poison' was never better illustrated than in this matter of coffee-drinking. That coffee may be good for some, I believe; that it is rank poison to others, I know. If coffee satisfies the appetite, it is not good. If it produces that feeling of faintness, that gnawing at the stomach of which so many complain, if it is followed by nervous irritability, it is not good, and all the tonics in creation can never build up what coffee tears down. The woman who cannot work until she has had her coffee, had better postpone her work until her nervous system can be toned down to its normal condition again.

"Men and women who use their brains considerably, and especially those who are not good sleepers, should be extremely cautious about the first meal. In certain cases of dyspepsia I have known boiled rice to work wonders. A well-known and justly-celebrated actress, Mrs. Farren, who has played so long in Brooklyn, and who keeps a motherly eye on the younger ones in the profession, once told a young gentleman in the same company that if he would eat boiled rice three times a day for three weeks, and nothing else, he would certainly recover from dyspepsia.

"I was so ill," he said, "that I was finally compelled to give up my engagement, having been sick a year, and so reduced in strength and flesh as to appear to my friends in the last stages of consumption. I ate the rice for the time stated, varying the trimmings from meal to meal—sometimes eating it with milk, then with a little butter and sugar, and sometimes with butter alone. At the end of the first week I was so much improved as to think seriously of beefsteak, but my physician was inexorable, and I kept steadily on. At the end of three weeks I was very cautiously introduced to other articles of diet, and I have never had a moment's dyspepsia since."

"He drank very weak tea. This, of course, might not do for every case, but since this at least half a dozen confirmed dyspeptics have had reason to be very grateful to Mrs. Farren through my recommending her cure."

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

BY November the fashions for the coming winter are indicated with tolerable certainty. Warmer clothing has already become needful, and the lady who is both careful and tasteful, is sure to have an eye to winter necessities, at the same time she is providing for the autumn season.

One of the promises for the winter is, that suits will be entirely out of favor. They have been worn for a long time, and their exceeding convenience, economy and tastefulness, will cause them to be relinquished with regret. The style of dress most in favor is the princess, whose long, sweeping outlines are unbroken by overdress or ornament; and over this will be worn a deep cloak or ample wrap. The cloak in some form is about to supplant the small, closely-fitting jacket for public wear. The small, coquettish jackets will still be worn for house garments, for either morning or evening. They will be made of dark materials, and brightly embroidered with gold or silver or richly tinted braid, or with jet, gold, silver or steel beads. The cloak most in favor will be long and loose, and, if the wearer can afford it, of velvet. In addition to these deep cloaks, there are handsome walking-coats, half-fitting, of new and stylish shapes. These cloaks and coats will be made of velvets, plushes, silks, basket-

cloths, sicilennes, rough camel's hair and dress goods. They will be trimmed with fancy bindings, soutache embroideries, feathers, furs and ornamental buttons; but all these decorations except buttons will be used sparingly.

Polonaises are still worn, but are in plainer styles than heretofore. Indeed, the marked feature of the season is the almost entire absence of superfluous trimming. Trimmings are still worn in positions where they naturally belong, as about the edge of garments; but they are not spread all over the dress, wherever there is surface to put them, as they have been in years past. Severe simplicity is the order of the day.

Brocaded or damascened goods, of all materials, are to be much worn. They will be combined with plain goods, of either the same or different material or color. The present aim is to secure rich and effective contrasts with quiet and subdued effects.

Hats and bonnets show decided modifications in shape, but are so closely allied to one another in appearance, that it is difficult to distinguish "which is which." The upward-rising brims of the summer have almost entirely disappeared, and given place to brims which droop over the face, or are turned up coquettishly on one side. Crowns are generally higher, and brims broader, than heretofore.

Housekeepers' Department.

PICKLES.

IN the Housekeeper's Department of September number, Pipsey gives us her mode of pickling.

Now, Pipsey seems to know *everything* about housekeeping, and I have received many useful hints from her pen, and hope to many more; perhaps she may like my way of pickling, as I keep cucumbers fresh and green all the year, if the supply is large enough.

Pack green cucumbers in a stone jar, throw in a large handful of salt, pour over them boiling water enough to cover them, let them stand in the salt and water until next day, then pour off the water; repeat the process three successive days. Then put in a brass kettle good, strong, cider vinegar (the stronger the better) enough to cover them, put into the vinegar a piece of alum the size of a walnut, an ounce of cloves, and other spices if you wish, heat the vinegar boiling hot, pour over the pickles. Be sure the water is all drained off. By pouring the water from the pickles into the kettle you can ascertain just the quantity of vinegar to cover them. When cool, put in a cellar; cover the jar. I have prepared them in this way for many years; if the vinegar is good I do not have to change it during the year. I have them now that were prepared in this way more than a year ago, they are crisp, green and very sharp.

MRS. H. N. DAVIS.

COCOANUT CAKE.

I SEE that one of your correspondents wants a recipe for cocoanut cake. The following is an excellent one: One coffee-cup of milk, three of sugar, one of butter and four and a half of flour, four eggs, the whites beaten stiff, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, one cocoanut grated.

With many wishes for the future welfare of our Home.

MABEL.

TELL the lady (magazine loaned and I forget her name), who wants to know how to make cocoanut cake, to try our way. I am glad to tell her for I know she will be delighted. Take the whites of six eggs, one cup and a half of white sugar, half a cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk or cream and about four cups of flour into which has been well sifted a tablespoonful of baking powder. This is our recipe for cake, and it never fails when it comes out of the oven, and never fails to be nice. To make cocoanut cake of it stir into the batter one cup of dessicated cocoa, or grated cocoa either. We always use baking powder instead of soda in making cake; one cannot fail then.

PIPSEY.

For the benefit of "AGE" and others:

One cup of butter, two cups of sugar (white pulverized), one cup of sweet milk, one cup of corn starch, two cups of flour, one and a half teaspoons of baking-powder (or one of cream of tartar and one-half of soda) mixed thoroughly into the flour and starch, *whites* of seven eggs. After all is well mixed up, stir in nearly a teacup of dessicated cocoanut. It can be found at almost any of the groceries. This makes one good-sized loaf, and is really delicious. Leaving out the cocoanut makes a beautiful white starch cake.

COUSIN MATTIE.

RECIPES.

PLAIN CAKE.—One pound of flour; a quarter of a pound of beef dripping; a quarter of a pound of moist sugar; two eggs; two spoonfuls of yeast; two ounces of caraway seeds. Rub the flour, beef dripping and moist sugar well together; beat up the eggs; add the yeast and caraway seeds, and beat up all well together. Bake one hour and a half in a tin.

POTATO PASTY.—One pound and a half of rumpsteak; a large cupful of stock or gravy; a piece of butter the size of an egg; pepper and salt to taste; a few spoon-

fuls of milk; some mashed potatoes. Cut about a pound and a half of rumpsteak into thin slices, season it with pepper and salt to taste, lay it at the bottom of a Pedro-pan, and put small pieces of butter on the top, pour in a large cupful of stock or gravy, and put on the perforated plate. Mash some fine mealy potatoes with a few spoonfuls of milk, and fill up the whole space to the top of the tube of the pan, press the potato down, and mark it with a knife in any form you please. Bake it nearly two hours in a moderate oven. Send it to table with a folded napkin round it, and when served lift up the plate of potatoes.

CUP PUDDINGS.—Three ounces of flour; three ounces of butter; two ounces of sugar; half a pint of milk. Beat the butter to a cream, add to it the sugar pounded, stir in the flour, and mix it with a pint of milk. Put the mixture into buttered cups, and bake twenty minutes.

JOSEPHINE PUDDINGS.—The weight of three eggs with their shells on in flour, sugar and butter; two small lemons. Beat the butter to a cream, then add gradually the sugar pounded, and the grated lemon

peel; stir in the eggs well beaten, and then the flour dried before the fire. Beat all well together, half fill some well-buttered cups or moulds with the mixture, and put them into the oven the moment the flour is added. Bake them in a quick oven for half an hour, or longer should it be a slow one. Serve them quickly with wine sauce poured over them.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—One pound of raisins; one pound of currants; a quarter of a pound of sultanas; one pound of suet; three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs; one pint of milk; ten eggs; three-quarters of a pound of citron and orange peel mixed; one small nutmeg; one glass of brandy. Stone the raisins and divide them, wash and dry the currants and sultanas, and cut the peel into slices. Mix all these with the bread-crumbs, flour and suet chopped very fine, add the grated nutmeg, and then stir in the eggs well beaten, the brandy and the milk. When the ingredients are well blended, put the pudding into a mould, tie a floured cloth over it, and boil six hours. When done, turn it out, and serve it with burning brandy over it, or arrowroot sauce.

Editor's Department.

The Wrongs and Sufferings of Childhood.

FEW men and women can look back to their childhood without a painful remembrance of wrong and suffering, occasioned by the ignorance, self-will or passion of those who had the care of them. And yet, of these, how many are as considerate of the little ones whose well-being and happiness are in their hands as they should be? The sorrows and pains through which they had to pass fall, in too many cases, to make them tender and thoughtful, or wise, in their treatment of that strange and marvelous thing, a human soul.

Now and then some writer whose childhood was made wretched by misapprehension, or by constant assaults upon a sensitive nature, tells the story of early griefs and sorrows with a vividness that stirs our hearts, and affects us with deepest pity for the helpless young sufferer.

Mrs. Jameson relates how she was punished for a supposed obstinacy, and sent hungry and exhausted to bed because she would not do some trifling thing. "I think," she says, "it was to recite some lines I knew by heart. I was punished as wilfully obstinate; but what no one knew then, and what I know now as the fact, was, that after refusing to do what was required, and bearing anger and threats in consequence, I lost the power to do it. I became stone; the will was petrified, and I absolutely could not comply. They might have hacked me to pieces before my lips could have unclosed for utterance. The obstinacy was not in my mind but on my nerves; and I am persuaded that what we call obstinacy in children, and grown-up people, too, is often something of this kind, and that it may be increased by mismanagement, or what is called firmness, into a disease, or something near it."

The terrors of childhood, having their seat in morbid fancies, are things too little considered by matter-of-fact, unimaginative parents, who foolishly think to cure a disease by persistently adding to its exciting cause. A vague dread of fear in the dark and in lonely places, is something impossible to be overcome in some minds; and a far greater number of grown-up people than are willing to acknowledge it, carry this feeling with them through life. If, against the reason and experience of mature years, this vague terror will creep into the soul, how must it be in the unreasoning mind of a timid child? One of these sensitive, imaginative little ones should never be sent alone to bed

in a dark room, nor be required to go alone after night, fall into a cellar, or through a long hall, or into a far-off chamber. Whoever does so commits an act of cruelty. Mrs. Jameson, referring to her own childhood, says:

"There was in my childish mind another cause of suffering. It was fear—fear of darkness and supernatural influences. As long as I can remember anything, I remember these horrors of my infancy. How they had been awakened I do not know; they were never revealed. I had heard other children ridiculed for such fears, and I held my peace. At first these haunting, thrilling, stifling terrors were vague; afterwards the form varied; but one of the most permanent was the ghost in Hamlet. There was a volume of Shakespeare lying about, in which was an engraving I have not seen since, but it remains distinct in my mind as a picture. On one side stood Hamlet with his hair on end, literally 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine,' and one hand with all the fingers outspread. On the other strided the ghost, encased in armor with nodding plumes, one finger pointing forward, and all surrounded with a supernatural light. Oh, that spectre! For three years it followed me up and down the dark staircase, or stood by my bed; only the blessed light had power to exorcise it. How it was that I knew, while I trembled and quaked, that it was unreal, never cried out, never expostulated, never confessed, I do not know. The figure of Apollon looming over Christian, which I had found in an old edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' was also a great torment. In daylight I was not only fearless, but audacious, inclined to defy all power and brave all danger—that is, all danger I could see. I remember volunteering to lead the way through a herd of cattle (among which was a dangerous bull, the terror of the neighborhood), armed only with a little stick; but first I said the Lord's Prayer fervently. In the ghastly night I never prayed; terror stifled prayer. These visionary sufferings, in some form or other, pursued me till I was nearly twelve years old. If I had not possessed a strong constitution and a strong understanding, which rejected and condemned my own fears, even while they shook me, I had been destroyed. How much weaker children suffer in this way, I have since known; and have known how to bring them help and strength through sympathy and knowledge—the sympathy that soothes and does not encourage—the knowledge that dispels, but does not suggest, the evil."

A writer in a recent number of *Appleton's Journal* has a chapter on the "Sufferings of Childhood," in which many of the needless causes are set forth. "I remember for years," she says, "never knowing whether I should be whipped or caressed for what I was about to do. I once kissed a beautiful child, smaller than myself, who pleased me with her golden curls, and received a smart box on the ear for so doing. My nurse, an elderly and not unkind person, told me afterwards that this child had just come from an infected household where there was scarlet fever, and she thought I would get it, and take it to all my brothers and sisters. She and her ignorance and her injustice sleep in the grave this many a year; but the wrong she did me remains fresh in my character, and has injured it irretrievably."

Of the minor miseries of childhood occasioned by the narrow prejudices, false ideas or lack of a true perception in parents, this writer has the following:

"One of the greatest of the *petites miseres* of childhood arises from dress. A boy suffers dreadfully if his clothes are of a peculiar cut or a shade finer than his fellows. I have known a boy made miserable because he was compelled to wear a collar of a peculiar cut; and one of my gloomiest periods of mortification hangs round a sash that I was required to wear, which was considered unreasonably broad. The undying laughter of a scornful schoolmate still rings in my ears. When I came home and complained of it, I was made to wear it, to show me that I must be indifferent to ridicule! As if a child of seven could conquer and kill that emotion! The decision was very unwise, for it simply caused me to suffer, and took my mind from greater and better things. Had the sash been removed, I should have forgotten all about it; as it is, it has become the shirt of Nessus, and clings tightly to me through life.

"A lady told me a few years ago that she felt she had made a fatal mistake in not allowing her daughter, when a little girl, to have a hoop-skirt; all the other children had them at the dancing-school, and looked, as she thought, ridiculously like ballet-girls, so she sent her child in among them in a lanky robe, which made her look very unlike them. The child was thus rendered conspicuous and unhappy. She wept, and implored, and begged to stay at home, but was made by her strong-minded parent to go and endure. After she had greatly suffered by this process, her mother discovered her mistake, and found that the subject of dress was hereafter to be her daughter's one subject of thought and interest, while a certain bitterness had crept in, to the great injury of an originally amiable character.

"There is danger always, in thus asking of our children a virtue too great for their years, that we create the very vice we seek to cure; if children are dressed like their fellows, costume assumes its proper subordinate position. 'It is the skin of the part,' said a famous tragedian; and it should be like the skin, fitting, and not otherwise.

"If that lady who denied her little daughter the hoop-skirt had been asked herself to go down Broadway in the Bloomer costume, she would have rebelled decidedly; and yet, she demanded of her little daughter a courage ten times as great, and inflicted a suffering immeasurably greater."

The Home Magazine, and its acceptance with the People.

IT is pleasant to know that our effort to make the "HOME" a true household magazine, and in sympathy with the common life and social interests of the people, is gaining for it increasing favor, and giving it a stronger hold upon the hearts of its readers. We are in the constant receipt of letters expressing the warmest approval, and could fill pages with extracts quite as gratifying as the following, but have no room

to spare. A gentleman of fine literary culture says, in closing a communication to the editor:

"I cannot refrain from here giving expression to the thanks I continually feel for the privilege of having your excellent magazine visit our little home each month. We are taking several others of the first-class magazines, but none of them fills just the place that yours does. None others draw so closely around the family hearth-stone, or enter so closely into our *every-day home-life*. We have had our numbers for last year bound, and they make an elegant book. So long as I can earn five dollars per year, I mean to give two and a half of it for your magazine."

Publishers' Department.

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1877.

WE have already settled most of our plans and arrangements for the coming year. See Prospectus for 1877 in this number. There is to be no change in any of the distinctive features of the magazine; only a new and higher interest in all of its Departments. To our corps of contributors, which now includes some of the most popular authors of the day, we shall add new writers, in order to secure for our readers the largest possible variety of literary attractions. In nothing will the HOME MAGAZINE recede from its advanced position among the periodicals of the day. Its way is steadily onward and upward.

TO OUR CLUB-GETTERS.

We would call the particular attention of our club-getters to the fact, that an

IMPORTANT REDUCTION IN CLUB RATES

has been made for the coming year. This will not only enable them to make up their clubs more easily, but in many cases to enlarge them. We would also call their attention to the fact that we offer

THE LARGEST PREMIUM

ever given for a club of subscribers at the lowest club rates. This Premium is a copy of our Great National Picture of "ALL THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES," handsomely framed in heavy walnut and gilt moulding! (See Prospectus.)

All who wish to secure a copy of this splendid steel engraving, elegantly framed and ready for hanging, should begin making up their clubs at once, and not wait until the agents and club-getters of other periodicals have been over the ground. Commence early if you would have easy work.

OUR CORPS OF WRITERS FOR NEXT YEAR.

Our literary arrangements for next year will afford the readers of the HOME MAGAZINE a continual feast of good things. We cannot now give the names of all the talented authors who will contribute to its pages; but among them will be the following:

JULIA C. R. DOBB,
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
ROSSELLA RICE,
MRS. E. B. DUFFEY,
MARION L. REEVES,
T. S. ARTHUR,
HELEN R. MITCHELL,
JNO. B. DUFFEY,

PIPSISSIWAY POTTS,
LAURA J. DAKIN,
MARY E. CABELL,
HESTER A. BENEDICT,
SUSAN B. LONG,
E. CHARDON,
"LICHEN,"
CHATTY BROOKS,
M. T. ADKINS.

With many others, well known to, and favorites with, our readers, whose pens will crowd the successive

numbers of the magazine with articles of the highest interest.

The "HOME" for the new year upon which it is about to enter, we intend to make better and more attractive in all of its Departments than it has ever been before.

We have had many calls during the past two or three months from subscribers to the HOME MAGAZINE, coming from all parts of the country to visit the Centennial Exhibition. It was pleasant to meet them, and very pleasant to take by the hand and come face to face with friends who were so warm and earnest in the expression of their good will, and so hearty in their praise of our magazine, which some of them had taken for as long as ten or fifteen years, and which had become with them almost a household necessity.

"The HOME is steadily gaining favor among our people," said a subscriber residing in a distant State, who called recently at our office. "We could not keep house without it," said another. "It is the best magazine that ever came into our family," declared a third. "It grows better and better every year," was the heartily-expressed commendation of another. Well, to give it this high merit and interest is just what we have been striving after, and we cannot but feel gratified to know that our efforts have been successful, and our work appreciated by our many subscribers.

Lives and Portraits of all the Presidents.

In this neat and handsomely printed book, published at the office of the HOME MAGAZINE, you have in the compass of 72 carefully written pages, not only the biographies of the eighteen American citizens who occupied the Executive chair during the first century of our national existence, but a connected civil and political history of the country during the one hundred years of its marvellous progress. Added thereto is the full text of *The Constitution of the United States, with all the amendments*, giving the book a still higher value to every citizen.

Besides the biographies and the Constitution, there are eighteen finely-engraved portraits. The book is gotten up in the very best style.

All this for only twenty-five cents. Sent by mail, postage paid.

Strangers' Pocket-Guide to the Centennial.

The publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE have issued a neat and carefully-prepared Guide to the Centennial Exposition, in which will be found clear and ample directions for visitors to the city and the Exposition Grounds. It contains all the essential features of the larger and more expensive Guide-Books; with particular information as to what the visitor should do on reaching the city; where to find hotels and boarding-houses; cost of living; what to do, where to go, and how to get there, etc. Price 10 cents, sent by mail.

Leamon's Dyes Color Silks.

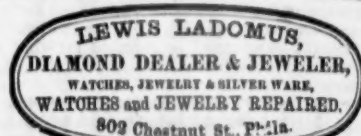
Leamon's Dyes Color Woollens.

Leamon's Dyes Color Cottons.

Leamon's Dyes Color Anything.

Druggists sell them. A book giving full and explicit directions will be sent to any one by addressing the proprietors, WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



A VERY LARGE STOCK OF Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry

AND SILVERWARE

Always on hand. Country orders solicited. Goods sent by mail or express to all parts of the United States.

THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT

Eight years of very extensive practice has established beyond a doubt, that the Compound Oxygen is superior to any other one Agent now known, in the PROMPTNESS with which it cures, the PERMANENCY of the cures, and in the VARIETY and desperate character of the diseases which yield to its action.

It is not a MEDICATION, but a most wonderful VITALIZER. Three seasons spent by the subscriber in dispensing the Compound Oxygen in Washington has done much to enhance its reputation. Its sterling character is endorsed by Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, Senators Boreman and Spencer, Justice Field and many others.

G. R. STARKEY, A.M., M.D.,
1116 Girard St., Phila.

\$55 or \$77 a Week to Agents. Samples FREE.
P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

THE BEST ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Webster's Unabridged.

From the Chief Justice of the United States.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 25, 1875.—The book has become indispensable to every student of the English language. A Law Library is not complete without it, and the Courts look to it as the highest authority in all questions of definition.—MORRISON R. WATTS.

Sold by all Booksellers.

BIG PAY to sell our RUBBER PRINTING STAMPS.
Terms free. TAYLOR & Co., Cleveland, O.
11, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9.

A NEW DEPARTURE

MEN wanted to travel and sell our Old and Staple MANUFACTURES to Dealers. NO PEDDLING. \$75 PER MONTH. Hotel and Traveling Expenses paid. Apply by letter or in person to S. A. GRANT & CO., 2, 4, 6 & 8 Home St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

ROSE-BUDS IN WINTER

Strong Pol. Roses, specially prepared for fall planting and quick bloom, sent safely by mail, postpaid. Five splendid varieties, all labeled, for \$1.00; 12 do. \$2.00; 18 do. \$3.00; 24 do. \$4.00; 35 do. \$5.00. For 10 cents each additional, one Magnificent Premium Rose to every dollar's worth ordered. Send for our new GUIDE TO ROSE-CULTURE, and choose from over 3000 finest sorts. Address THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., ROSE-GROWERS, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR NEW BOOK GREAT CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION ILLUSTRATED.

Every American, visitor or non-visitor, wants it in his home. 350 engravings, that cost over \$20,000, show the best exhibits. Low price, immense sales. Send for circular, terms and sample engravings.

P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 518 Arch St., Philada., Pa.

CLUBS 400 Papers and Magazines Cheap!
C. W. Bennett, Gen. Agent, Quincy, Mich.
10, 11, 12, 1.

1877

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 1129 Chestnut St., Phila.

Every Subscriber to Godey's Lady's Book for 1877, who pays in advance, will receive the Magazine and Chromo free of Postage.

THE PUBLISHER OF

CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

Offers to and will give to every Subscriber, whether Single or in a Club, who pays in Advance for 1877, and remits direct to this office, a copy of

"THE MOTHER'S JOY,"

A fine Chromo from the press of Messrs. Major & Knapp, of New York, who have the reputation of being the best Chromo printers in the United States.

The popularity that has attended the premium feature the last four years has induced the publisher to again offer to his subscribers another fine Chromo. The subject is one that every mother will be delighted with, and cannot be procured in any other way than by sending your subscription in advance to the office of the LADY'S BOOK.

The intention of the Publisher of the LADY'S BOOK for 1877 is to make it far superior in merit to any year heretofore issued. Recognizing the fact that in this Centennial year the people of the United States feel proud of the advancement of their country in everything pertaining to Art, Science and Literature, he has engaged as assistants the best corps of artists that the country can produce.

To the Getters-up of Clubs.

A choice of one copy of the following Chromos will be given as an extra premium to the getter-up of a club:—

"The Morning Call." "The Rescue." "True to Nature."

"The Singing Lesson." "Our Darling." "My Pet."

Or a copy of "Our Centennial Art Gallery."

Any Three Dollar subscriber can take a choice of one of the above in place of "The Mother's Joy."

TERMS.

One copy, one year.....	\$3 00	Eight copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making nine copies..	\$31 00
Two copies, one year.....	5 00	Eleven copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making twelve copies	27 50
Three copies, one year.....	7 50	Twenty-three copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making 24 copies	53 00
Four copies, one year.....	10 00		
Five copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making six copies....	14 00		

Every Subscriber will receive the Magazine and Premium free of Postage.

CLUBS.

42 To the getter-up of a club of 4, 6 or 9 copies, we will send one copy of "The Mother's Joy," and, as an extra premium, a choice of one copy of either of the following Chromos: "The Morning Call," "The Rescue," "True to Nature," "Our Darling," or a copy of our "Centennial Art Gallery" of steel engravings, containing pictures of battles and incidents connected with our War of Independence.

43 To the getter-up of a club of 12 copies, we will send "The Mother's Joy," and, as an extra premium, the choice of two of the three following: "The Morning Call," "The Rescue," "True to Nature," or "Our Darling."

44 To the getter-up of a club of 24 copies, we will send "The Mother's Joy," "The Morning Call," "The Rescue," "True to Nature," and "Our Darling." Or, in place of one of the Chromos, a copy of our "Centennial Art Gallery."

45 Every subscriber who remits us Three Dollars in advance can have a choice of one copy of "The Mother's Joy," "The Morning Call," or "The Rescue," or "True to Nature," or "Our Darling," or our "Centennial Art Gallery."

46 Be particular when sending your subscription to mention the Chromo you want us to send.

47 The premiums are only forwarded by us when the remittance is sent to us.

48 When the subscribers all reside at one place, the premiums will be sent to the person who sends us the club for distribution.

49 Subscribers can have "The Mother's Joy" mounted on Bristol board, ready for framing, by sending twenty-five cents additional.

50 CANADA subscribers must send 15 cents additional for every subscriber to the LADY'S BOOK.

51 The money must all be sent at one time for any of the clubs, and additions may be made to clubs at club rates. The LADY'S BOOK will be sent to any post-office where the subscriber may reside, and subscriptions may commence with any month in the year. We can always supply back numbers. Specimen numbers will be sent on receipt of 25 cents.

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting by Mail, a POST-OFFICE ORDER, CHECK or DRAFT on Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Baltimore, or any of the principal cities or towns in the United States, payable to the order of L. A. Godey, is preferable to bank notes. If a draft or a Post-office Order cannot be procured, send United States or National Bank notes.

The Publisher of the LADY'S BOOK having on hand a few copies of "THE OLD MILL" and "ASKING A BLESSING," will give to any THREE DOLLAR subscriber their choice of them in place of "THE MOTHER'S JOY." As we have only a few of these choice Chromos on hand, the earlier the application the better.

Address

L. A. GODEY,

N. E. Cor. Sixth and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.